God's Treasure Houses Unlocked

Schuh

This One

Yours
In the service of the coming Lord
Chas. G. Schuh.

GOD'S TREASURE-HOUSE UNLOCKED.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF PROVIDENTIAL ASSISTANCE,

AND

HOW IT MAY BE OBTAINED BY ALL.

ORIGINAL AND COMPILED

By CHARLES G. SCHUH,

Evangelist,

AUTHOR OF "DIE MACHT DES GLÄUBIGEN GEBETS."

FIFTH THOUSAND.

CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS.
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS.

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DEAR FRIEND:

Take the road of fervent Prayer to

GOD'S TREASURE-HOUSE;

By the Key of Faith enter the door of

PROMISES,

And inherit by Faith the glorious treasures of your

HEAVENLY FATHER;

FOR

"He is faithful that promised."

FOR all the promises of God, in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—2 Cor. i, 20.

BUT lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

—Matt vi, 20.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

FOUR years ago, by divine providence, I was led to publish a German volume: "The Power of Believing Prayer." Having had from childhood many answers to my prayers, some of which were remarkable; and being wonderfully led, and many times delivered, together with my dear parents, by a kind providence, the task before me became so clear that I was compelled to write or disobey.

After some months the work was produced, filled with well-authenticated answers to prayers, and treatises on "Prayer and Faith." It was a modest and unpretending work, the author's "first trial." It went on its mission with prayer, and was abundantly blessed. The religious press unanimously commended it, and it found its way into various German countries. In consequence of a prayerful perusal, many have been brought to

accept Christ as their Savior; others have accepted him as their Healer; and still others have been led into a life of deeper faith and trust. Letters of heart-felt gratitude have been received, and many urgent requests for prayer have been made. Up to date, twelve editions have been published.

Shortly after the book was first published I was repeatedly requested to translate it into English for the benefit of English-reading young people. Others advised a similar new work. These requests becoming numerous, I took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and was led to take steps to publish a larger and more complete work in English. Owing, however, to continued evangelistic labors, the work has been greatly delayed. After a period of three years, by the help of the Almighty God, and his blessed Holy Spirit, I have been permitted to finish the task. Praise be to his holy name!

This work is not a translation, but an entirely new work. A part of the contents have been gathered by continual labor and at some expense. While the greater part of the narratives are new, a few striking and powerful ones have been taken from history. In a time when worldly-mindedness seizes many professors of religion, why should we not uphold, and spread broadcast over the land, the beau-

tiful experiences of Hester Ann Rogers, Fletcher, Carvosso, and many others? Let us uphold "*Holiness unto the Lord*" as the only *true* remedy for the many diseases of the Church in the present day.

The sixth part contains, in compact form, an account of the life-work of George Mueller, C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Cullis, Pastor Blumhardt, and Miss Carrie Judd. We have been aided therein by these dear faith-heroes themselves. (Pastor Blumhardt being deceased, his son kindly responded to our desires.) We tender them our heart-felt thanks, and "Godspeed" in their most glorious work. The fact that we have richly illustrated this part will certainly add to its value, and be appreciated by our readers.

The testimonies here recorded are true, and must be regarded as coming from warm and thankful hearts, desirous of glorifying their Master, and inducing others to seek like blessings. For this reason the work will prove a power, as is the case with all works of a similar nature.

I have been requested by many to add a brief narrative of the Lord's dealings with me and "our own dear ones." After much prayer and meditation on the matter, thinking it will be interesting to the readers, and glorify my blessed Redeemer, I have consented to do so. I had no right to decline, since I ask

others to use this blessed privilege. I have written with a *humble* and *grateful* heart. May God bless the effort!

Besides the above-mentioned parties, other kind friends have lent a helping hand. Among them are the editors of several Holiness journals and the authors of several books. To all we extend heart-felt thanks. May God bless them in their various endeavors to spread the kingdom of Christ!

The objects in putting forth this volume are: 1. To give sound, wholesome, and interesting reading to our American youth, and so, indirectly, assist in suppressing worthless body and soul destroying literature; 2. To illustrate the *reality*, *power*, and *beauty* of the Christian religion, and its need in our every-day life; 3. To induce young people to seek an *early* conversion, as the only *sure* basis for a happy and useful life; 4. To cause many to seek "holiness of heart," to lay hold upon the rich promises of God, and live a life of greater faith and trust.

From this it becomes evident that to assist in spreading this volume means to advance the cause of Christ. Place it, therefore, into the hands of saint and sinner, and pray Almighty God for his blessing upon it. O, may it be felt as a blessed influence in many thousand homes in the near future!

The income will enable its author to spend his entire time in the service of the Master, and to perform works of charity.

And now may the Heavenly Father's blessing rest abundantly upon it, and cause it to accomplish a great and holy mission! C. G. S.

GREENVILLE, OHIO, June 1, 1887.

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AN OPEN TREASURE-HOUSE.

IN the Sermon on the Mount we are taught by Christ, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." And yet we find this world full of people who do that very thing, and that alone. Laying up earthly treasures is their chief and only pursuit. The present spirit of the age is money getting and making. The people infected with this spirit heed no warnings, either of God's Word or of faithful ministers, but continue on in their worldly-mindedness, working and toiling in order to lay up more and more of the riches of this world. Many neglect their immortal soul, while others seem to think that it may feast upon and be contented with the earthly treasures they have laid up. Luke xii, 19. But, alas! worldly riches have in themselves a principle of corruption and decay. They are consumed by fire, swept away by water, destroyed by tornadoes, buried by earthquakes, eaten by moth, corrupted by rust, and stolen by thieves.

Ofttimes they are snatched away instantly from him, who has spent the labor of a life-time in gathering them, and who has placed his trust in them rather than in the living God. In despair, he violently destroys his life and loses his soul. Matt. xvi, 26. Others are permitted to remain in the midst of their possessions, and at a time when they least expect it their soul is required of them. Luke xii, 19. Having made no preparation whatever for this event, and being obliged to leave all things behind, theirs is "a leap into the dark!" Then—what shall the harvest be?

There are other treasures, which we are commanded to lay up for ourselves in heaven. Matt. vi, 20. The riches and glories and pleasures at God's right hand are the only true treasures. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. ii, 9. It is wisdom to be rich in these treasures, to give all diligence to make sure of our title to eternal life through Christ Jesus, and look upon the perishing things of this world with a holy contempt, as not at all worthy to be compared with the bliss of heavenly things. We must firmly believe that there is such a happiness, and resolve to seek it and to be content with nothing short of it.

In seeking, then, after these glorious treasures above, our Heavenly Father bestows upon us rich gifts and graces, which we consider our treasures

here below. They are bestowed upon us for a two-fold reason; first, as a compensation for the rejected treasures of earth; and, second, to properly fit us for our rich inheritance in heaven.

Let us then, dear reader, make a visit through the darkness of this world, but by the light of the Gospel, to the heavenly treasure-house, and view the rich and glorious treasures there in store for each and every needy one. We shall find this treasure-house unlocked.

It has been in this condition ever since the cry was heard from the cross, "It is finished," since the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and since the great day of pentecost. It bears the inscriptions: "Whosoever will, may come; whosoever will, let him take," Rev. xxii, 17; "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house," Psalm xxxvi, 8. Let us now view the treasures. Here is the first one. It is called

REGENERATION.

Another name for it would be, Redemption through the blood of the Lamb. It is the first and most important one. Seeking and obtaining it through repentance and faith, we are delivered, through Christ, from the wrath that is to come. 1 Thess. i, 10. By it we are justified by faith and have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. v, 1. We are cleansed from all our iniquity. Jer. xxxiii, 8. Our sins are for-

given and we are cleansed from all unrighteousness, 1 John i, 9, and washed in the blood of the Lamb, Rev. i, 5. We become the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Rom. viii, 17. Being children of the Heavenly King, we are heirs of the Father's rich gifts. The fullness of the treasure-house now opens to us. Glory to His holy name forever! Are you *now* in possession of this treasure? If not, seek it at once. We now view another treasure. It is called

SANCTIFICATION.

This term implies a pure heart, cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, 2 Cor. vii, 1, and from all idols, Ezek. xxxvi, 25. In this state alone we are able to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength, which is the first commandment. Mark xii, 30. It means the removal of "inbred sin" and of our "carnal mind." Obtaining this precious treasure, we are cleansed from all sin; made holy in the sight of the Lord, filled with his love, his peace flowing like a river in our soul; we are baptized with fire and the Holy Ghost. With this treasure we are enabled to live a holy life for God, and be instrumental in the salvation of others. And, finally, we "sweep through the gates" to be in the presence of holy ones forever.

Do you live in possession of this jewel, intended

for God's children alone? Never mind the opinion of those who will sneer at such an experience. Many of them, if suddenly summoned, would be poorly fitted to enter into a holy heaven. There is "a cloud of witnesses" about us, ready to testify, cheerfully, to the cleansing, sanctifying, and keeping power of the blood. We beseech you, therefore, at once to seek and claim this treasure by faith.

Another treasure consists in

SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCES.

By this we mean the faith necessary to take hold of the promises, and to be safely carried through all manner of temptations, and to be delivered from the power of favorite sins. The Christian who has never had a trial, who has never made a sacrifice for his Lord, who has never trusted him for deliverance from trials and temptations, as they threaten to overcome him, is weak, lifeless, listless, and unfruitful.

But he who in all dark hours of affliction hastens to the Lord in prayer, and by faith claims the rich promises of a loving Father, will gain a glorious victory over self. His faith will be strengthened, and he will see that great trials are great privileges, since they are God's way of drawing us nearer to him, and making us acquainted with his wonderful ways in leading, guiding, keeping, and relieving his own dear ones. Let us, therefore, by

the grace of God, seek more beautiful triumphs of faith. Another treasure may be termed

DIVINE HEALING.

How precious is the thought to a believing heart, that

> "The great physician now is near,
> The sympathizing Jesus,"

and that this Jesus is not only a physician for the soul, but also for the body! Let us behold the beautiful Scripture examples. See him giving sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf. See him cleansing the leper, and causing the lame to leap. He was ever ready to help them who came to him by faith. Is he not "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever?" Heb. xiii, 8. Yes, praise the Lord, for he tells us, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii, 20. O, for the precious promise of Scripture, informing us that it is he who forgiveth all our iniquities, and healeth all our diseases! Psalm ciii, 3. There have been faith-cures throughout nearly all the ages of the Church, and they are on the increase in the present day. Many are taking Jesus as their healer from all diseases, and testify rejoicingly to his healing power. We deem it the precious privilege of every child of God to come in humble faith and in perfect submission to the will of God, and seek resto-

ration of health through the prayer of faith. James v, 14. Another treasure is called

TEMPORAL DELIVERANCES.

What a blessed privilege it is to come to Jesus with all our temporal wants and cares and anxieties, as well as with our spiritual ones!

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!"

He has promised to be a Father of the fatherless, a Husband of the widow, a Friend of the poor. He is a Wonderful Helper in every time of need, a powerful Commander to repel all evil, and a Shepherd to guard and protect in daily life. He will heal every sorrow, relieve every woe, and comfort in the hour of sadness. What a precious privilege and promise, "And call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me!" Psalm l, 15. Possessing this treasure, then, secures to us the most beautiful life on earth. Another treasure consists in

FAITH-LIVES AND FAITH-WORKS.

This volume sets forth the lives of faith and trust of a few of God's chosen vessels, who, by faith in God, have been permitted to do great things in administering to the temporal, physical, and spiritual wants of suffering mankind. We admire their

lives of faith, and rejoice over the blessed results of such lives. And yet how little do we apprehend that we are also called to do *just such a work of faith!*

Not all may be called to found a large institution, or even a small one; and yet our lives must show forth, in some degree, the same blessed results, if we would be acceptable before God. The Christian who professes to have faith in God, but brings forth no works of faith, deceives himself, for his faith is dead; so says the Word of Life. It is the blessed privilege of *every* child of God to live a holy faith-life, to make some personal efforts to save such souls as are within the reach of their influence, and to assist, both personally and by their means as God has prospered them, in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the poor, sick, and destitute. It is their privilege to engage in missionary efforts of some kind. A faithful performance of these duties will make us happy Christians, increasing our faith and securing to us a rich reward in heaven.

And, again, how many of our readers may be divinely called to some *special* work of faith? This can only be revealed to you by the Spirit, and a conscientious performance of present duties will hasten on the work and prepare you for it. A rich and beautiful faith-life is, therefore, a desirable treasure for all to seek. Can *you* testify to the happiness and blessedness of such a faith-life? And now

our last treasure, which we present to your observation, is the

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Glory to God, the children of God are not in uncertainty as to their future state! For them to die, does not mean to take "a leap into the dark." They know whither they are going, and that the Lord, the righteous Judge, has laid up for them a crown of righteousness. If they live in possession of the other treasures, this one is sure to them; and while in the midst of life the ungodly are filled with terror at the thought of death, the righteous triumphantly proclaim: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." They glory in the sight of death, knowing that it will put an end to all earthly woes and foes, and unite them forever with the company of the "blood-washed" which are in heaven. When death approaches them, we hear them rejoice: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And as the chariot draws nearer, and eternity dawns, "*Hallelujah!*" and "*Glory, glory!*" are heard. The dying saint hears the angels singing, and says, "Jesus has come to take me away to my heavenly home." "Yes, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Now the chariot has arrived; the parting scene follows; the last kiss from dying lips is given:

"Father, do n't weep;" "Mother, rejoice; Jesus is with me, and we will soon meet on the heavenly shore." And another: "Dear child, though your parent leaves you, Jesus will be your friend; follow in my footsteps, and we will soon be united where parting is no more." Then the spirit takes its flight, and,

> "Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem,
> Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"

it stands before the throne of God amid the multitude, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii, 14.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv, 13. Such is the glorious end of the Christian warfare. With Christ, the great victor, triumphant in life, triumphant in death, they shall reign with him for ever and ever. Rev. xxii, 5.

Would you, dear reader, finally join the company of the blood-washed on their heavenly flight? Then seek at once all the treasures put forth in this little consecrated volume. Seek the treasures of a regenerated, sanctified life, trusting Jesus for all spiritual, bodily, and temporal deliverances, living a life of faith and trust unto the end, and you shall be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Col. i, 12.

God grant it! Amen!

FIRST TREASURE.

REGENERATION.

"There *is* a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi, 28.

THOUGH your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

—Isa. i, 18.

THE Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.—Rom. viii, 16, 17.

REGENERATION.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER ANSWERED.

"And the God of Israel grant thee thy petition, that thou hast asked of him."—1 SAMUEL I, 17.

A SINCERE Christian worker communicates the following:

"I have always believed that our Heavenly Father loves to hear us pray acceptably to his will, and any doubts about his desire to gratify our sincere longings after spiritual blessings, or our earnest intercession for others, have been dispersed by the strong evidences of God's love, and the prompt relief afforded, when appealed to. The two evidences, however, recorded herein, perhaps illustrate his mercy and his love in such a marked manner that they may be appropriate for your purpose. May God aid you abundantly in your efforts to strengthen the faith of his children, and may an abiding blessing be the result!

"During my residence in B—, a village of Northern Indiana, I became acquainted with Father

Martin, a venerable old brother, who had long served as a minister of the Baptist Church. He was now in the last years of his life, and often helped in the Church work of the Methodist congregation, of which I was a member. He was a favorite among young and old. He was poor in worldly goods, and, as he had no near relatives able to keep him, his stores were often limited and his fare scant. With increasing age, however, came richer and richer experiences of God's grace, and his faith enabled him to knock successfully at Heaven's door. No ill befell him, which did not bring greater comfort to his soul, and more loudly proclaim the honor and glory of God.

"In our congregation there was a countryman of mine, who was a member of the same class to which I belonged, and who, on account of his lukewarm condition, had become the subject of special interest in my intercessions. I longed to be of service to him. His name was K—, and he resided on his farm, about one mile from the village.

"One day, during a severe snow-storm, when no one would have thought of taking out his horses without some urgent necessity, this brother came into my store, as he was accustomed to do when in town. Upon inquiring for the reason of his visit, he said, in a somewhat solemn manner, that he came to bring a load of wood into town. As he was rather wealthy and really not in need of exposing himself to such inclement weather, I asked

him for a further explanation. His answer was, that for two nights in succession he had been awakened, and become deeply impressed that he should bring a load of wood to Father Martin. On the day following the first night the weather had been very disagreeable, and he had shaken off the idea. During the second night the impression had become more vivid, and he felt God demanded of him compliance with this impression. In spite of the storm, he had gone to the woods to chop a load of wood, and had now delivered the same. With tears coursing over his cheeks, he added: 'And I just came in time, for as I drove up to the door Father Martin was picking up the last chips in the yard.' Anxious to deepen the impression evidently made upon Brother K— by God's Holy Spirit, I ventured to express my belief that Father Martin had been earnestly praying for a supply of fuel to our Heavenly Father.

"During the afternoon Father Martin made his appearance at the store, and, as we were very familiar with each other, I ventured the inquiry whether he had thus prayed to have his wants supplied. A gentle smile played around his lips, and his eyes shone with inward joy and gratitude as his answer confirmed, in a few earnest words, my opinion expressed to Brother K—. We then both agreed to intercede for a deeper work of grace in Brother K—'s heart, and thus parted.

"One afternoon, a few weeks later, a message

came to me, saying, that while Brother K— was chopping wood on his farm, a twig overhead had caught his ax, causing it to strike his left foot, so as to lay it open almost its entire length. His son, who happened to be near, carried him to the road-side, whence a passing wagon conveyed him home. Before relief could be found, Brother K— came near dying from the loss of blood.

"Unable then to hasten to his bedside, I felt impelled to seek my closet, and there intercede for his preservation and for his spiritual renewal, in so earnest and persistent a manner that at last I received assurance of answer, so full and clear as only the Spirit that aids us in our prayers can convey to the pleading soul. With joy unspeakable I returned to my daily duties. Early next morning I was permitted to go and see my stricken friend. No communications whatever had passed between myself and him, or my house and his house, and I had kept my own joyful experience in the closet a secret.

"On entering, without announcement, the room occupied by the invalid, what was my surprise, when he looked me full in the face, every lineament conveying joy and happiness, and exclaimed: 'Well, my brother, the Lord has heard and answered your prayer. Let us, therefore, praise him.' He said this with so much meaning that I involuntarily asked him, what prayer he meant, and again he exclaimed: 'Why, brother, the prayer

you offered up for me yesterday afternoon. I became aware of your earnest prayers for me while lying on my bed here, and it seemed as if the Holy Spirit compelled me then and there to surrender my worldly heart at once and forever. I have done so, and now, my brother, praise the Lord with me for his goodness.'

"I will not extend this narrative beyond the limits necessary for your purpose, but will add, for the encouragement of other children of God praying for loved ones, that Brother K—, in order to show his sincerity, at once sent to all the neighbors with whom he had lived in dispute, and humbly acknowledged his wrong, and asked their pardon. For many long and weary months he suffered, at times improving, and again failing. Finally, lightning, striking only a rod or so from his house, so disturbed his nervous system that untold agonies were added to his already intense suffering, and at last he was permitted to die a glorious death, such as falls to the lot of but few men.

"While suffering, his soul was constantly enjoying the presence of a very dear Savior. No sound of impatience or of discontent from him was heard by those who watched with him during weary days and nights. Praises to God alone passed his lips. After his soul had been fully prepared by the loving Father, he saw Jesus and a host of holy beings come to meet him and bear him away to his heavenly home.

"Only a few weeks later we also laid away in the grave dear old Father Martin, who died an equally glorious death after months of suffering."

Remarkable Conversion and Persecution.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me."—Psalm l, 15.

The following account is communicated by a Christian young lady:

"I was born in a small town on the Rhine, in Germany. In May, 1879, I left home to visit my elder sister, who was then living in London. Before leaving, my parents cautioned me against being led astray in religious matters, as my sister had fallen away from the faith of the fathers. At home I was of a lively disposition, and attended as many places of amusement as possible. I was then seventeen years of age, and had soon learned to speak English. The people, the language, and every thing pleased me, except my sister's habit of attending services so often.

"One day, when we were together, she suddenly said, 'Sister, are you converted?' I looked at her in astonishment and answered, 'Why, I am baptized, and also confirmed; is that not sufficient?' She took up her Bible and read these texts to me: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God,'

John iii, 3; 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God,' Rom. viii, 16.

"She then urged me to read the Scriptures; but I dared not, lest I should be convinced of the necessity of conversion. Her exhortation made me feel uneasy, and I resolved not to attend services with her thereafter. So I remained at home, while her family attended the meetings night after night. Religion was not spoken of again. I soon began to feel lonesome. My conscience was awakened to a sense of duty, but *self* was not willing to yield. Every little noise annoyed and distressed me. I was about to write home, complaining of my condition, but by some power was prevented from so doing. I finally took up my Bible, and read with all diligence. At last these words were given me: 'For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.' Rev. xxii, 18, 19. This at once ended my resistance, and I asked God to show me my lost condition, whereupon these words were given me: 'For there is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' Rom. iii, 22, 23.

"I now felt the burden of my sins, and began seeking grace and pardon. In the evening I accompanied my sister to the meeting, and was crushed by an able sermon on 'Eternity.' On our way home we were accompanied by a brother, who asked me, 'Are you ready to depart from this life, if summoned during the night?' I replied, 'I hope so; but I am not certain.' Arriving home, we waited on the Lord, and then my sister quoted Scripture passages to me. Among others she repeated the following passage: 'And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.' John x, 28, 29.

"While my sister was speaking, heavenly light streamed into my heart, the burden of sin was rolled away, and unspeakable joy and peace filled my soul. This occurred on August 6th; and immediately I felt within me a strong desire for more of Christ's righteousness, so that I might grow in grace, and ever be ready to testify to the redeeming power of Jesus Christ, and live for him every hour of my life. Soon after, I was permitted to hear a sermon by the Rev. George Mueller, of Bristol, which made a powerful impression on me. I felt the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost coming upon me. I at once consecrated my all to the Lord, promising to be faithful unto the end, whatever

trials and tribulations should befall me. At this time I had a clear intimation that I would be oppressed by those I dearly loved, and cast upon the world; but I was firmly resolved to follow Jesus, come what may.

"My desire grew strong to see my dear parents, and to tell them what wonderful things the Lord had wrought in my soul. So I left London, and returned to Germany. My parents gave me a hearty welcome, and there was great joy at my return home; but great was also their disappointment when, after I had related to them my conversion, they found that I, too, had been led astray, as they termed it. They became very much opposed to me, and every attempt to speak of religion was quickly followed with scorn and derision. I also suffered much from the 'Herrn Pfarrer,' who was not a shepherd of the flock, but a hireling, having no religious experience whatever. I cried unto the Lord for deliverance, and he heard my prayer. It came in the form of an invitation from Bremen, requesting me to accept a position as governess in a small family. I accepted the position, and for some time led a happy Christian life in that great city.

"Some time later my parents arrived, and urged me to emigrate with them to America. We reached the American shore safely. My brothers and myself were soon hard at work to secure a comfortable home for the family. Attending church

with my parents in the same denomination to which they had belonged in Germany, I found myself without a spiritual home. Through these changes, and also from neglect of prayer, I found that I was not enjoying the same close communion with my dear Savior as before. On Sunday morning I was led by the Spirit into a small Methodist chapel. The hymns they sang were familiar to me, as we had sung them in England. I at once concluded to cast my lot with this people, and then hastened home with great joy. I induced my parents to accompany me to the chapel, hoping that a favorable impression would be made upon them. But we had scarcely left the church when my parents denounced the Methodists as fanatics, and I was forbidden to attend their services again. I instantly remembered the intimation shortly after my conversion, and my heart was filled with fear.

"For about six months I yielded to their decision, lacking courage to do the right and living in a miserable state of mind. Then I was called upon one day by a young lady, who had seen me at the chapel. She invited me to the house of her sister, and there I became acquainted with another dear Christian lady. They related their experiences, and then I took courage and also related mine. I was encouraged to go to the Lord for renewed strength in order to be able to do my Master's will. I hastened home, and there in my closet I sought divine strength and grace to take

upon me the duties of a true Christian. I gained a victory over self, and the next morning I told my mother that I could live no longer without communion with God's people, and that I should be compelled to attend the meetings of the Methodists again. Persecution now began, and all means were used to make me give up my resolution, but to no avail. As a result I had to leave home, but was soon permitted to come back. It was only by divine grace that I could endure the oppression that now followed.

"About this time an older brother, living in Switzerland, paid my sister a visit at London, and there he, too, was happily converted. In a letter to my parents he gave his experience, remarking that now precious peace filled his soul. Soon after this event my sister in London moved to Madrid, in Spain, to labor there for the Lord, while my brother came to America contrary to the wishes of my parents, but under the conviction that the Lord had sent him hither. My health began failing about this time. I was, however, able to teach school, and do house-work besides. Precious hours did we, my brother and myself, spend in the service of the Lord. Then we were both again compelled to leave home, and all we so dearly loved, for Christ's sake. Trusting alone in Jesus, we soon found another home. May our prayers soon be answered and our loved ones be brought to Christ, the reigning King!

"MY ILLNESS AND ITS CURE BY FAITH.

"Previous to this time my health had been occasionally failing, and for about two years I was troubled with a spinal disease. Some time before I was taken very ill when away from home, and the physician who was called advised me to hasten home and place myself under skillful medical treatment. But this was neglected, because my parents deemed the disease a light one, which would yield, by and by, of its own accord. But as I grew worse, a physician was summoned, who waited on me four months, helping me considerably and curing my fever; but I still suffered severe nervous pains. These, he said, he could not cure; he could only ease the pain and remove it temporarily. Soon after, this treatment was discontinued. I used liniments on my spine, and several patent medicines were resorted to, but to no avail. Shortly after my brother and I had left the parental home, I became very sick, the pains in my spine becoming intense.

"It was now that my attention was called to the precious promises of Scripture regarding faith-cures. I also read with great delight a German book, entitled 'The Power of Believing Prayer,' containing quite a number of healings by faith. At once I concluded to put away all medicines, and place my trust in Jesus, knowing that if it be his will, he would cure me. I left my case entirely with him, only asking him to reveal unto me whether it was his pleasure to heal me, or whether I had to

become reconciled to a life of suffering and pain. I became strongly impressed that I should be cured. But I seemed to get worse rather than better. For a week or more I would be up, though in constant pain, and then I would be confined to bed again with a terrible pain in my back and all through my system. On the Wednesday previous to my healing I was in bed, and worse than ever. On Thursday and Friday I was unconscious part of the time; on Saturday was so weak that those who saw me thought I could not live; on Sunday I was unconscious a considerable part of the time. On waking early in the morning after a restless night I felt that the Lord would heal me on that day. In the evening I was notified by a dear Christian friend that a meeting was being held at the parsonage, and that they were praying in my behalf. I lay very feeble on my bed, asking the Lord to be my physician now. I could not move without assistance. I prayed for strength enough to get on my knees in bed; but on making an attempt to do so I was so weak that I fell over. However, I now held firmly to the Lord, when all at once I felt the power of God all through my system. All pain was gone, and I was on my feet before the bed, I knew not how. *I was completely and momentarily healed.* I walked rapidly through the rooms, praising God with a loud voice for what he had done. Then I dressed hurriedly, and my friend and myself hastened down to the meeting, where

they were praying for me. I rushed right into their presence, and a wonderful scene occurred. Some shouted, others cried, and others went to call in the neighbors. The joy of my heart was great and has remained so ever since. O, how I love to tell the story of what Jesus has done for me, both in body and soul!

"I will close by giving the dear readers a favorite Scripture text: 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happeneth unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.' 1 Peter iv, 12–13."

OUT OF DARKNESS UNTO LIGHT.

"That ye should show forth the praises of him, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."—1 PETER II, 9.

THE REV. M. ROEDER, a successful minister of the Gospel, gives the following account of his wonderful conversion:

"I was born July 3, 1833, in Nordeck, in the province of Hessia, Germany, and brought up in the Lutheran Church. My first religious impressions were received from my dear father, who, with deep feeling, read and expounded the Scriptures to

us. But before I had reached the age of twelve, our dear father was taken from us, and never shall I forget the exhortations given me upon his death-bed.

"At the age of seventeen I was very anxious to emigrate to America; but my widowed mother would not consent, and she requested the 'Herrn Pfarrer' to do his best to dissuade me from going. This being of no avail, she finally consented to have me go. The parting hour came, and the farewell from my dear, troubled mother and my brothers I can never forget. I promised, however, the Lord permitting, that on some future day I would return home.

"Having the dear old Bible and a copy of 'Stark's Prayer-book' in my trunk, I landed on American soil in the Fall of 1851. With my companions I went to Rome, New York, where I spent my first Winter. I felt rather lonely, and God's Spirit worked within me, showing me my sinfulness, and revealing unto me that in baptism I had not been regenerated, as I had been taught to believe in my youth. My peace of mind was gone, and I wandered hither and thither, finding no rest. At length I was accidentally led into a Methodist church. They were holding a class-meeting. One after another arose, and with tears of grateful joy spoke of the love of Jesus, and of the peace in his soul. I was led to ask myself: 'These people, of whom I had been warned as fanatics, are they not really the children of God?' I could not forget

this meeting, though four more years elapsed before I was really prepared to accept the Savior by faith.

"These four years were spent upon a lake steamer. I was in many a dangerous storm in our voyages on Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Erie. Many a brave sailor found his death in the mighty deep, and at last my time seemed also to have come. In the Fall of 1855, after a severe storm, I was swept overboard. The sea was high, and rescue seemed impossible. I was going under the second time, when a colored deck-hand ventured out and brought me safely on board.

"Our ship wintered at Cleveland, Ohio. The crew was discharged, and I was placed in charge of our ship, *The Sun*. It pleased the Lord that upon this *Sun* should arise for me the 'Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings.' Mal. iv, 2. I read and meditated upon God's Word. My sorrow grew greater, repentance deeper. One day I sought help from my pastor; but, alas! the poor man had no experimental knowledge of religion himself. 'Can the blind lead the blind?' Luke vi, 39. He could give me no consolation. Weary and heavy laden, there seemed to be no rest for me.

"About this time I was invited to attend a merry-making at the home of an old friend. On arriving, I found a company of gay companions, who were making the best of the occasion. I could not enter into their merriment, and took as little part as possible. It was Sunday afternoon,

and when the fun and revelry were at their highest, one suggested a game of cards. Being much disgusted at what had been going on, and shocked at the suggestion just made, I arose, and with earnest words exhorted them at once to abstain from their shameful desecration of the Sabbath-day, or I should have to leave the company at once. 'Why, Roeder, what has changed you so suddenly?' said one; 'are you going to be one of these fanatics, these hypocrites?' 'That depends upon your conception of a fanatic,' I replied. Using the first opportunity, I left.

"Hurrying through the streets to reach the quiet and seclusion of my ship, my attention was drawn to sweet singing, that filled my ears. It seemed to come from the house I was just passing. Standing still for a moment, a man came to me, and kindly invited me to come in. I entered, and found myself at a United Brethren class-meeting, just such as I had witnessed about four years before. 'How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord!' With indescribable feelings, I listened to these dear people, as they proclaimed the love and peace of an ever-present Savior, and then I hastened to reach my quiet chamber on board of the ship. Scarcely had I reached it, however, when two of these dear brethren, whom I had just left, arrived. Both were class-leaders at that time, though one of them, Brother Fritz, has for many years since been a very influential and successful minister of the United

Brethren Church. By their kind words and prayers I was encouraged to seek until I was a pardoned child of God. I was persuaded to attend the Gospel meeting at their church that evening, and the Word of God, preached by the Rev. E. Licht, proved itself 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword,' Heb. iv, 12; and as a 'power of God in my soul,' 1 Cor. i, 24. An invitation being given, I hastened to the altar. I wrestled with the Lord as Jacob did: 'Lord, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' Gen. xxxii, 26. On that evening, February 10, 1856, when I reached out the hand of faith, God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins, and the precious peace of God flowed into my soul. With great joy I could say:

'No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus and all in him is *mine!*'

"I had not been praising the Lord very long, when I remembered that I had an unsaved brother, living in Canada. I at once began praying for his conversion. By faith I claimed the precious promises, and remained in prayer until three o'clock next morning, when the answer came sweetly to my soul, '*Thy brother shall be saved.*' I was exceedingly happy, and praised the Lord, leaving it entirely to him as to *when* the promise should be fulfilled. Who can describe my joy and astonishment, then, when, several days after, my brother came to visit me.

Several nights before he had been wonderfully aroused out of his sleep, and, thinking that some ill had befallen his beloved mother and brother, still residing in Europe, he arose, and going out of doors in the Winter's snow, he earnestly prayed the Heavenly Father to protect them. Still he found no rest, but concluded to visit me at Cleveland. Upon inquiring, I found this to have occurred during the very hours I lay in earnest prayer pleading for his conversion. Before we parted, he had found peace in the blood of Jesus.

"United, we now prayed for the conversion of our dear mother and our youngest brother in Europe. Now came the time when, in the providence of God, I could return home and proclaim to all the great things the Lord had wrought in my soul. During my stay in Europe many of my dear friends found the precious Savior. My mission being fulfilled, I again set sail for America, accompanied by my mother and brother. We safely reached my home at Bloomington, Illinois. At this place I had, after leaving the steamer, established myself in business, and, there being no United Brethren Church in this place, I had joined the Methodist Church. Shortly after our arrival, my dear mother and brother were converted, and also united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"I now received a call into the ministry. It was entirely against my wishes, and frustrated other plans which I had made. Only after a great

struggle, therefore, could I consent to enter upon the field assigned to me. Since then I have spent many years in the work for the Master, and upon every field of labor I was permitted to see a harvest of souls brought into the kingdom. I expect to remain faithful upon my post, until I hear the voice of the Lord, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Matt. xxv, 21."

Ye Must Be Born Again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God."—John iii, 3.

An evangelist relates:

"It is a precious thought to the mind of a true believer, that the Holy Spirit does not confine his work to the preaching of the Gospel and to the work of human agencies in spreading the kingdom of Christ. We are sometimes called upon to assist those in coming to Christ who have been in a quiet manner, in their respective homes, prepared by the Spirit to receive such a work of grace in their hearts. For them 'the Lord was not in the strong wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in a still, small voice.' 1 Kings xix, 12. Ofttimes the one thus prepared, during a long period of time, to finally receive the Gospel is the member of a

family knowing nothing of the blessed religion of our Lord Jesus Christ and the happiness of a regenerated soul. If such work be in undue time revealed, there is danger of it perishing; but if it be permitted to remain concealed, it will develop into perfect life, and finally break forth into a flame of love for Christ, the reigning King.

"We were holding a series of revival meetings in a city in one of the Western States. Scores of sinners came to Christ, and found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. One evening, when the congregation had been dismissed, and all but a few had left the audience-room, a young lady approached the altar, and fixing her eyes firmly upon me, she remarked in a half subdued and trembling voice, 'Sir, do you firmly believe that one can only through a change of heart enter the kingdom of heaven?'

"Thinking that the lady had just witnessed the scenes at this Gospel-meeting, I was for a moment amazed at this direct and personal question. Quickly turning, I seized the pulpit Bible, and, opening it before her, read in a clear and impressive manner, 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.' John iii, 3.

"'Then I shall be lost!' was the prompt reply.

"'O no, madam; for "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that, *whosoever*

believeth in him, should *not* perish, but have everlasting life." John iii, 16.'

"'But I can not experience religion, and therefore I shall be lost!'

"'You can, if you will: "For it is God which worketh in you both to *will* and to *do*, of his good pleasure." Phil. ii, 13.'

"'But my circumstances do not permit me to undergo an experience like this!'

"'"And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Matt. x, 38.'

"'But what can I do?' she inquired with a trembling voice.

"Upon inquiring into her circumstances, we found that she was the eldest daughter of a respectable family in well-to-do circumstances; that the family were Church-going people, but attended a Church where heart-religion and a change of life were not known or taught; that during a severe illness, two years previous, the Spirit of God had commenced working in her soul. Since then the work had been going on, and she was thoroughly convinced that she ought to yield to the Spirit, and become a child of God, but she feared that her surroundings and friends would lay obstructions in the way to her becoming a Christian, which she did not feel strong enough to overcome.

"For several days following she attended the meetings, seeking all the light and guidance that could be obtained from Christian ministers and

friends, while a severe struggle was going on within. Then the decision followed: 'Yes, I will become a Christian, and live a Christian life by the help of God.' On a Sunday evening she took up the cross, and came to the altar with many other seekers. She was asked:

"'Are you now determined, by the grace of God, to seek salvation, untiringly and faithfully, until the precious peace of God flows into your soul, and you are born anew, a child of God?'

"'I am,' was the firm reply.

"'Then, do you believe, beyond all doubt, that Christ *can*, and, above all, that Christ *will*, save you?'

"This question being answered in the negative, she was requested for a few moments to pray earnestly for this firm belief, receiving the promise that the servant of God would likewise pray for her. Soon she said:

"'I do believe; yes, Jesus *will* save me.'

"'Then, do you believe that he will save you *to-night?*'

"To this no answer being given, again a short season of prayer followed, when she said:

"'Yes, I believe he will save me to-night.'

"Having now the assurance of being saved *that* night, her prayers and supplications grew stronger and more fervent continuously. About this time the meeting was closed, and she gladly accepted an invitation to the parsonage, where prayers in her

behalf were continued by the family and a few friends. After thus waiting on the Lord for a little while, she suddenly arose and exclaimed: 'Glory to God! I 'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb! O, glory be to Jesus, for he has also saved *me*, even *me!*' We gave praises unto the Lord for the wondrous works he wrought in the human soul, and disbanded by singing:

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'"

THE TWIN SISTERS.

"Both born again into the kingdom of God at the same hour."

AN evangelist relates:

"In one of the Western cities there lived a widowed Christian mother, whose heart's desire was to see her three children brought into the kingdom of God. She believed firmly that in his own good time the Lord would grant her daily prayers for the conversion of her children. When, soon after this, a gracious revival came upon the congregation, the mother pleaded, 'O Lord, may this be *thy* time!' And it was the Lord's time; for soon scores of sinners were crying to God for pardon and mercy. Among these were also the children of this

dear Christian mother—the son, a talented young man of twenty-two, and his twin sisters, about sixteen years of age.

"The mother rejoiced to see her children as penitents at the altar of the Lord, because she knew this meant their conversion. The young ladies sought very earnestly, day after day, and night after night. They could always be seen going to church together, and side by side at the altar they sought the same Lord. As they were of a somewhat timid disposition, they prayed quietly, causing some to fear that they were not earnest enough. This, however, was not the case, for it proved that they were seeking the Lord in their quiet manner from the depths of their souls.

"On Saturday evening we held a private meeting with the seekers. They were addressed upon the subjects of consecration, repentance, faith, the action of faith, etc., whereupon a precious season of prayer followed. At the close it was remarked: 'How thankful ought we to be to God, who has permitted us to live through another week; and what a week of glorious blessing it has been to us! How thankful ought we to be that we have been permitted to spend almost its last hours in the house of God! And soon another bright Sabbath morning will dawn upon us, as a precious gift for our soul, from a dear, loving Heavenly Father. May we not simply ask him, as we now pursue our way homeward, to give us a

fullness of his joy and peace, so that the Sabbath on to-morrow may find us enjoying a spiritual Sabbath of full peace and rest?' Thus the meeting was prayerfully closed. On the following Sabbath morning, just before the morning services, the two young ladies made their appearance. Their faces were radiant with joy and peace as they handed in the following written testimony:

"'DEAR SERVANTS OF THE LORD,—Glory be to Jesus for the great blessing received during the meeting last evening! On our way home, God pardoned our sins, and through faith in Jesus Christ we are now born into the kingdom of God. His Spirit now bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, and joy unspeakable fills our souls. Pray for us, that we may be able to bring forth the fruits of faith and righteousness. And unto you we tender our heart-felt thanks for the untiring efforts in leading us to this precious Savior. EVA AND DORA F——.'

"They had quietly pursued their way home, their silent prayer being, 'O Lord, fill our hearts with thy love before we reach home, so that we can bring the joyful message to mother that we are born again.' Presently the one looking up, and grasping the promises by faith, was set in the glorious liberty of the children of God, and throwing herself in the arms of her sister, she praised the Lord for what he had done. This so strengthened the faith of the other that she, too, looked up by faith, and the precious peace, so long sought for, came into her heart. They both leaped for joy, and, reaching their home, they hastened into the presence of their mother exclaiming, 'Praise God,

for we have found the Savior, and he has pardoned our sins!' The mother, overwhelmed by her feelings, fell upon her knees, and praised God for the conversion of her daughters.

"They now united to pray for their dear brother, that he, too, might be likewise saved. The young man had a terrible struggle. It seemed that when he was at the point of grasping salvation by faith, Satan would fling doubts and fears into his heart. Still he kept on seeking so earnestly that he was hardly able to work from loss of appetite and sleep. Finally the precious hour arrived for him, too, to be delivered from the bondage of sin and set at precious liberty. It was during the exercises at the altar, when he at once arose and praised God for the power of salvation in his soul. Thus God answered the petitions of this praying mother, uniting mother, son, and daughters on their way to eternal life and glory."

"CHRIST ABOVE ALL."

"Savior, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee:
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side."

ANNA KINLOCK MARTIN, daughter of Major Thomas Martin, of the United States army, was born at Washington, Georgia, October 8, 1790. Her father, being an officer of the army, was subject to frequent changes. In 1802 his health was greatly

impaired, and his name was finally struck from the roll. The major concluded to make a visit to his brother, John Martin, in Clarke County, Kentucky, who was a zealous Methodist. While his youthful daughter, Anna, remained at her uncle's she was awakened by the Spirit of God to a sense of her lost condition. This displeased her father, and he sent her to Lexington, among his friends, with instructions to put her into gay society and merry company. This was unfavorable to her becoming a Christian, and she feared that she had grieved the Holy Spirit.

When Anna returned to her father's residence, in the barracks at Newport, she made the acquaintance of Miss Patsy Hinds, a daughter of the venerable Dr. Hinds. From this new-made friend she received instruction in regard to the salvation of her soul that was of great advantage to her, and she resolved to continue to seek until she was converted. On a certain occasion her father had several old friends visiting at his home, and he greatly desired to interest and please them during their stay at Newport. He asked his daughter to come in and sing for their entertainment, expecting, of course, a worldly and lively song. Without any premeditation, Anna commenced and sung, to the surprise of her father—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name."

In company with her uncle, John Martin, and family, and many others, Miss Martin and Miss Hind attended a quarterly-meeting in Bourbon County, at Bethany meeting-house. Bishop Asbury, William McKendree, Learner Blackman, and Benjamin Lakin—the latter being in charge of the circuit—were in attendance. Sunday was a day of salvation, and the two young girls knelt on the outside of the congregation in deep penitence. Rev. Learner Blackman went and prayed for them. Anna said to her young companion, Miss Hinds: "I have done all that I can do. If I am ever saved, Christ must save me." Miss Hinds replied, "I have done all that I can;" and at that moment both were saved by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and on the same day, April 1, 1804, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

October 8, 1804, being Anna's fifteenth birthday, she came to reside with her father permanently at Newport, Kentucky. There being no church at Newport, she attached herself to the society at Cincinnati. The class in Cincinnati, when organized by Rev. John Sale, in 1803, consisted of eight persons only, who worshiped in a public house which stood on Main Street, between First and Second Streets. In 1804 Anna Martin and Patsy Hinds were added to the little flock.

Miss Anna Kinlock Martin was married to Mr. James Washington Bryson, June 27, 1809. Mr. Bryson died December 16, 1818. Mrs. Bryson had five children, one of whom died. There are yet living four children, ten grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. Mrs. Bryson always reflected with pleasure that she experienced religion in early life, and dedicated her youth to God. She was present at the first love-feast ever held in Cincinnati.

The year after the Church was organized, Rev. John Meek and Rev. A. Amos were the preachers on the circuit, including Cincinnati. The preachers and people agreed to hold a two-days' meeting in Cincinnati. They procured the privilege of holding their meeting in the court-house, which then stood opposite the north-east corner of Main and Fifth Streets, on the south side. Rev. John Collins, then in the prime of life, came to their help; and, according to the promise, the Master came with him. They had a precious season on Saturday; and on Sunday they held a love-feast in the grand-jury room—the first meeting of the kind ever held in the city. Rev. John Meek, who was then preacher in charge, thus reported the feast of love: "Our blessed Savior met with us of a truth, and made the hearts of his people to rejoice in his love. The voice of triumph was heard by the people on the streets, which was something new in Cincinnati. They rushed up-stairs and burst open the door, to

see what it all meant. And lo! they found a few faithful followers of the Lord Jesus rejoicing in hope of heaven, and also of better days in Cincinnati, which was soon realized."

The number that desired to worship with the Methodists rapidly increased. In 1805 they purchased a large lot, and commenced building a stone church. There were but few Methodists; and none of them were rich. The church was about twenty by forty feet in the clear. In the next year, 1806, it was finished and dedicated.

The above sketch was written by the late John F. Wright, D. D. When I was stationed at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, in 1839 and 1840, I was the leader of a female class of which Sister Bryson was a member. She was a deeply experienced Christian, and worthy of being associated with such saintly women as Mrs. Neff, Mrs. Bakewell, Mrs. Searles, and many others who were members of the same class.

MAXWELL P. GADDIS, SEN.

A HUSBAND FINALLY CONVERTED.

"For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—1 COR. VII, 16.

A MISSIONARY relates the following:

"The wife of a worldly-minded young man had, soon after their marriage, been brought to the saving knowledge of the Gospel, through the

prayers of some of her friends. As soon as she had experienced this wonderful change of heart, she earnestly insisted upon her husband to give his heart to Christ and become a Christian, so that they might be united upon the way to eternal life and glory. The husband, however, was not so easily persuaded. Though he was very kind to her in every other respect, yet in matters of religion he was quite skeptical. He could not be induced to change his life, nor could he be persuaded to accompany his wife to the house of God.

"His wife, however, did not become discouraged. Living a pure, Christian life before her husband, she by faith claimed the promises of God's holy Word, and earnestly prayed for his conversion, year after year. She had become the mother of two bright little boys, which she brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. She had resolved to keep on praying for her husband until her prayers should be answered and he be a converted man. She would put the question to him on every Sabbath morning, at the breakfast-table, 'Husband, will you not accompany me to the house of God to-day?' His usual answer was, 'No.' So, with a heavy heart, the poor wife and mother went to the house of divine worship, taking with her her two little boys, while her husband read his papers.

"This continued for twelve years, and the faithful wife's prayers had not ceased, nor had her faith faltered. But the Lord's time had come, and

the Spirit of God worked mightily in the husband's soul. When, on the following Sabbath morning, she kindly put the usual question to him, her husband replied, 'Yes, I have made up my mind to go with you.' This answer almost overcame the praying woman, and she burst into tears. Before leaving the house, she repaired to her closet, and there prayed that this might be the day of salvation for her beloved husband.

"A stranger preached that day, and the Word was accompanied with the power of the Holy Spirit. He listened with marked attention, and was deeply interested in the theme, '*Christ Crucified.*' On their way home the wife inquired, 'How did you enjoy the sermon, dear?' He replied, 'Very much, indeed, and I can not help wishing I was a Christian; I hope you will pray for me.' The dear wife's feelings may be imagined, but they can not be described. Her cup of joy was full, and when her dear husband knelt with her in prayer, and offered his supplication for mercy, her joy was unspeakable. Her husband was converted and united with the Church at once. He became a liberal supporter of the Gospel, and has ever since lived a devoted Christian life."

REV. J. E.

CONVERSION OF "A CHOSEN VESSEL."

"But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."—ACTS IX, 15.

BISHOP JOHN SEYBERT, the first bishop of the Evangelical Association, was a remarkable man of God, and remarkable were the circumstances attending his conversion. We relate them in his own words:

"I was born at Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1791. After spending my boyhood in sinful and wicked practices, I was powerfully awakened in my fourteenth year, and became somewhat penitent, but did not pass through to the full liberty of the children of God. For the next four years my life was a sinful one, intermingled with good resolutions. Now and then I repented over my sins, but had no power to resist temptation.

"Our neighborhood was soon visited by the early missionaries of the Evangelical Association, who began to preach in private houses. Some were converted and became a praying people, while the majority denounced these faithful servants of God as seducers and false prophets. After they had been there for some time, a companion and I concluded to attend one of the services. On reaching the house, my companion seemed afraid to enter. He stayed outside, while I entered the house; but soon after, he came in also. I was determined to

hear and to try the spirits, whether they were of God. I took my seat on the first bench, and was soon compelled to move up, until I was next to the minister. The services were opened by the singing of a hymn, which had been solemnly read, and then prayer followed. It was a powerful prayer, which made me tremble like a leaf. After the sermon began, I was soon convinced that this was, indeed, a servant of God, and not a false prophet. Though trembling very much, I sat eagerly listening to the Word. When the service was ended, I was convinced of being a cursed sinner, upon whom God's wrath justly rested. My comrade had also been awakened and convicted of his sins. We went home silently, the Spirit of God working mightily in our hearts. I was determined to become a true Christian, come what may. This occurred on April 15, 1810, in the nineteenth year of my age.

"On the next morning I arose early, and began praying to God. I made a firm resolution to abstain from all sinful practices at once, to come in deep repentance to God, and ask him to be merciful unto me, a great sinner, for Christ my Redeemer's sake. I was determined, if as great a sinner as I was, could have salvation, to have it. I carried my resolution into effect at once, and came to the Lord in humble submission, and begged pardon for my sins and peace for my soul. I then arose, and, with tears trickling over my cheeks, I

began singing one of those beautiful penitential hymns, and after I had ended, I exclaimed, 'O, God, be merciful unto me a sinner!'

"I did not, however, come into the glorious liberty of the children of God *just then*, but remained in this seeking mood for some time. I read and re-read David's psalms of repentance and pardon, and then called fervently upon the Almighty to forgive my many sins. I also began to attend the services regularly, and also the prayer meetings. This brought upon me bitter persecution; but I did not care for that, as long as the prize I sought was sweet peace in Jesus and precious communion with his children. At every meeting I openly sought the Lord, and was determined to do so until my soul should be delivered from the bonds of sin and Satan.

"Upon a certain morning I arose very early, and went out into the open air. My sins lay heavy upon me, and while all nature seemed sorrowful, I felt like the most forsaken being on earth. Looking up toward heaven, I cried, 'God, for Christ's sake, be merciful unto me a sinner *now!*' A few moments later I had reached a certain trough near the well, where it was customary to wash. As I now stooped over to wash my face in the pure, cold water, in that very instant the Lord washed my sinful heart and cleansed my sins away with his precious blood! As a new man, with changed feelings, and a countenance radiant with joy, I now

raised my eyes toward heaven, and shouted with joy: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.' I praise the Lord for thus overtaking me. He was a great deal quicker than I was. I had scarcely begun washing my face, when he had already completed the task of washing my soul. Praise the Lord for his love and tender mercy! The burden was immediately gone, and my heart was filled with the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah. Praise be to the Lord, forever, amen!"

These are the details connected with Bishop Seybert's conversion, and he was thus converted, as he himself terms it, "deep into the eternal life." He became a member of the young Church at once, and was licensed to exhort after several months. In 1819 he was licensed to preach, and in 1820 he entered the itinerancy. In 1825 he was elected presiding elder, and was re-elected to this office four successive terms, until, in 1839, he was duly elected and qualified as the first bishop of the Evangelical Association. In this office he remained unto his death, being re-elected to the same every four years for six successive terms. His death occurred near Bellevue, Sandusky County, Ohio, on the 4th of January, 1860, at the age of sixty-eight years. He had served his Church as minister for over thirty-nine years, had traveled about one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles, and preached almost ten

thousand sermons, besides holding thousands of other meetings. Thousands have, through his instrumentality, come into the kingdom of God, and when his redeemed spirit reached the pearly gates, he was no doubt greeted by many whom he had been instrumental in saving.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii, 3.

Both Happily Saved.

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it can not save."—Isa. lix, 1.

At a revival, several years ago, a young lady of intelligence and high social standing was among the seekers. Though she had enjoyed every Christian privilege, yet she had never made any religious experience. She was now under deep conviction, and sought peace and pardon, never tiring, though she had been in this condition for several weeks. At every meeting she was at the altar, earnestly pleading that God might, for Christ's sake, pardon her sins. The thought that she had so long rejected Christ grieved her, and made the struggle more intense. Finally it became almost certain that there must be some other obstacle preventing her receiving the blessing so earnestly sought for.

On being questioned what it might be, it was found that her affections clung to a certain young man, to whom she was engaged. This young man, though attending church quite regularly, and the subject of many prayers on the part of a dear Christian mother, was nevertheless much opposed to experimental religion. Now, while a precious revival was going on, and many of his friends were seeking the pearl of great price, and while he witnessed, night after night, the glorious conversion of many of them, still he stood apart, apparently unmoved, but inwardly battling against that Holy Visitor, of whom we are told, "Quench not the Spirit." 1 Thess. v, 19. If any one approached him upon the subject of religion, he told him to go away and attend to his own affairs. Under such conditions the young lady was reminded of the words of Christ: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Matt. x, 37, 38. She was sincerely urged to make a full surrender of self and all to the Lord, casting her cares and sorrows upon Him of whom it is written, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi, 28.

In the meantime the mother of the young man handed in a written request for the prayers of all Christians in behalf of her son. The Lord, whose

hand is not shortened that he can not save (Isa. lix, 1), but who saves to the uttermost all who will come, heard the supplications of the loving mother, and of God's faithful children, and soon the prodigal son lay among the mourners at the altar, pleading for pardon and mercy. The congregation, greatly encouraged, continued praying for his conversion.

The struggle was fierce and lasted for almost two weeks, during the greater part of which he was unfit for work, and could not eat nor sleep. Alas! the prodigal son had wandered far away from the Father's house, and far was the way back! But on a Friday morning at day-break, after wrestling with the Lord in prayer all night, as Jacob did, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins, and the precious peace of God, surpassing all understanding, was shed abroad in his heart. With a countenance beaming with joy and happiness, he came to the meeting, confessing what great things the Lord had done for him. Seeing his betrothed still at the altar, he hastened to her side and, encouraging her simply to believe, he earnestly prayed the Lord that she, too, might at once be cleansed in the precious blood of Christ. Soon after, she was able to claim the promises by faith, and she, too, was "born anew, a ransomed child."

Below we publish a letter from the young brother, with some details of his conversion:

"APRIL 3, 1884.

"DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—In compliance with your request I hereby give you a brief account of the most impor-

tant facts connected with my conversion. The first that I experienced was the work of the Holy Spirit in my heart, through which I was effectually convinced that I was a great sinner, and that I justly deserved God's condemnation, and I looked upon the revelation of God's love and grace through Christ with great astonishment, and then gladly accepted the invitation of salvation.

"On Monday, February 18, 1884, with the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, I commenced to turn away from the world. At the same time I felt very sorry for my sins against God. I continued seeking day and night, and on Thursday, the 28th of the same month, after the revival-meeting in church was over for the night, I met with three other young men, who were also seeking Christ, and a number of converts in one of the class-rooms. We expected to find Christ every moment. By and by all but four had gone. We remained singing and praying all night, and at day-break we wished that the day of grace would break in upon us; and at sunrise we wished that Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, would arise in our dark hearts. At six o'clock, Friday morning, we adjourned. I went home, much encouraged by the blessings obtained during that night, but not fully satisfied. At home I continued praying, and I also sang some of my favorite hymns—'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and 'Almost persuaded now to believe.' Then I read the eighty-eighth Psalm; I thereupon went into the yard, feeling the presence of Jesus very near. Whilst in the yard, a voice seemed to whisper, 'Look up!' I did so, and O! in that moment I was blessed with the assurance of the Holy Ghost, and was then and there relieved of the burden of my sin, and could shout, Glory—

> 'Hallelujah, 't is done, I believe in the Son!
> I am saved by the blood of the crucified One!'

"Ever since, I felt that all glory, praise, and honor is due God, the King, for his merciful kindness and love, which he bestowed upon me in hearing my voice and gratifying the desire of my heart. I heartily thank you for your exertions in bringing me to Christ, and wish you God's abundant blessings. G. N."

Sweet Testimony of a Little Child.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix, 14.

On a certain occasion, when our dear Savior still walked the streets of our sin-stricken world, he gave thanks unto the Father, saying, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Matt. xi, 25. It is simply wonderful how the things pertaining to heaven and eternal life and glory are often revealed to the mind of a mere child, and it is surely both beautiful and touching to listen to the clear testimony of a little child of the saving power in Christ Jesus.

At one of our revivals, held in one of the Western States not long ago, the Holy Spirit was mightily poured out upon the congregation. The young and the aged, the great and the small, alike came to the Savior for pardon and peace. Not only the altar, but also the front seats were filled with penitent souls. Among this number were three little boys, from five to seven years of age. On account of the throng we placed them in the altar, and had them kneel, one before and the others at the sides of the same chair. There the three little boys could be seen, night after night, seeking pardon for their sins. Their great earnestness, together with the

great struggle they passed through, so uncommon for children so young, attracted general attention. I said to myself: "These little boys are going to have a grand victory, and they will testify with great certainty to the cleansing power of Jesus." And so it was. One evening, when we were just about to close the meeting—announcements already made—up jumps one of these little ones, and stepping close to my side in the altar, exclaimed, with a loud voice: "Praise God, for he has just given me a new heart. He has forgiven all my sins. Pray for me, that I may ever love Jesus." He had scarcely ended, when a loud cry was heard from out of the congregation, saying, "Praise God, for he has saved my child!" It was the mother of the boy, who now hastened forward, and taking her child into her arms, praised the Lord with a loud voice. Soon after, the other two boys were also pardoned, and praised the Lord for his saving love.

If any of our dear young readers will go to Jesus right now, he is ever willing to receive you. He will cleanse you from all sin, fill your soul with sweet peace, and make you children of God, and heirs of heaven and eternal glory.

An Early Seeker.

"I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

It pleased God, in my earliest childhood, to call me by his Holy Spirit. As far back as memory will allow me to go I can recall seasons of great distress on account of sin. When other children around me were busy at play, I would often invent some excuse to withdraw, that I might find a place where I could weep before God in secret.

The weary burden grew heavier with my increasing years. As fast as my mental powers were developed so as to understand, in a measure, the law of God, my condemnation and ruin became more alarmingly real. I can not look back at this period of life as men usually do. They were not to me days of mirth, but days in which even childhood's laughter was turned into weeping, and its buoyancy into heaviness.

My parents, who were intelligent, cheerful, and exemplary Christians, were connected with a branch of the Presbyterian body, and resided, at this time, remote from the sanctuary of their choice, and opposite a Methodist Church. Here I would occasionally attend, and listen to the sainted Pitman and other faithful men of God. It was at this time, when only thirteen years of age, that the

burden of sin was removed, and I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I can remember the very place, time, and circumstances in which this wonderful change occurred. For many days I had gone sorrowing. I cried unto God for the pardon promised to the penitent; but he seemed deaf to my entreaties. One night, in the great congregation, I presented myself for prayer; but no peace came. I returned home, and retired at once to my chamber. The full-orbed moon was lighting it up with her silvery beams. I knelt near the window, and heard, or seemed to hear, the voice of One saying unto me, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me." That promise was mine. It was my Father's assurance of a loving welcome. It was but a moment, and I was in his arms. It was a rapturous hour. All things were changed. Sorrowing and sighing fled from my bosom. The Spirit of God witnessed with my spirit that I was born again. "Being justified by faith, I had peace with God." I never afterwards had a doubt of my conversion. Even in the most unsatisfactory days of my Christian life I could not question the reality of the work of grace in my youthful heart. Since then many years have past. I have experienced sanctifying power in my heart, and as a minister of the Gospel I love to uphold a "full salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ."

REV. C. M. L.

"Talk to Me about Jesus."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—Psalm viii, 2.

The following account is well attested by a Cincinnati missionary:

"A dear, pious lady had long been praying for the conversion of her husband. She was in the habit of praying that God might, in his own good time, bring about a change of heart and mind, using whatever means he chose. On a certain evening, when she had gone to the house of divine worship, the Lord's time had come. The husband had remained at home, and was busily engaged reading his paper, with his little daughter seated on his knee. Presently the little child said, 'Papa, why do you not talk to me about Jesus, as mamma does?' He made no reply, but dropped the paper he was reading. The simple inquiry of his child, like an arrow, pierced his heart and conscience. He sat for a moment, quiet and speechless. Now the question was repeated, 'Papa, why do n't you tell me about Jesus, like mamma does?' Putting the child down, he now called the servant girl and told her to put Mamie to bed, as he wanted to go to church to meet his wife. He very seldom came to the house of prayer, and his visit that night surprised many. As the service was nearing the close, the minister said, 'If any desire the prayers of the Church for the salvation of their souls let them rise

to their feet.' Without a moment's delay he stood up, while his dear wife bowed down and wept. There were also many others weeping for joy to see this man finally yielding to God. The congregation earnestly prayed for his conversion, and the prayers were answered. Before he left the house he rejoiced in the God of his salvation.

"The joy of his wife was great. On going home she inquired, 'How was it you came to the meeting to-night?' He said: 'I was driven to go, Mamie's question troubled me so much. I could not talk about Jesus, for I did not love him. But I now know him, and love him, and shall serve him all my life.' A precious season of prayer was enjoyed on reaching home, the dear wife praising the Lord for hearing and answering her many earnest prayers. Her husband became a devoted Christian. He is now the superintendent of a large Sunday-school, and his daughter Mamie, who had been the instrument of his conversion, is one of the Sabbath-school teachers. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.' Psalm viii, 3."

"JESUS SAVED EVEN ME."

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—HEB. VII, 25.

I WAS born in the Province of Hessia, in Germany, in the year 1848. I received a good common-school education, which included, in our country, a pretty thorough study of the Scriptures. In my fourteenth year I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church, and upon this occasion was deeply impressed by God's Holy Spirit. These impressions might have led to my conversion then, had I not associated with bad company. I should like to impress *right here* upon young readers the Scripture warning, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Prov. i, 10. Praise be unto the Lord, who in his infinite mercy has spared my life, and finally redeemed me from the power of sin!

At the age of nineteen I emigrated to America. It was my deliverance from out of the land of Egypt into the land of Canaan. I make this comparison on account of the many oppressions which the laboring classes are made to suffer in many of the old provinces, and the poor chances they have to come to a saving knowledge of the Gospel. Many, indeed, have been led by the Spirit to emigrate to America, in order that they may here find the pearl of great price. They were thus set into a twofold liberty, becoming the children of the

Heavenly Father and the free citizens of our most blessed country.

We landed at Castle Garden, and my first impressions of the country were very favorable ones. Thence we went to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. During our short stay there we resided with a Christian family, who impressed it upon our minds that we must be converted in order to be eternally saved. Soon after, I left, and safely reached my relatives in the State of Illinois. The exhortations of the dear family at Pittsburg kept ringing in my ears, and my early impressions came back to me, and erelong I found myself a penitent sinner, seeking pardon and grace. Taking Stark's Prayer-book, I sought my closet, and there prayed earnestly, but found little relief. The reason was, I did not then understand the plan of salvation sufficiently. Soon after this the "Evangelical ministers" began preaching in our vicinity, and for a time the meetings were held in my house. When these meetings were over I had received much more light in spiritual matters. Some time after, a Methodist congregation was gathered and a little chapel built. A powerful sermon was preached on the day when I attended these services for the first time, and when an invitation was given to seek salvation I was one of the first to respond to the call. I came to the altar and again began seeking pardon and peace. When this became known I was much persecuted by my neighbors; but, by the grace of God, I could

endure it, and kept on seeking. But before I came to the saving knowledge in Christ Jesus, my mind was again distracted by the cares of the things of this world.

The little congregation, however, flourished, and kept growing in numbers and in grace. I had also become a member of it, but was still in an unconverted state. Thus it remained until 1873. In the Winter of this year a gracious revival was enjoyed by our congregation, and again I heard the Spirit's voice: "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." Prov. xxiii, 26. Again I responded to the call, though with a heavy heart, considering the yearnings of my soul in days past. To this was added the tempter's voice, saying: "Even if you should find this pearl of great price, it is very doubtful whether you can keep it. It seems impossible *for you* to live a Christian life," etc. But, although the temptations were severe, still I was determined *now* to gain the victory through Christ. I grasped the promises by faith, and claimed a present salvation. From the depth of my soul I cried:

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?"

After remaining in prayer and supplication for awhile, and making a full consecration, sweet peace came into my soul. I could arise and rejoice in

the God of my salvation. I knew I had come out of darkness into light, and had become a child of God by faith in Christ, my Savior and my Redeemer. Ever since that hour, Christ is mine, and I am his. My favorite hymn is:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!"

My sincere wish is, that others might be brought to the dear Savior, by the reading of this plain account of my conversion. May God grant it!

J. H.

CONVERSION OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was the first member of the "Holy Club" to come into the divine experience of regeneration. No member of the "Holy Club," not even John Wesley himself, at this time understood this heavenly mystery. Their ideas of holiness were of a condition of soul which could be worked up by prayers, fasts, alms, and sacraments. Of that state of grace which is wrought in the soul by the power of the Spirit of God, through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, they had no knowledge, partly because they had no one to point out the force of the Scriptures which treat upon this point, and partly because they were so intent on making themselves holy that they overlooked the fact, that salvation was by faith instead of by works.

In the awful struggles of soul through which Whitefield passed, his mind was so tormented that he could not perform his college duties, and for a time such was his behavior that he was actually believed to have become insane.

"About six weeks," he writes, "I was fighting with my corruptions, and did little else besides kneeling down by my bedside, feeling, as it were, a pressure upon my body, as well as an unspeakable oppression of mind, yet offering up my soul to God, to do with me as it pleased him. It was now suggested to me that Jesus Christ was among the wild beasts when he was tempted, and that I ought to follow his example; and being willing, as I thought, to imitate Jesus Christ, after supper I went out into Christ Church Walk, near our college, and continued in silent prayer under one of the trees for near two hours. The night being stormy, it gave me awful thoughts of the day of judgment. The next night I repeated the same exercise at the same place.

"Soon after this the holy season of Lent came on, which our friends kept very strictly, eating no flesh during the six weeks, except on Saturdays and Sundays. I abstained frequently on Saturdays also, and ate nothing on the other days, except Sundays, but sage tea without sugar, and coarse bread. I constantly walked out in the cold mornings till part of one of my hands was quite black. This, with my continued abstinence and inward conflicts,

at length so emaciated my body that at Passion Week, finding I could scarce creep up-stairs, I was obliged to inform my kind tutor of my situation, who immediately sent a physician to me. This caused no small triumph among the collegians, who began to cry out, 'What is his fasting come to now?'

"This fit of sickness continued upon me for seven weeks, and a glorious visitation it was. The blessed Spirit was all this time purifying my soul. All my former gross and notorious, and even my heart sins also, were now set home upon me, of which I wrote down some remembrance immediately, and confessed them before God morning and evening. About this time I received a book from Charles Wesley, entitled, 'Life of God in the Soul of Man,' from which I learned that 'a man may go to church, say his prayers, receive the sacrament, and yet *not* be a Christian;' and this book, through the blessing of the Divine Spirit, was the means of bringing me into the experience of saving grace. Holding the book in my hand, I thus addressed the God of heaven and earth: 'Lord, if I am not a Christian, for Jesus Christ's sake, show me what Christianity is, that I may not be damned at last.' I read a little further, and discovered that they who know any thing of religion know it is a vital union with the Son of God—Christ found in the heart. O, what a ray of divine light did then break in upon my soul!

"After I had been groaning under an unspeakable pressure of body and mind for about a twelvemonth, God was pleased to set me free. I found and felt in myself that I was delivered from the burden that had so heavily oppressed me. The spirit of mourning was taken from me, and I knew what it was truly to rejoice in God my Savior, and for some time could not avoid singing psalms wherever I was; but my joy gradually became more settled, and, blessed be God! has abode and increased in my soul, save a few casual intermissions, ever since. Now did the Spirit of God take possession of my soul, and, as I humbly hope, seal me unto the days of redemption. I know the place; it may, perhaps, be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford I can not help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me, and gave me a new birth."

This was in the year 1735, when Whitefield was in his twenty-first year. It may, therefore, well be termed "an old-time conversion."

SECOND TREASURE.

SANCTIFICATION.

"O, joyful sound of Gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, *even I*, shall see his face,
I shall be holy *here*."

YE shall therefore sanctify yourselves and ye shall be holy; for I am holy.—LEV. xi, 44.

AND the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.—THESS. v, 23.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service.

—ROM. xii, 1.

SANCTIFICATION.

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

ALFRED COOKMAN was converted at the age of ten years under the labors of his honored father. Of that change he says, "O, I shall never forget the 12th of February, 1838, the birthday of my eternal life!" He at once united with the Church of which his father was pastor; and among the rules which he laid down for the conduct of his religious life, and to which he said he rigidly adhered, was "always to attend class-meetings." To a strict observance of this rule he attributed the fact of his having always retained his place in the Church of God.

It was early evident that God had called him to occupy the place vacated by his sainted father. Pressed with the conviction, at the early age of eighteen he quitted his happy home to enter upon the work to which he felt himself divinely called. As he was leaving the parental roof, his godly mother said to him, "My son, if you would be

supremely happy, or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." This remark, from one whom he so ardently loved, produced "the profoundest impression upon his mind and heart," and followed him like a good angel as he moved to and fro in his first field of ministerial labor—the Attleborough Circuit, Philadelphia Conference. "Frequently," he says, "I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of an entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself, in my view, as a mountain of glory, and I would say, It is not for me. I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and if I could, my besetments and trials are such I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position."

A neat Church having been erected at Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, the services of that holy man of God, Bishop Hamline, were secured to dedicate the same. After the dedication, the bishop and his devoted wife remained for some days, the bishop preaching frequently, and always with an unction which greatly moved the heart of Brother Cookman. They took occasion also to converse with him on his religious experience, and urge him to seek the higher Christian life.

Of the sainted Hamline he says: "His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, unctuous manner, divinely illuminated face, apostolic labors, and fatherly

counsels made the profoundest impression on my heart and mind. I heard him as one sent from God. His influence, so hallowed and blessed, has not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage." At the close of an afternoon sermon, in which the bishop urged the people to seize the present opportunity to do what they, as believers, had often desired, resolved, and promised to do—viz., yield themselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as *their* Savior from all sin—Cookman was among the number who said, "I will; with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will;" and, kneeling, he says, "I brought an entire consecration to the altar—Christ." He perceived clearly the difference between the consecration now required, and that made at the time of his conversion. Then he brought powers "dead in trespasses and sins;" now he brought powers permeated with the new life of regeneration, so that the sacrifice became a "living sacrifice." It was *now* a specific and careful sacrifice, embracing hands, feet, senses, attributes of mind and heart, time, reputation, kindred, worldly sustenance—every thing. Then he was anxious for pardon; now, for purity and the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in his heart. With his consecration carefully made, he says, "I covenanted with my own heart and with my Heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain

upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar, Christ, sanctifieth the gift." The effect which followed was a "broad, deep, full, satisfying, sacred peace," proceeding not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but from the presence of the Spirit of God in his heart. With this evidence he could not say that he was sanctified, only that he was set apart unto God.

The following day, in company with Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, he ventured to tell them what he had done, and in the confession realized a degree of light and strength. Prayer was proposed; and while they knelt, he says, "God, for Christ's sake, gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess—

> 'T is done! Thou dost this moment save,
> With full salvation bless;
> Redemption through thy blood I have,
> And spotless love and peace.'

The great work of sanctification, that I had so often prayed and hoped for, was wrought in me—even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of my sonship, received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. O, it was glorious, divinely glorious!"

This experience inaugurated a new epoch in the life of Alfred Cookman—rest in Jesus, an abiding

experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb, conscious union and constant communion with God, delight in the Master's service, fear to grieve the Holy Spirit, love for and desire to be with the entirely sanctified, joy in religious conversation, comfort in prayer. These were among the blessed fruits of this new life.

This delightful state of mind continued eight short weeks, when the fullness of the Comforter was lost. It occurred in this way: During the session of his first conference he found himself in the company of a class of joking, story-telling ministers, of whom there are too many for the honor of the Master whom they profess to serve. Being young, and forgetting how easily the Spirit is grieved, he allowed himself to drift into the tide, and indulge in trifling conversation. As he returned from the conference to his new field of labor, he became conscious of a great loss of spiritual power. Instead of coming again to the blood, and seeking restoration, he lost his way, and for years lived without the enjoyment of that heart-purity which had filled him with so much delight.

As is the case with many in this state of mind, Brother Cookman fell into great errors on the subject of entire santification. To satisfy his conscience, he accepted the dogma that "sanctification, as a work of the Holy Spirit, could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration." Of these years he says: "O, how many precious years I

wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be spiritually discerned, and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people near to God." During these years Brother Cookman also contracted the habit of smoking. This indulgence keeps thousands away from the fountain of cleansing, and to him it was a very great temptation. Though he manufactured many excuses for the indulgence, he felt that the practice was costing him too much in his religious enjoyment. He was also conscious of a lack in his religious experience. "It was not," he says, "strong, full, and abiding." He finally resolved to cast aside all preconceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and return to the "Mighty to save." He rededicated himself to God, surrendered the doubtful indulgence, tobacco, and accepted Christ as a Savior from all sin, and realized the witness of the Spirit to his entire sanctification. All the bliss of his earlier experience returned, and he walked in the King's highway of holiness, conscious that he was cleansed from all sins. Ten years later he writes, "I have been walking in the light, have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

Speaking of the habit of smoking, Brother Cookman says: "I was very fond of it, especially after the day's work was over. It was so quieting to my nervous system to rest in my easy-chair,

with my cigar for my companion. And I gave it up for Jesus' sake. I remember I told Jesus how soothing to me this delicate narcotic was, and that it had occurred to me that it was a doubtful indulgence; and yet I did not know but I needed it. Jesus told me in that hour that he would supply all my need; that *he* would soothe me, and quiet me, and rest me after my labor. And I gave up the indulgence that hour. And since that time, never can I tell what Jesus has been to me, as I have sat in my arm-chair to rest, when wearied and alone with him. He has been my rest." From the hour that Brother Cookman rededicated himself to God, and received the witness of heart-purity, to the time he so gloriously ended his earthly career, he never faltered, never avoided identifying himself with the friends of holiness, never failed to witness to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and to keep him clean. And but for his experience and advocacy of entire sanctification he had never been so widely known, nor his influence so deeply felt. Bishop Foster said that of all the men he had ever known, he was the most *sacred*. It was this *sacredness* which made him lovable, powerful, successful. By the grace of God he was what he was. He belonged to the race of Fletcher and of Payson, the best and rarest royalty God has ever permitted to grace the earth.

So long as holiness is known and loved among men will the name of Alfred Cookman be remem-

bered as one of its brightest examples; no one doubting his oft-repeated testimony—"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

A CHRISTIAN minister gives his experience through the *Guide to Holiness*, as follows:

"During my boyhood days I was so circumstanced as to have a good view of God's holy mountain. To my young heart it looked beautiful, and I really admired its scenery. But somehow I hesitated to take the first step in ascending its sublime heights, till March 8, 1842. I then resolved, come what would, that I was going up that mountain.

"The sport of young friends, who had good reason to suspect what was going on in my heart, did not in the least intimidate me. I said, 'I am going up!' and they knew what that meant. At that time I saw but one peak of the mountain, and did not know that there was any thing beyond. That one peak was called REGENERATION. On that memorable night, with one bound of mighty faith, I instantaneously reached the very top of this peak. I seemed almost surprised that I was so soon there. It was glorious beyond any thing that I had anticipated. I shouted at the top of my

voice, and from that moment I seemed to have a license to shout that has not needed renewing From that day to this a genuine old-fashioned Methodist shout has ever been delightful to my ears.

"I had, however, been on this peak only long enough to take a good look at the surroundings, when I discovered another peak towering away above the one I had reached. There seemed to be some fog between me and this newly discovered peak, but I could clearly discern through the mist that its name was HOLINESS. The name was inviting, and it seemed still more glorious than the one already reached. And yet, strange to say, I lingered for years, hesitating to ascend those apparently almost bewildering heights. At length, however, I disposed of all baggage that even seemed to hinder my course. I had all the while been making wonderful advances in the divine life; but as I now see it my progress had been slow, and had only brought me to the base of this peak. In looking up, I saw Alfred Cookman, and others of my loved friends, on the top of the peak, and they looked grand in their white robes, that had never become soiled in ascending this mountain. They called upon me to come up, as Hester Ann Rogers, John Nelson, Benjamin Abbott, and others had done for years, and I said, 'Yes, cost what it may, I will go up!'

"As stated before, I had already advanced to the base of this peak, but how to ascend had for

some time been a puzzling question. But by some means, I can scarcely explain how, another bound of mighty faith brought me instantaneously to the top of this eminence. Here I was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Keen, Alfred Cookman, Lawrence, Inskip, John and William Stockton, Hughes, Osborn, and a host of others, many of whom are now in glory-land. But strange to say, I did not shout as I did when I reached Peak Regeneration. I certainly thought I would have a glorious shout when I reached this sublime altitude. I could scarcely believe that I was there at all unless I had a shout as I entered this blessed Beulah Land. Ten thousand hallelujahs were pent up in my heart, but they all said, 'Be quiet—be still;' and as I am not accustomed to tip the cup to make it run over, I obeyed orders and praised God in my heart. But the running-over blessing has come a thousand times since as never before, and the hallelujahs came welling up as though they had found a congenial atmosphere in which to live.

"But rich and delightful as is this place, my spiritual vision now seems intensified, and I see peak after peak above me, but none of them have any name. Peak REGENERATION and Peak HOLINESS are the only eminences named in the Guide-book for ascending this mountain. All the other peaks have finger-boards at every turn marked MATURITY, pointing us to other heights.

"I would like to say to those who are ascending

this mountain with me, let us cease to try to formulate the various phases of experience after we reach Peak No. 2, called Holiness. Rising waves of Holy Ghost power, if we are faithful, will bear us up to thousands of other peaks, and none of them have any names. It is enough for us to know that the finger-boards, if rightly read, assure us that we are on the right road to Maturity. When we step from the top of Mount Maturity into the Glory Land, we will no doubt see mountain-peak after mountain-peak rising up before us, and, throughout endless ages, we will continue to expand and rise higher and higher, beholding new beauties and brighter glories until nothing but the expansive natures that God has given to these souls of ours will keep us from dying, even in heaven."

BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

"O matchless bliss of Perfect Love!
It lifts me up to things above."

THE REV. D. B. UPDEGRAFF, prominent among the Friends, gives his experience as follows:

"I can never speak of my experience in the 'way of Holiness' without a certain hesitation and thoughtful reflection. To speak of it more in detail at this time is at the earnest solicitation of my friends. May it be most of all for the glory of God! As a 'witness,' called to 'testify the Gospel

of the grace of God,' I have no right to decline, nor disposition to beg to be excused. What I say will be the utterance of a *grateful* heart, and I trust it shall be spoken in true humility.

"In a Methodist meeting, when more than thirty years of age, God met me in wondrous power; and I met the test of public confession of sins and need of the Savior. It was a hard struggle, for I was proud and stubborn, but my dear wife joined me at the penitent's form, and we mingled our tears and prayers together. I thank God to this day for the depth and pungency of old-fashioned conviction. Rebellion against God was seen and felt to be the awful damning thing that it is. I was glad to *submit* to God, and agree to his terms—*any terms*, in order to have peace with him. But the witness of the Spirit did not come; and after all others had retired, I had it out with my Lord in the silent watches of the night upon my library floor. And, as people sometimes say, by way of emphasis, I was converted through and through. And I knew it! I was free as a bird. 'Justified by faith,' I had peace with God. His Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was born again.

"I was at once a glad and willing witness to the power of Jesus to save. For a time I was faithful and obedient, and then came waywardness, neglect, and disobedience. This brought severe chastening and suffering from the hand of the

Lord, followed by restoration of soul. My consecration to his *service* was renewed from time to time. I longed to see God glorified in the salvation of souls and the liberation of the Church. Several years had passed since I had found the liberty of the sons of God; and yet I had seen few brought into the kingdom. To be sure, I was only a business man, and was utterly averse to the idea of being a minister. I greatly desired to serve both God and men in a quiet and unobtrusive way. The Church began to lay some work upon me, but I shrank from it with a deep sense of conscious unfitness. And then I felt within me a quenchless protest against the formalism and regularity of *death* all about me. Irregularity is the most dreaded foe of a legal, lifeless Church. My nature instinctively shrank from the conflict. I *felt* it, far more than I could *understand* it. But I determined to have a meeting where the Lord should have right of way, and the practical work of soul-saving be done. Accordingly my house was opened to all who would come to evening meetings, during our yearly meeting week in 1869. Our parlors were filled with earnest people, and without were those who were watching and waiting to see whereunto this would grow. The Scriptures were read, prayers offered, hymns were sung, testimonies were given, and souls were blessed. But it was all unusual, and quite irregular in those days. We had live meetings, and living things are always irregular,

while dead things *never* are. I began to learn what real loyalty to God was to cost, and that if really led by the Spirit of God, according to his Word, reproaches and other like blessings, that Jesus had promised, would become a *reality*.

"In conducting a few of these meetings, I learned a great deal of myself. I was somewhat troubled by the people and the circumstances around me; but I discovered one 'old man,' who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was *within* me. 'His deeds' had been put off, and truly there was 'no condemnation,' but whenever I 'would do good' he was present with me. His omnipresence was something wonderful to my opening eyes. And he was there, to 'war against the law of my mind' with a resolute purpose to 'bring me into captivity to the law of sin.' If he succeeded, even partially, I was humbled and grieved; and if he did not succeed, I was in distress with fear lest he might. Some special incidents were greatly blessed to me. I began to see quite clearly that the 'law was weak through the flesh.' I hated pride, ambition, evil tempers, and vain thoughts; but I *had* them, and they were a part of me. They were not acts to be repented of and forgiven at all, but dispositions lying behind the acts and prompting thereto, natural to the old man and inseparable from his presence in my being.

"I began to cry to God to 'cast him out.' As I did this, there came a great 'hunger and thirst after

righteousness,' that I might be '*filled* with all the fullness of God.' My new nature speedily developed wonderful aptitudes for 'Holiness.' I longed for a 'clean heart and a right spirit,' and this yearning increased until one memorable evening, after the close of the series of meetings referred to, when a few of us met at my sister's for prayer and conference. Up to this time I had never heard a straight sermon on Holiness, nor read a treatise upon it, nor seen any one who claimed the experience for themselves. It had never occurred to me that I had *not* received the Holy Ghost *since* I believed. Knowing as much of the work of the blessed Spirit upon my heart as I undoubtedly had, I supposed, as a matter of *course*, that I had been 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' His creative work in regeneration, and his destructive work in sanctification, are distinctions of great importance, but not clearly seen by me at that time. And I might have answered much as the Ephesians answered Paul in Acts xix, 2, had I been asked the same question. I had not even heard of such an experience. But there was present with us a brother who had heard that grand and dauntless herald of the cross, John S. Inskip, and his noble band of compeers at Round Lake; and he earnestly told us of their wonderful meetings, and preaching of consecration and holiness. It was only a spark of God's fire that was needed to kindle into a flame the sacrifice that was being placed upon his altar.

As I went upon my knees, it was with the resolute purpose of 'presenting my body a living sacrifice to God,' and of proving his word that the 'altar sanctifieth the gift.' But I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly and clearly before me every obstacle to entire consecration, and 'a life hid with Christ in God.' How the 'old man' plead for his life! The misapprehensions, suspicions, sneers, and revilings of carnal professors were all pictured before me, and they were not exaggerations, either. Selfishness, pride, and prejudice, all rose in rebellion and did their utmost. But I could not, would not, draw back. Every 'vile affection' was resolutely nailed to the cross. Denominational standing, family, business, reputation, friends, time, talent, and earthly store, were quickly and irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Savior. It came to be easy to trust him, and I had no sooner reckoned myself 'dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God' than the 'Holy Ghost fell' upon me, just as I suppose he did 'at the beginning.'

"Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeate my whole being. Conflict was a thing of the past. I had entered into 'rest.' I was nothing and nobody, and *glad* that it was settled that way. It was a luxury to get rid of ambitions. The glory of the Lord shone round about me, and for a season I was '*lost* in wonder, love,

and praise.' I was deeply conscious of the presence of God within me, and of his sanctifying work. Nothing seemed so sweet as his will, his *law* written in the heart after the chaff had been burned out. It was no *effort* to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart and mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. My calmness and absolute repose in God was a wonder to me. But I can not describe it all. It was a 'weight of glory.'

> 'O matchless bliss of Perfect Love!
> It lifts me up to things above.'

"When I rose from my knees I was constrained to speak of what God had wrought the best I knew how. The people looked so different! I had new eyes! I *felt* so different that I examined myself, to see if I was the same person. When, the next day, I rode out upon my farm, I felt that every acre belonged to God, and I was only a tenant at will. The hills and fields and flocks and trees were all more beautiful as they clapped their hands in praise. On the Sabbath following, I broke the silence of our meeting by a testimony to the truth as I had found it in Jesus. I do not remember what I said, but I am sure that I preached about 'Perfect Love,' for I was in the enjoyment of that blessing, though perfectly innocent of terminology.

"The special experience just related is now more than sixteen years in the past, and might be a dead and forgotten thing but that moment by moment

the blood has cleansed, and the Spirit has indwelt in answer to a perpetuated faith and obedience to God. During all these years the mode of my life, which was inaugurated in that hour, when I received the 'baptism with the Holy Ghost,' has been totally different from that which preceded it. It began a new era in my Christian life. I have had abundant time and occasion to scrutinize the reality and nature of the work wrought then, and perpetuated ever since. I have often had such a sense of my own unworthiness and human imperfections as to be well-nigh overwhelmed. But then I had settled it that *Jesus* was my worthiness, and as to *human* or legal perfection, David had seen the 'end' of that long ago. In and of myself I am neither holier nor stronger than before.

'But this I do find
We two are so joined
That He'll not be in glory
And leave me behind.'

"What I am, I am by the grace of God. What I do, I do 'through Christ who strengtheneth me.' And if God can not 'work in us to will, and to do of his own good pleasure,' we can not *retain* our experience. We *must* 'work out our salvation.' 'The willing and obedient shall eat the fat of the land,' and none others.

"But entire sanctification, and the filling of the Spirit, means a quickened conscience as tender as the apple of the eye. It means a keen sense of the

revealed Word of God. It means an obedience that does not stand to debate and reason, and wonder about results. It means the priestly service of a true Levite, who is bearing the ark of God some paces in *advance* of the rank and file of the slow-marching Church, that has much of its inheritance on the wilderness side of Jordan.

"It is only when men are really 'crucified with Christ,' and filled with the Holy Ghost, that they are fitted to act as the forerunners of the Lord Jesus. For all such must pass through their Gethsemanes alone, in a distant likeness to Christ. Too advanced for the multitude, they are even strange to the best of friends. Then there is the consciousness of unrequited toil, unacknowledged sacrifice, and unappreciated service, that would be fearfully galling were it not for that sweet sense of *privilege* which comes of 'putting on Christ,' and seeking 'the *reward* that comes from God only.' And self-devotion is the secret of all heroic life, calling forth the very best there is in us, and always strengthened by a tonic of 'bitter herbs.' O, the blessedness of trusting God to keep all of our accounts, sure that he will see to it that we get our dues, without any jealous anxiety on our part!

"All of this, and much more, is involved, if we continue to 'walk in the light as he is in the light, and have fellowship with God.'

"And it is in this matter of obeying him, of keeping his commandments, of 'walking as he

walked,' that multitudes draw back and lapse into their old ways of thinking and acting. When 'iniquity abounds the love of many shall wax cold,' many 'hearts are overcharged with surfeiting and cares of this life.' And then the spirit of persecution is still rife in the Church. The same generation carries it on that 'were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming.' Paul's custom was to 'reason and persuade,' and 'warn,' though 'all men forsook' him, which indeed they did. But he *lived* in the thirteenth of Corinthians, and 'the Lord stood with him and strengthened him.' The family of 'Demas' (*popular*) is a very large one, and true to the instincts of the old nature, 'love this present world,' and will always go back to it rather than go forward with Christ, at the cost of being unpopular and suffering reproach. To 'rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings,' is almost a lost art in our day. O, that we may believe that Jesus means what he says when he bids us 'Rejoice and leap for joy, when men shall hate you and shall separate you from their company, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.'

"Now, the secret of victory is in trusting God, and holding still in quietness and assurance, allowing Satan to stretch the last link in his chain without quivering. And if thus kept in the love of God, and in sweetness and patience while 'fighting the

fight of faith,' we shall 'always triumph through Christ.' Glory be to Jesus! It takes a little time for Haman to build his gallows, and get things all fixed, but *Mordecai* has no concern about it, whether it takes a time longer or shorter, since the coming execution is not to be his, but Haman's. He simply did his duty without compromise.

'O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!'

"How the lives of the old saints, who 'quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, and waxed valiant in fight,' inspire us with loyalty and courage! How much more such lives of faith in the Son of God, and victory through him, when lived all about us! There are *some* such. May God increase the number!

"I pray that these utterances may be used of Him to assist some into the land of victorious warfare, and encourage others already there to push the battle to the gate. I have written for such as these, and not for the 'wise,' or 'the disputer of this world;' not for such as are 'ever learning, and never coming to a knowledge of the truth.' For these I pray, and for myself, that I may more and more be enabled to publish this great salvation, and continually to 'rejoice in hope of the glory of God.' 'Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the

Lord may have free course and be glorified; and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men. Glory to his name!"

MY PENTECOST.

"And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."—Ezekiel xxxvi, 27.

As eight years and a half have passed since my heart became a "temple of the Holy Ghost," and I was filled with "joy unspeakable," I would speak of his abounding grace that led me, after seventeen years of wilderness life, into this "land where there is no scarceness," and the days are those of "heaven upon the earth."

Perhaps some dear one, hungering and thirsting for a clean heart, may see the "fountain opened" and shout, "Glory to the Lamb!" or another, long in the highway of holiness, be quickened and raised as on eagle's wings, while the Spirit brings to his remembrance his joyous entrance into light and joy and liberty.

Through all my Christian life I was troubled, by the plain and universal failures around me, to measure up to the Bible standard of holy living, and I had a constant sense of condemnation, as I read such commands as "Be ye holy," and "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart." But supposing these were for us to follow after, but never

to be in the place of obeying them, I toiled on in the usual round of obligations and duties in the Christian life. I was convicted deeply of my need, as there came a call to me for special, personal work, in connection with some revival meetings. I—thought I—how can I speak to others of the grace of God, when I have so little myself? I must be filled before I can measure "out of the abundance of the heart." I saw my heart, a Christian's heart, revealed with all its shrinking from the will of God, its murmuring spirit, its self-seeking, self-loving, its pride and ambition. To yield my will to God seemed so hard; but, I thought, the Lord will have his way with me, whether I consent or not; and how much sweeter to joyously yield myself to this perfect wisdom and love! After consecrating all my life to God, I was urged, in a little conference-meeting, to trust the blood to cleanse me from all sin. It seemed like blasphemy to claim a clean heart; but, I thought, if called into the presence of a just and holy God, I must claim the cleansing of the blood of Jesus, and I said, "The blood cleanseth me from all sin this moment, and the next, as I live;" so stepping out seemingly on the naked void, I found it solid rock beneath my feet. What glory filled my soul, and how I was lifted out of and above all former associations and experiences, into open communion with Him who is invisible! What a treasure-house of grace opened before me, in the wonderful unfolding

of the Word, the conscious sense of union with Christ, as he is one with the Father!

Through all these eight years I have found this promise true: "Thy sun shall no more go down; the Lord shall be thine everlasting light." In this last year he has taught me something of faith; to believe for definite blessing, such as the anointing for special service, and going forth upon the promise, expecting the sealing of the Spirit upon it.

Now, to retain this blessing, we must go on seeking constantly to "stir up the gift that is in us," not withholding our testimony or prayers or alms. Let us keep the fire of holy love burning, that it may flame forth in words and works of faith and labors of love, "that we may be used in winning souls or sanctifying believers, or praying with the sick." Let us closely obey the law of the kingdom—separation from the world; not conformed, but transformed; not with it in any sense, but across its opinions and ways, remembering that Samson, when he lost the badge of his separation unto God, was shorn of his strength and was weaker than other men. Let us show that a profession of holiness means a holy life, a pure heart filled with the Spirit, an anointing for priestly service for God.

How I Entered into Rest.

"O gift of gifts! O gift of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Should'st give that gift to me?"

Many years ago, when a poor boy, without a dollar in the world, I left my home to seek employment, and fell in with a good Methodist family, where I found a home for the Winter by working for my board. I had not been there long before I became interested in the subject of religion, and was convicted of my sins. I earnestly sought for pardon, but was not willing to let it be known for some two or three weeks. I attended a love-feast for the first time. That evening, after listening to a sermon from the words, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," I arose, and requested prayers that I might become a Christian. In answer to prayer that evening, God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to my troubled heart. I lived for many years a living witness for my Master, not doubting but I was truly converted. And, according to his promise, from that time all my wants have been met.

After a number of years, becoming largely engaged in business, I, like many others, found that little things troubled me; would often complain, find fault at trifling affairs in my business; and I soon found that I had not that confidence and trust

that I had enjoyed in previous years. I began to neglect duty for the reason that I had been drinking in too much of the spirit of the world. I would often indulge in some innocent amusement, and do things for which I afterwards felt condemned. I often excused myself that others, who professed to live very near to the Savior, did the same. For some years I lived in this way, sinning and repenting. To me it was a very poor way. The subject of holiness had often been presented to me; but I always reasoned that it was impossible for a business man to enjoy such a blessing. Therefore I gave it very little thought. At times, when I heard those speak who enjoyed this continual abiding in the Savior, I would feel, if such an attainment were possible, I would like to be there.

The words *sanctification* and *holiness* looked large to me. I thought that to say we were wholly sanctified, and were enjoying perfect love, was saying more than I ever could say. At this time my greatest idol was my *pipe*. For more than thirty years I was a constant slave to the use of tobacco. The appetite had such a hold upon me that I found it impossible to abandon it. In August, 1871, some good influence directed my steps to Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting. I had often heard what a delightful place it was, and thought I would go and spend a few days there. When I left my home, the subject of holiness was not on my mind, although I had a desire to return a better

man. As soon as I arrived on the ground I found a friend who enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. She gave me an invitation to attend a prayer-meeting at one o'clock, to be held in the New Bedford tent. I accepted, and went. I soon ascertained that the meetings held in that tent were especially upon the subject of holiness. The meetings were conducted by Rev. J. E. Searles, of New York. A large number testified that they were abiding constantly in Christ, and were enjoying his perfect love, and seemed to be filled with Jesus. I asked myself the question, "If this great blessing is for them, why not for me?" At the close of the meeting a good sister, a stranger, came to me—God bless her!—and asked me if I was loving God with all my heart.

She soon ascertained where I was from, and how I had been living; and then she gave me advice that I shall never forget. I wept like a child. I then and there resolved that I would seek this great blessing. I thought of the many commands and the blessed promises of my Savior. I commenced, as I supposed, in earnest; but all the time I was praying, struggling, and trying to give up all and believe, I was reasoning with myself, in this way: Now, if God should give me this great blessing, could I return home and confess it? I thought I could not. Besides, I was all this time indulging in that filthy habit that was so fastened upon me. I found no peace; the longer I sought

in this way, the heavier my burden grew. I had been praying all the time to be entirely cleansed from all sin, up to the last meeting that I was to attend—Sunday evening, as I was to leave the ground in the morning. As I entered the tent, I felt that if I did not there get what I had been so earnestly seeking, perhaps I never should. These precious promises came to me as they never did before: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I said, *When?* A voice answered, *Now.* I then took Jesus at his word, and fell upon my knees, and there made an entire consecration of all to the Lord; I laid *all* upon the altar; and as soon as I submitted my will to the divine, and said, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done," the work was accomplished. I sank right out of self, and laid all in the hands of Jesus. My burden was removed; and such peace and joy as filled my soul can not be described. As soon as I arose I said, for the first time in my life, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has cleansed me from all sin."

I left for home the next morning; and as soon as I arrived I immediately confessed what the Lord had done for me. I found that, instead of its being a cross, it was a pleasure. The fear of man was all taken away. I have, from that time

to the present, been living by simple faith and trust, resting upon the promises of my blessed Savior. I find that, in being obedient to the voice of the Spirit, I get wonderfully blest. I now say, to the praise of God, that the very moment I gave up all, the desire for tobacco was instantly removed, and that I have not known or felt the least desire for it since.

It was a thorough cleansing. I found that promise true, "From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." I now love to sing those precious lines—

"O, the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me!
Upon the cross in crimson flood
Just now by faith I see."

I am continually abiding in my Savior, and drawing nourishment from him daily, as the branch draweth nourishment from the vine. He supplies all my wants; I can say with the poet:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find."

O how sweet, just to leave all with Jesus, to cast all our cares upon him who has promised to bear all our burdens for us, and who has said, "My grace shall be sufficient for you." What blessed promises! I have found them to be true when I have been obedient to the voice of the Spirit. How I wish I could tell all how clear the

light of purity has shone through the very depths of my soul, and the complete satisfaction I have enjoyed since I consecrated all to the Lord! Its riches and fullness can never be expressed.

Dear reader, seek holiness of heart; rest not for a moment until you lay all upon the altar, and have the assurance that you are entirely cleansed—wholly the Lord's. If any are indulging in the use of tobacco, let me entreat you to abandon it. We are commanded to abstain from all appearance of evil, and cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. The Christian's body is a temple of the Holy Ghost; and we have no right to pollute it with any thing filthy or poisonous.

J. G. T.

SANCTIFYING AND HEALING POWER.

"Every whit made whole,
Both body and soul."

SUCH was the wonderful experience of our friend, Rev. M. Roeder, whose conversion is related in another part of this book. He gives it as follows:

"After ten years of hard work in the ministry I was broken down physically. This occurred on the Danville and Covington Mission. The Lord had given us success in our various fields, but it took continued hard labor and an unwavering faith in his holy promises. On this mission we had

enjoyed several outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and there was a growth in the congregations. We had also built a church and purchased a parsonage. While collecting for these, my health began to fail, and I found that I was becoming a total physical wreck. A prominent physician examined me, and his verdict was, that I should never be able to preach again. Every attempt to speak was followed by severe pains in my chest. Finally I was not able to write a letter, as this necessitated a somewhat stooping position. At the next session of our conference I was compelled to step out of the active ministry. My feelings were indescribably sad, when, at the close of the session, each brother hurried to his field of labor with renewed vigor, and I was left behind.

"I employed the best of medical skill, but to no avail. Several prominent physicians predicted premature death, and all agreed that I would never preach again. I did all in human power to regain my health, but kept growing worse, until I was unable to lead in family prayers. My dear wife henceforward took charge of this task. One day, immediately after prayers, my little daughter came to me, and looking up at me very earnestly, said: 'Papa, why do n't you sing and pray any more? Does mamma want to go to heaven alone?' I could only enter my closet, and there, amid sobs and cries, take all my woe to Jesus, and seek divine light and grace.

"But still one hope remained. I resolved on seeing a medical professor at Cleveland, Ohio. I made the journey there, was thoroughly examined, and *his* verdict was, that my only hope was a change of climate. Soon after, I heard that the doctor had expressed his opinion to a friend of mine, saying that, if this last means were not resorted to quickly, I could scarcely live three months. Full of a living hope of eternal life, this was not altogether unwelcome. I began making preparations for leaving the dear ones I loved so well, by purchasing a home for my family and winding up my earthly affairs.

"But, alas! what about that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord? Heb. xii, 14. During the early years of my ministry I had great battles to fight with inbred sin. Ah! had I then been cleansed of the same, how much more faithfully I would have labored, and how much greater the victories! It was a common thing in those days to hear the best confess their ups and downs—now a victory, and then a defeat. Thus one person strengthened the other—in sinful weakness. The doctrine of holiness was taught, but it was generally believed that it would be reached by a gradual growth in grace. In this belief I had labored on, and now I found myself as far from sanctification as ever, and near an early grave.

"About this time I became acquainted with Rev. Grenzenberg, a sincere Christian, who had

experienced this precious work of grace. He urged me at once to give up all 'own efforts,' and make a full surrender of self to the Lord. I replied, 'This I have already done; I have laid my all upon the altar of the Lord.' 'Then,' he replied, 'you must by faith expect the cleansing power *this moment.*' I was lacking faith to do this, and prayed that my faith might be increased. Soon after this, I was persuaded to attend a holiness meeting, held at Dawson, Illinois, by the Rev. Mr. Colt. Brother Colt said: 'Now all children of God, who have so often sung the precious hymn—

"Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head my heart;"

and who believe, that Christ *can* and *will* do this *now,* may come to the cleansing fountain at once. O, do not delay, for if thine heart is cleansed from lust and pride and anger, and all sinful passions, thou canst grow in grace and live a holy life.'

"I praised God for new light dawning upon my soul, and began seeking earnestly. After remaining before the Lord for two days and nights, suffering intense bodily pain at times, the enemy of my soul came upon me. I was led to believe that I was tempting God by seeking a higher standard in religion, and that I was sanctified in regeneration. Satan pointed out to me that the Lord had blessed my efforts everywhere, that many souls had been

converted, and that what I was now mourning over was simply a thorn 'in the flesh,' which the Lord would give me strength to overcome. 'Your bodily condition is very low, pains are increasing, and you are wronging yourself to remain here longer.' To this I said, 'Yes, that is so,' and I concluded to take the first train for home.

"This plan, however, was frustrated by the appearance of Brother Grenzenberg. 'Ah! be of good cheer, dear brother,' said he, 'yours will be a glorious victory through Jesus Christ.' Darkness was surrounding me, and I could not believe this. After family prayers that night I retired greatly exhausted, and feeling miserable, while Brother Grenzenberg still remained in prayer. Awaking during the night, I noticed that the brother had not retired, and I wondered where he might be.

"On the next morning Brother Grenzenberg came to me and said, 'Brother, I have remained in prayer and supplication all night in your behalf; you will be wonderfully blest.' O, how these words comforted me! Praise God for Christian love, and the power of intercessory prayer!

"It was on the morning of March 6, 1868. I lay waiting on the Lord, my poor feeble frame racked with pain; when suddenly the cleansing and sanctifying power streamed into my heart! Filled with unspeakable joy and a fullness of peace never before experienced, I knelt for several moments, when another stream passed through my entire being,

Jumping up, I shouted: 'Praise God, I 'm healed, both body and soul! Hallelujah to the Lamb!'

"The joyful message was carried to my dear wife. She took the first train and hastened to my side. 'Are you really healed?' 'Praise God, both body and soul!' I exclaimed. Her joy was great, and she, too, at once began seeking sanctification. On the following day she could rejoice with me in a present full salvation. It only remains for me to say that I have been permitted to live a life of faith and trust in the dear Savior ever since, and to preach the precious Gospel of the Son of God all these years. I have been in good health, and fully able to perform all the duties connected with the ministry. In our various fields of labor we have had times of refreshing, and while many have found the pearl of great price, scores of others have been cleansed and sanctified in the blood of the Lamb. I have given this account with an eye single to the glory of God, and to encourage many others to accept Christ as their Sanctifier and Healer. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now and forever. Amen!"

The Half Has Never Been Told.

"Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—Isa. xlviii, 18.

During our stay in Pittsburg, at the time of the recent convention there, we found among the waiters at the hotel a dear colored brother whose face fairly beamed with joy as we spoke to him of Jesus. He had already written out his experience of God's sanctifying grace, and he gave it to us for publication in our journal. May the Lord bless this simple little testimony to many souls who are weary of sinning, and may they likewise find that there is One who is able to "save to the uttermost!"

"Pittsburg, Pa., November 10, 1885.

"I desire to give my testimony; for better than two months ago, I, by the instruction of the blessed *Guide to Holiness*, was brought to see why my soul had not perfect peace at all times with God. That inconsistency caused me sometimes almost to doubt whether I had ever been regenerated or not, consequently I had not peace nor rest. For fifteen years I had been in that deplorable condition; so, some time ago, in the class-room which I belonged to, was a small group that enjoyed the blessing of sanctification, which I had never believed in; but the consistency of their lives and testimony soon convinced me that there was something more for me. With this conviction I commenced to search the Bible, and to fast and to pray; by so doing, I was brought to say, as did the queen when she came to learn of Solomon, that the half was never told her. Glory to Jesus! the half has never been told, but thanks for the divine revelation given to poor, sinful man, through God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! The twenty-seventh day of August, 1885, about one o'clock, I received the witness of the abiding Holy Ghost set up in

my heart; now I have an abiding peace flowing deep in my soul, casting out all slavish fear of sin, giving me an abiding confidence of my acceptance with God. Now the Lord is my life, my joy, my peace, and my salvation. Glory to God in the highest! Now I am fully sanctified and am abundantly satisfied. Now I am indeed dead to sin and the world—and Christ lives in me, the hope of eternal life. WM. P. R."

TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

A SILENT HEAVEN OF LOVE.

"Yea, Christ was all in all to me;
And all my heart was love."

THE following pages are clipped from the beautiful experience of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. (We trust that many of our readers will give the experience and the journal of this "saintly woman" a thorough and careful perusal.) She writes:

"On the morning of February 22d, I awoke poorly in body, and felt a strange hardness on my heart, and a great backwardness to private prayer. Satan told me if I prayed it would be only solemn mockery; for my body would so weigh down my soul that, while the words flew up, my thoughts would remain below, and I should obtain no blessing. But I cried, 'Lord, help me,' and fell instantly on my knees. For a few moments my ideas were all distraction; but the mighty God spoke to the troubled ocean, 'Peace, be still!' and there followed a great calm throughout my soul. My intercourse was now opened with my Beloved, and vari-

ous promises presented to my believing view. I thought, Shall I now ask small blessings only of my God? 'Lord,' cried I, 'make this the moment of my full salvation! Baptize me now with the Holy Ghost, and the fire of pure love. Now, "make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Now enter thy temple, and cast out sin forever. Now cleanse the thoughts, desires, and propensities of my heart, and let me perfectly love thee.' But here Satan raised all his force of temptations to oppose me; suggesting to me, I had not been long enough justified; I had more to suffer first, etc.; and my views not being yet clear in the nature of this blessing, gave the enemy an advantage. For I thought when fully saved from sin, I could suffer no more, feel no more pain, make no more mistakes; my judgment and memory would be perfect, and I should feel temptation no more. Therefore this suggestion, that I had to suffer much first, had the more plausibility. But in that moment I received light from above, and cried, 'Lord, till my heart is renewed, I can not suffer as I ought: give me perfect love, and I can then bear all things!' 'But,' said Satan, 'if this blessing were given, thou wouldst soon lose it again, in such and such trials which lie before thee; get past those trials first, and then come for this blessing.' But I cried: 'Lord, I can not stand those trials without it. O, purify my heart, that I may be able to stand in the trying hour! If I face my subtile enemies while I have

a traitor within, ever ready to betray me into their hands, how shall I be able to stand? But if that "strong man armed, be cast out with all his armor," how much more able shall I be to contend with my outward enemies?' Many other temptations were presented, but I cried so much the more, 'Lord, save me!' And the Lord gave me that promise: 'I will circumcise thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' etc. I said: 'Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word; I cast my whole soul upon thy promise; make known thy faithfulness, by performing it on my heart. Circumcise it now, fill it now with thy pure love; sanctify every faculty of my soul. I offer all to thee; I give thee all my powers; I take thee, almighty Jesus, for my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification. Now "cleanse me from all my filthiness and from all my idols; take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh." I come empty to be filled; deny me not. It would be for thy own glory to save me now; for how much better could I serve thee! It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy, the blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own great need. O save me fully, by an act of free grace. Thou hast said, "He that believeth, shall be saved." I now take thee at thy word; I do by faith cast myself on thy promise. I venture my soul on thy veracity; thou *canst not deny!* Being purchased by thy blood, thy justice is engaged; being promised without money and with-

out price, thy truth is bound; thus every attribute of my God secures it to me.' Ah! why did I ever doubt his willingness, when he gave Jesus! Gave him to 'destroy the works of the devil—to make an end of sin!' The hindrance was in me, not him. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes—accursed sin! 'But now, Lord, I do believe; this moment thou dost save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm; but I take hold of thee as my fullness! Every thing that I want, thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, and holiness; yes, and thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O, my Jesus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fullness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open; sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own!'

"O, the depth of solid peace my soul now felt! But not so much rapturous joy as at justification. It was

> 'The sacred awe, which dares not move;
> And all the silent heaven of love!'

Yet when I rose from my knees, Satan once more assaulted me with, 'Thou art going to face various trials, and a frowning world; thou wilt soon lose this blessing.' But instantly that Scripture was given me: 'He that keepeth Israel neither slum-

bereth nor sleepeth; the Lord himself is thy keeper! It is even he that shall preserve thy soul; the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.' 'Lord,' said I, 'I feel my own insufficiency; I can do nothing; I can resist nothing; but I commit the powers of my soul, the avenues of my heart, to thy keeping.' Again he graciouly applied, 'Blessed is she that believed; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.' 'My God,' said I, 'it is enough! My soul does trust thee, and I will praise thee.' I now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance; 'rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in every thing giving thanks.' I resolved, however, at first I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought; but it was seen in my countenance; and when asked respecting it, I durst not deny the wonders of his love! I soon found that repeating his goodness confirmed my own faith more and more. And so did the Lord bless me in declaring it—yea, and blessed others also—that I was constrained to witness to all who feared him:

'His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.'

"I dared not to live above a moment at a time; and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till now the full meaning of those words, 'In him we live, and move, and have our being.' And again, 'I will dwell in them, and walk in

them, and be their God; I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts.' Glory be to my God, I felt it written there; it was no longer I that lived, but Christ that lived in me!

> 'Yea, Christ was all in all to me;
> And all my heart was love.'

"*Friday*, 23.—Glory, honor, and eternal praise be to the God of love, for ever and ever! His own arm hath brought salvation to my feeble, helpless soul. I am now wholly his. I do love the Lord my God with all my heart, and soul, and strength. I am nothing, and Jesus is my all. The enemy often suggests, 'Thou wilt soon lose the blessing; thou canst not stand long.' But my heart answers, I will hang upon and trust my God as long as I have any being; and I know he will supply a feeble worm with power! I have also opened on many sweet promises to-day; I find momentarily power now to pray and believe; yea, I live by faith!

"*Thursday*, 29.—I was so happy that I could not sleep in the night. O, what deep communion did my soul enjoy with God! It was, indeed, a foretaste of heaven itelf. This morning I prayed for a portion of Scripture to be impressed on my heart, that should abide with, comfort, and direct me all the day, and I opened on 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you? and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify

God with your body, and with your spirit, which are God's.' Sweet portion! O, my blessed Lord, I rejoice that I am thy purchased property, and not my own; and to thee I gladly yield body, soul, and spirit. O Lord, how shall I praise thee!

'Nothing else will I know, in my journey below,
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go!'"

ANOTHER CLEAR TESTIMONY.

"O, I am so happy in Jesus,
His blood has redeemed me from sin;
I weep and I sing in my gladness,
To know 'he is dwelling within.'"

To the glory of God I can testify to the power of the Holy Spirit in regenerating and sanctifying my poor, sinful soul. It was in the latter part of January, 1860, when the Lord, by way of chastisement and enlightenment through his Word and Holy Spirit, brought me to the knowledge of my sins. After a hard struggle and great mental distress of about four weeks, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins and renewed my heart. When this great work was wrought through the power of the Spirit, I had very clear evidence of it. Nevertheless I soon became conscious also of remaining weakness, and of things belonging to a carnal mind, which my enlightened conscience and the Word of God condemned. I struggled on, but was often overcome by the flesh and the devil.

"One year after my conversion, the United Brethren Church, of which I became a member at the time of my conversion (having been a member from childhood of the Lutheran Church), called upon me to preach the Gospel. I hoped this would help me in my spiritual life to overcome the enemies within and without; but I found that 'circumstances did not alter cases!' It takes the grace of God to improve the soul's condition. After I had preached the Gospel for eight years, I was awakened to the need of sanctification through a confession made of this blessing, which was altogether new to me. I now began to read Mrs. Palmer's works, as well as other books, besides the Word of God, and was convinced that the blood of Jesus could and would cleanse the soul of the believer from all sins, and that was what my inmost soul longed for.

"About this time I was appointed to translate our Church history; and, reading it more carefully than before, I found that many of our fathers professed sanctification. This strengthened me in my belief and desire to reach a similar blessing. In 1869 I was elected editor of the *Froehliche Botschafter* (Joyful Messenger), our German official paper. This office I held for sixteen years, being elected at four succeeding General Conferences. After I was elected the first time, I felt, more than ever before, the necessity of a deeper work of grace in my soul, of more light and strength, and of a fully conse-

crated life to God. I began to write about sanctification, but found strange opposition among the brethren. However, I could not keep quiet. The Spirit of God would not permit me to rest. I had to write on that topic, though I had only a theory of it, and no experience. In a wonderful manner the Lord, through his Holy Spirit, at an annual conference, convinced my brethren in the ministry of the truth of perfect sanctification, and then their opposition to my writing about it ceased. This strengthened me, and I wrote on. Then I called for a prayer league to pray for the power of God unto sanctification, and sixty persons, ministers and laymen of different denominations, joined with me therein. I kept a list of the names of the persons forming this prayer league, and into the same book I wrote my full consecration to God. After doing this, great peace flowed into my soul. This was on New-Year's day of 1873. Nevertheless I was not fully satisfied. I wanted more of a steady peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I prayed on, waited, hoped, believed. Finally, on April 6, 1875, I attended a woman's missionary prayer-meeting at Dayton, Ohio, where I then lived. At this meeting the Lord filled my soul with his peace, and love, and the power of the Holy Spirit, and cleansed my heart from all remaining sin. Hallelujah! praise be unto God for sanctifying power and grace. I knew this change as well as my conversion; but I must confess that I lost the enjoy-

ment of this blessing several times, through neglecting to confess it, and not being as watchful as I should have been. But *now* the work is still in my soul after eleven years, and I trust the Lord will strengthen and keep and increase it, until I shall be permitted to enter into heavenly rest.

"Yes, this great blessing has kept me through severe afflictions and great trials. I have gone through greater temptations than ever before; but it was the stronger faith and the grace of God which has upheld me. I know the Lord will keep me to the end. Glory be to his holy name forever! The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanses from all sin!

"WILLIAM MITTENDORF,
"Pastor of Otterbein Church, Baltimore, Md."

A GLORIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—PSALM LXVI, 16.

"I HAVE a glorious experience to relate," writes a friend from Illinois, "to all that will hear me, and O that it would be the means of securing to many others a similar experience, and the name of my precious Savior be glorified thereby!

"After my conversion, which occurred in the year 1873, I enjoyed many precious hours in the service of the Lord. But in trying to walk in the footsteps of the Savior, it often occurred to me, as

it does to little ones just trying to walk, I would take a misstep, stumble, and fall. But I praise God for always lifting me up again, and helping me onward. I resolved, in the beginning, *always* to attend the prayer and class meetings, and they have been the means of keeping me close to Christ through all these years. New courage and new strength were added unto me while I tried to observe faithfully all my Christian privileges. Christ was ever near and dear to my soul.

"Thus it remained for several years, and then the subject of holiness was very much discussed in our vicinity. There were holiness meetings held at a church a few miles distant, and several of our brethren attended them, and found the blessing of entire sanctification. I had some prejudices against these meetings. My firm belief was that this blessing could only be reached by a gradual growth, and I so expressed myself. But the brethren held that it was necessary to receive the blessing first, and then a proper growth in grace would result from it.

"After meditating much on the subject, I resolved to seek the blessing, and began praying for it. My desire grew stronger continually. I was led to see that I could be more fully cleansed, that I could be endowed with greater power from on high, and that by faith I could obtain perfect love, which casteth out fear. I read the precious promises of Scripture with an ever-growing desire

of heart. The following passages often came to my mind, and increased my longings: 'Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection,' Heb. vi, 1; 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God, your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 1 Thess. v, 23; 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases,' Psalm ciii, 3. I felt a great emptiness in my heart, and earnestly prayed that I might be filled with the fullness of grace and love. I read with delight Wesley's 'Plain Account of Christian Perfection' and other holiness sermons, and my faith grew stronger. I purchased several books on 'Christian Experiences,' and received much light by reading them. I pleaded for a similar blessing, and to be made a shining light for Christ. 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' I praise God for 'filling' even me.

"In the month of August, 1886, a basket-meeting was held by our congregation in a grove adjoining my farm. The Rev. M. Roeder, together with several other ministers and an evangelist, were present. The Holy Ghost was mightily poured out upon the congregation. Sinners were converted and saints were sanctified. I came to the altar to seek the blessing. A hard struggle came upon me. The tempter said, 'Why, you are converted and

have Christ in your heart; what more do you want?' I said that I desired to become *wholly cleansed*, and would seek until I obtained the blessing. Then doubts and fears came upon me; but I held on to the Lord, crying unto him from the depth of my heart.

"When the last day of the feast came along, it was indeed the happiest. A real pentecostal blessing was enjoyed. The altar was frequented all day, many were cleansed from all 'besetting sin,' and filled with heavenly peace and joy. While they praised God with a loud voice, others still cried unto the Lord for cleansing power. I was still among this latter class. Determined not to give up until the victory was won, I consecrated myself wholly to the Lord, and, considering myself now his, I looked up for the blessing. Praise God, *it came at that moment;* I could arise and say, 'I am cleansed, fully cleansed.' O, I praise the Lord for full salvation! I can now truthfully say that the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth me from *all* sin. I now live a life of faith in the Son of God. Praise be to his holy name forever.

'O Jesus, the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.'

"J. H."

EMPTIED OF SELF AND SIN.

"Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?"

WILLIAM CARVOSSO, for sixty years a class-leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, tells his experience in the following manner:

"In the same happy frame of mind which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but O, how greatly was I mistaken! I was a young recruit, and knew not of the warfare I had to engage in. But I was soon taught that I had only enlisted as a soldier to fight for King Jesus, and that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir. Having never conversed with any one who enjoyed purity of heart, nor read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss both with respect to the nature and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian; and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I blessed God I had his own Word, the Bible, and could look into it. This gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that 'without holiness no man could see the Lord.' It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from 'an evil heart of unbelief,'

My heart appeared to me as a small garden, with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' My inward nature appeared so black and sinful that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. I had ever kept in remembrance

> 'The blessed hour when from above
> I first received the pledge of love.'

What I now wanted was 'inward holiness;' and for this I prayed and searched the Scriptures. Among the number of promises which I found in the Bible that gave me to see it was my privilege to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezek. xxxvi, 25–27: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; . . . and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my

judgments and do them.' This is the great and precious promise of the Eternal Jehovah, and I laid hold of it, determined not to stop short of my privilege, for I saw clearly the will of God was my sanctification.

"The more I examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the hard struggles which I had with unbelief, and Satan told me that if I ever should get it, I should never be able to retain it; but keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of it would do in a dying hour and the judgment-day. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that he would cleanse my heart from all sin, and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

"I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed from a want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn, to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing-floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind: 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! Thomas was under its wretched influence only eight days before Jesus appeared to him; but I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, 'O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this

death?' I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus and believing on him for the blessing; not having then clearly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God's gift, not my act, but given to all who exercise faith in Jesus and the promise made through him.

"At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith, by believing 'I shall have the blessing now.' Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went 'through my heart, illuminated my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole.' I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, 'This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart.' I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was nothing, and Christ was all in all. Him I now cheerfully received in all his offices; my Prophet to teach me, my Priest to atone for me, my King to reign over me. O, what boundless, boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a poor sinner as I am! This happy change took place in my soul, March 13, 1772.

'O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!'"

Resting in Jesus.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, . . . and verily thou shalt be fed."

In early life I came to Christ and clearly received the blessing of justification and regeneration. From force of education I fully believed this was all I must expect, except a growth in grace. Going on in this faith I found stumblings and ups and downs, repenting and grieving over my failures, with here and there bright rays of light and glory, to be the experience of twenty-one years. All the latter part of these years I felt a strong opposition to the subject of holiness of heart, combating with any who wished to converse on that subject, as I felt that it was not the teaching of the Word. In this condition of mind, during a religious revival in which I was very much interested, I became acquainted with the beloved Sister Phœbe Palmer, who was engaged in the services and stopping at my home. She urged upon my attention the subject of holiness. At first I was disposed to debate upon the subject, which she very wisely refused to do (and I can but wish that others were as wise as she was), but simply told her own experience, to which I replied: "I want all there is for me in Christianity. If there is any thing that I have not found in Christ, I desire it." I then inquired, "How do you teach that it is to be obtained?" She replied, "First, by an entire consecration of our whole being to God."

I replied, "Yes, I believe this to be the duty of every Christian; and, what next?" "By faith take Jesus as your Sanctifier." "I can," I answered, "and feel that I will make the consecration, but I can not believe for a blessing which I have not seen promised in the Word. I must have the Word of the Lord as the foundation of faith, and as I have read that Word over twenty years and have not seen such a promise, and may not see it should I read it twenty years more, what shall I do?" She made but litttle reply, except, "Go to God with it."

Soon after, I went to God and made an entire consecration, the fullness of which I was clearly conscious; then I said, "Lord, others say there is another and higher experience than I have attained to; if so, Lord, I want it, and I leave this entirely with thee." In less than twenty-four hours I became clearly conscious that a deeper work was wrought in my heart than ever before. O, the joy, the ecstasy, I will not attempt to describe! For days I seemed lifted above this world, not even desiring to eat or drink. Two years after this comes the experience to which the text at the head of this article refers. Being engaged in a large manufacturing business, in a building five stories high, filled with machinery, I left home one morning to return the next, and on my way home was informed that my factory was entirely destroyed by fire. I immediately said, "It is all well," although I knew

it had swept away the entire earnings of twenty years. I returned home, met my wife with a smile, ate my dinner with a good relish, and slept as sweetly that night as ever. I felt the most perfect assurance that my Heavenly Father was permitting all things for my good, and that I had not met with any loss whatever, as the property was embraced in the consecration two years before, and was not mine to lose, but belonged to my Heavenly Father. While the fire was burning, the quotation referred to was repeated by the Spirit to my wife. She, not remembering it as a Scripture promise, took the concordance and found the quotation. Some months after, the Lord sent me a friend, who furnished me with several thousand dollars to start again in business. After five years I was burned out again, yet entire rest was mine. Two years after, another fire consumed my entire factory, carrying with it nearly all the earnings of the few years past. The fire broke out about eight o'clock Saturday evening, and I looked on in perfect rest. About midnight, while five steam-engines were pouring on the water, I, being somewhat weary and being of no service, as I had no control over the fire department, returned to my home while the factory was still burning, and retired to rest, and slept sweetly until morning, and have never seen one hour of unrest or feeling of dissatisfaction at any moment in reference to it. I had formed so beautiful an acquaintance with my Heavenly Father

that I knew it was all for the best, and some time I should know why this was permitted! Dear reader, do not think God took this away to test my faith in him in the sanctified life? No; he, seeing what was coming, gave me this purity of heart as a preparation for the trial. Shall I say trial? I think not; for his saving grace carried me far above any seeming trial.

For the past five years I have seen God's goodness in permitting these things, and I realize that during all this time he was working out for me the best and richest blessings possible, and to-day I would not for a moment think of receiving again that burdensome care of business. I have that which is a thousand times richer and sweeter in his service, and business cares are but drudgery compared with it.

I would say, dear reader, consecrate all to God; not as a purchase price of his wonderful fullness, this sweet rest; but give yourself as belonging to him, and whatever you withhold is robbing God of his own. Let self move out of the temple, and bid Christ move in; and as in him all fullness dwells, so when you are clearly conscious of the indwelling Christ, you shall have all needed fullness, and you will, as I many times have, bless the day you made this change of ownership.

W. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y., in *Triumphs of Faith.*

The Lord Dealeth Bountifully.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Psa. cxvi, 7.

On the 16th day of October, 1867, after seeking religion for some time, I was gloriously converted. The evidence of my acceptance with God was so clear, that to the present day I never doubted my conversion. For some time nothing disturbed the sweet peace of my soul, and though I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church under great difficulties and opposition on the part of my family, yet I was happy in a Savior's love.

By and by I realized, however, that there was still a residue of sin in my heart. Instead of overcoming temptation, I was overcome by such evils as were habitual to me before conversion; such as anger, pride, etc. No matter how hard I tried to lay aside these things, it seemed impossible to do so. At times I was much troubled about it, but the thought that I was a child of God, and that Christ said of these, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand"—John x, 28—gave me comfort and relief. I was consoled by the thought that Jesus would aid me to overcome all sinfulness some time, and if I should not be made perfect in life, he certainly would cleanse me from all unrighteousness in the hour of death. I fully

believed that great truth, "Without holiness no man shall see God." Heb. xii, 14.

My experience in religion was now very irregular. There were times when I felt as though I were on the Mount of Transfiguration; but before I could fully realize it, I felt myself down in the Valley of Temptation. Especially would I feel my unworthiness while testifying for Christ, and at such times I would crave after a deeper work of grace in my heart. By the experience of others professing perfect peace and love, I found that they had been troubled before just as I was, but now enjoyed constant peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. O, how I longed for the blessing! But instead of going to the fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins, which cleanseth from all sin, I felt as many others do: *I wanted to understand* distinctly all about sanctification before I would believe. But, glory to God, the Lord has wonderful means and ways to make known unto his people his divine will. About this time the quarterly conference granted me license to preach, and the greater part of the night following I spent in prayer and supplication. Mightily strengthened, I arose in the morning, determined to do my Master's will. I wondered if the blessing received was sanctification. I soon found it was not, and that self was not entirely dead.

About nine months after this it pleased God to visit me with a severe spell of sickness, which in a

few hours brought me near unto death. It seemed impossible for me to recover, and the attending physician said I had but few hours to live. Perfectly sensible of my condition, and at the very verge of death and eternity, I examined myself and found myself unfit to appear before a just and holy God. Determined to live or die for God, just as he saw best, I faithfully laid hold on his promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Psa. l, 15. I said, "Lord, if thou wilt let me recover, I will consecrate my whole life to thy service; yet, not mine, but thy will be done." Thus clinging to God by faith, he heard and answered my prayer. I recovered, and in six weeks was able to go about my business. Still I was very feeble, and suffered with acute neuralgia. My whole constitution was broken down, and I considered my days on earth to be but few. Again I began praying for holiness of heart, and asked God to direct me in seeking this treasure.

Months passed, and the desire of my heart grew stronger each day, until on the first day of January, 1882, I felt the Lord drawing wonderfully nigh to my soul. On the following morning I received a small book on sanctification. I at once began reading it; and the further I read, the clearer I saw my condition and the necessity of the cleansing blood of Christ. The Lord wonderfully enlightened me, and I resolved to place "myself and

all" upon the altar of the Lord. Upon close examination I was astonished to find so many sinful things in my heart, which before I hardly noticed. But I was willing to give up every thing and become fully his own. I therefore earnestly pleaded:

"Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away."

I continued praying all day and the following night, my desire growing stronger, and also the assurance that the victory was mine. On the following morning, January 3d, while speaking to a brother on this matter, I felt my faith growing very strong. Hastening to my closet, I cast myself at the foot of the cross and cried, "Lord,

'In my hands no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

Once more the enemy made a desperate effort to overcome me, seemingly saying, "It is impossible for you to give up all for Jesus." I said, "O, I *do* surrender all; even my life I am willing to give for Jesus." Clinging to the cross, I said:

"Long as I live beneath, for thee O let me live,
To thee my every breath in thanks and praises give;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

I wait thy will to do, as angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new, most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love."

The enemy now fled, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, filled my heart to overflowing. Every thing seemed glorious about me, and all Scripture seemed to hold forth this glorious blessing. But tears of joy and gratitude flowed freely when I realized that also my body had been healed. Yes, at the same moment:

"Every whit made whole,
Both body and soul."

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Since then I have enjoyed better health than ever before. My Christian life has been different since that day; I enjoy perfect peace in my soul, and sweetly resting, I can say:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!"

Though trials and tears have been many during the years that have since passed, yet the grace of God has been much greater. Praise be unto his holy name forever! Amen.

REV. J. J. B.

The More Excellent Way.

"But covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."—1 Cor. xii, 31.

After long and deep conviction, I gave my heart to God at a camp-meeting in 1834. My conversion was clear and satisfactory. I rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and all nature seemed vocal with the high praises of God. I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and delighted in all the means of grace, and in the fellowship of God's people. After a few months, however, I saw clearly that, though I was justified freely and adopted into the family of God, yet my heart was not fully purified. I found unholy tempers often stirring within me, and a tendency to worldly-mindedness and to coldness and indifference. I was often very happy, and enjoyed the means of grace; but at other times I was compelled to say:

> "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
> Prone to leave the God I love."

There was not that abiding in Christ, that constant rest in him, which I saw set forth in the Holy Scriptures. In this way I went on for two years. I read Wesley's sermons, the lives of Fletcher, Bramwell, Stoner, and many others, and saw clearly that they enjoyed a state of grace which I did not, and also that it was my privilege to obtain it. So I resolved, by the grace of God, to

seek full sanctification, and did seek it with all my heart. But there was far less light on the subject in those days than there is now. This accounts for the fact that a whole year elapsed before I was able to claim it. But I grew in grace much faster after I raised this standard than ever before, and was soon enabled to believe, "I shall obtain it." The next advance of faith was, "I shall obtain it soon." Finally, while engaged in prayer one evening at my usual hour, I was pleading for entire purity, for full salvation; and it was suggested to me: "You are pleading with God as if he were not willing to give it. He is willing now, and has been all the time; are you willing to receive it, and to bear any reproach that may come with it?" I said, "Yea, Lord, I am willing to receive it now, and to do any thing that is pleasing to thee." Again it was suggested, "Then, God is willing and I am willing; what keeps us apart?" Nothing! nothing! I am the Lord's, and he is mine. In that moment I was filled with the love of God as I had never been before; and with it came the assurance, "This is perfect love; this is purity of heart." Now I could say, I love God *with all my heart;* and there was such a sense of satisfaction, and *perfect rest* in the Lord! It was indeed peace passing all understanding; it was joy unspeakable and full of glory! I afterward professed it in class-meetings and love-feasts, though powerfully tempted not to do so.

Some eighteen months after this, in the Spring of 1839, feeling greatly moved to do something more for Christ, I was called out, by the presiding elder, as a supply on a certain circuit. Here I was full of the theme, preaching a full and present salvation, and professing clearly to enjoy this state of grace. But though many received this message with joy, others, some of them official members, and a few of my dear and older brethren in the ministry, received it coldly, and rather discouraged it than otherwise. This became a source of great temptation to me; and after awhile I concluded not to make it so prominent in the pulpit, nor to profess it so definitely. But after a month or two I found that peculiar fire, which God had kindled in my soul, was dying out, and that darkness and doubt were gathering about my mind. I said: "This will never do. I see plainly I have my work to do; and, by the grace of God, I will do it, whether men receive it or reject it." So I set apart a day for fasting and prayer; and God gave me back the clear light as before, and I went on my way rejoicing. Still at times I was wonderfully tempted about preaching it. Satan set upon me with all his force to deter me, and even frighten me out of preaching it. I often arose in the still hours of the night, and pleaded with God for strength to go forward.

I remember one day, being much tempted on these points, I retired to a deep forest, and there

poured out my soul in prayer till God gave me a complete and triumphant victory. So clearly did he manifest himself to me, that I wished to set up a monument, something to which I could refer in the dark hour of temptation. So, taking out my knife, I cut the bark from the side of a small tree that stood near the place of prayer; and never since that hour have I had such struggles. When Satan approaches, I remind him of the *tree*, and he skulks away.

Becoming more and more established in these great truths, I have gone on these many years, laboring as best I could to build up the Church and to save souls. My experience in the ministry has been varied; sometimes God has given me great success, and at other times I have been humbled and chastened by afflictions, and have seen more and more my unworthiness and nothingness before him. But for these last years, since the work of holiness has been spreading in every direction, I have rejoiced greatly, and bless God that I have lived to see these days. I believe also that a brighter day is dawning upon the Church than any of us have seen before this time. The Lord hasten it in his time!

By Rev. S. T., from *Advocate of Christian Holiness.*

Life Like a Quiet Sea.

"Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—Isa. xlviii, 18.

It was on a Sunday evening many years ago that I was brought almost involuntarily into a church. My inward condition at that time was as that of a wounded stag, which, pursued hither and thither, seeks a refuge, but finds none; like a frail ship on the surging billows, without rudder or helmsman. A nominal Church member, in a community devoid of that spiritual life which alone can satisfy the desire of a being made after the image of God, I had nursed the feeling of self-righteousness, and sought satisfaction in my good works and conduct. Yet one by one these illusory pillars vanished, and the craving of the heart which seeks communion with God in spirit and in truth became more intense.

When I entered the church on the night above mentioned, the minister opened the Bible, turned to Isaiah xlviii, 18, and read: "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." A more striking passage could not have been selected for me. The words made a powerful impression, and with intense interest I listened to the minister's exposition. I felt as though I were facing a problem, which, if solved,

would satisfy the seemingly insatiable longings of my heart; and when the minister directed our attention to the mighty Father of Waters, which flows so majestically past our city, never turning from its course, but flowing incessantly and with increasing power toward its goal, the picture impressed me wonderfully. But how to find this peace which passeth the understanding, and is as a river, I knew not.

After this Sabbath-day many a battle was fought, many a tear shed, before peace came. But He who seeth the heart of a penitent sinner soon brought me to a realization of the great truths revealed in Christ Jesus. My surroundings changed, and although living among American Christians, a German brother was the means of bringing me to realize the need of a spiritual birth in Christ. The book entitled "John, the German Emigrant Boy," by our beloved Brother Lyon, was given me to read. Through the reading of this book my real need was made manifest to me. I accepted Christ as my Savior, and relief came. It was indeed peace, as of the flowing waters of a mighty stream.

Such was the life of the babe in Christ for some time. I had joined the Methodist Church. This called for the contempt and malevolence of many relatives and friends. I had many inconveniences, many bitter experiences to endure, but the precious promise was given me: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name;

thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." And glory to God, he kept his promise! Strength was given me to overcome all obstacles, and to hold fast to Christ.

Erelong, however, the peace was interrupted. There came times of peace and great joy, times of darkness and struggles with the rebellious flesh. This called forth questions of the utmost importance in my mind. Can this be the normal condition of the true child of God? Is not Jesus able to save to the uttermost? May not the river of peace flow incessantly? I knew that God's Word gave us promises affirming such blessings. It became a matter of prayer and deep reflection by day and by night; I felt the need of being wholly sanctified, of a consecration of my all to Christ. But the desired peace came not. For many years I sought for it, ofttimes enjoying deep peace, but it was evanescent.

Through a sermon on Holiness at a national camp-meeting, by Brother William Nast, the necessary light was given me. It was faith that I needed; faith that Christ could sanctify wholly. I had not considered that Christ said, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." I wanted to see, and then believe. It now came to a crisis. Now or never. Christ strengthened my

faith, and I trusted in him. Although I felt no particular sensation, peace reigned in my heart as never before—peace which passeth all understanding, through faith in Christ.

Since then many years have passed, but they have been the happiest of my life. Living in a world of sin and sorrow, surrounded by the machinations of evil-doers, I have had direct communion with God continually. The stream flows incessantly. As the needle of a compass trembles somewhat when jarred, yet stubbornly points to the north, so does the heart at peace with God look unto him through all the trials and triumphs of life. Though the needle of faith may sometimes quiver, yet the attraction from the throne of grace always overcomes all doubts and fears. To be brief, my life is like a quiet sea surrounded by hills, upon which shines a sun seldom darkened by clouds.

I write the above in a humble spirit at the solicitation of relatives and friends, in the hope that it may be of assistance to some wandering spirit seeking peace, and to the glorification of God.

J. H.

Dead Indeed Unto Sin.

"How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!"

That holy man of God, the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, made the following confession in the year 1781:

"My Dear Brethren and Sisters,—God is here: I feel him in this place; but I would hide my face in the dust, because I have been ashamed to declare what he hath done for me. For many years I have grieved his Spirit; but I am deeply humbled, and he has again restored my soul. 'Reckon yourselves, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.' I obeyed the voice of God; I now obey it, and I tell you all, to the praise of his love, 'I am free from sin!' Yes, I rejoice to declare it, and to bear witness to the glory of his grace, that I am dead to sin and alive to God through Jesus Christ, who is my Lord and King. I received this blessing four or five times before; but I lost it by not observing the order of God, who has told us, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' But the enemy offered his bait under various colors, to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought.

"When I first received this grace, Satan bid me wait awhile, till I saw more of the fruits. I resolved to do so; but I soon began to doubt of the

witness, which, before, I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both. A second time, after receiving this salvation—with shame I confess it—I was kept from being a witness for my Lord, by the suggestion, 'Thou art a public character; the eyes of all are upon thee; and if, as before, by any means thou lose the blessing, it will be a dishonor to the doctrine of heart-holiness,' etc. I held my peace, and again forfeited the gift of God. At another time I was prevailed upon to hide it by reasoning: How few, even of the children of God, will receive this testimony, many of them supposing every transgression of the Adamic law is sin! and therefore, if I profess myself to be free from sin, all these will give my profession the lie, because I am not free in their sense; I am not free from ignorance, mistakes, and various infirmities. I will, therefore, enjoy what God has wrought in me, but I will not say, I am perfect in love. Alas! I soon found again, 'He that hideth his Lord's talent, and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.'

"Now, my brethren, you see my folly. I have confessed it in your presence, and now I resolve, before you all, to confess my Master; I will confess him to all the world; and I declare to you in the presence of God, *the Holy Trinity*, I am now 'dead indeed unto sin.' I do not say, 'I am crucified with Christ,' because some of our well-meaning brethren

say, 'By this can only be meant a gradual dying;' but I profess to you, I am dead to sin, and alive to God! And remember all this is 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.' He is my Prophet, Priest, and King; my indwelling holiness; my all in all. I wait for the fulfillment of that prayer, 'That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; and that they be one, even as we are one.' O for that pure baptismal flame! O for the fullness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray, pray—pray for this; this shall make us all of one heart and of one soul. Pray for gifts, for the gift of utterance; and confess your royal Master. A man without gifts is like the king in disguise; he appears as a subject only. You are kings and priests to God. Put on, therefore, your robes, and wear on your garments, '*Holiness to the Lord.*'"

THIRD TREASURE.

SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCES.

"When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
'I will guide thee with mine eye.'"

HE giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

—ISA. xl, 29.

THE Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.—2 PETER ii, ix.

GOD is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

1 COR. x, 13.

SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCES.

SAVED FROM THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me?"

IN my childhood I was brought up by kind-hearted, earnest Christian parents; but, for some reason, the devil seemed to have complete possession of me. My parents often told me that, if I did not change, I would bring their gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave; but nothing seemed to move me. They often went beyond their means to furnish me with a good education, but all to no avail. I was determined to go to sea; I thought that a sailor's life would be grand. So at last a ship and an outfit were procured for me.

Among my clothing, etc., a Bible was placed. But I am sorry now to have to confess that I never read my Bible; I thought myself too great for that. All I wanted now was to learn to smoke and to chew tobacco, and then I commenced to drink. I felt glad because I was away from my father's house,

and was free to do those things. Sometimes the sailors told me that I ought to learn my work first before I learned to smoke; but they were not very strict in what they said, so I went on step by step in the downward road, occasionally getting intoxicated with liquor.

I remember going into a mission-meeting at one of the sea-ports where we stopped, and after the meeting one of the Christian workers, a lady, came and spoke to me about my soul's salvation. This brought back my early Christian training, and my eyes were filled with tears, and my heart seemed breaking; but the devil came and whispered in my ear, "Not to-night; some other time." I was very near the kingdom; but, alas! I stepped back, instead of stepping forward. So I went away, sinning against God a great deal more, going from worse to worse, until at last nothing was too bad for me to do or say. It was fearful, the way in which I would blaspheme God's holy name. I often wonder that he bore so patiently with me, and that he did not cut me off in his anger. I used to curse and swear so terribly that my fellow-sailors, who were also unconverted, used often to shudder. At last I became so hardened and so given up to drink that I lost all respect for myself. The only friend I had was the saloon-keeper, and he would be my pretended friend only as long as my money lasted.

As near as I can remember, the latter part of April or beginning of May, 1882, the ship that I

was to have sailed in went away with all my clothes and all that I possessed, while I was lying in a drunken stupor on shore. There I was—left without any thing but the clothes on my back, and those very scanty. I boarded in a saloon. I remember, about eleven o'clock Sunday morning, while standing at the bar, drinking, my whole life came up before me. I was slightly intoxicated at the time, but I remember a still, small voice whispered in my ear: "You ought to lead a better life. Look at yourself, and see what drink has done for you." I made up my mind, as soon as dinner was over, that I would go down to the Seamen's Bethel, on West Street, and sign the pledge. I went down and signed the pledge for twelve months, but I did not know any thing about religion at the time. I put it down for my own good resolution; but I have learned since that it was God who was leading me step by step. Praise his holy name!

My companions taunted me, and tempted me to drink many a time. They said that I would not hold out; neither could I, if God had not been working in me; and I had never asked him to do it, because I did not know him. I had taken the pledge many a time before, only to break it. I soon began to get respectable clothes, a watch and chain, and always had money. I got along nicely; but still there was one thing I lacked. I did not know God, who had commenced this work in me, and was carrying it out without any of my help.

In March, 1884, I resolved to go to Buffalo, to sail on the lakes. I arrived in Buffalo on Sunday night. I had never been there before, but a companion who was with me took me to a saloon and eating-house, where we got our supper and secured a bed for the night; but in the morning I did not like the idea of staying in a saloon. So we took a walk, and passed the Temperance House, and I got board and lodging there. I had become a great temperance man by this time, but I did not want any Gospel attached to it. I did not know the value of it at that time. My eyes were blinded. The scales have been taken away since. Glory to Jesus! Shortly after, there was an evangelist, Mr. John Currie, passing through the city. I heard him at the Young Men's Christian Association. After the meeting was over, the invitation was given for all who desired to find Jesus to hold up their hands. I held up my hand for prayer for the first time. I did not know what it meant, but a feeling came over me that I could not account for. I did not receive any light then.

Soon after, the same evangelist was to speak at the Temperance House, so I resolved to stay to hear him. But for some reason he could not come, and he sent a dear sister in Christ, Miss Carrie Judd, to take his place. I felt disappointed, and was on the point of going out, but something made me remain. It proved to be the night of all nights to me. When the dear sister arose to speak she

explained why she was there. She spoke from the words found in Haggai i, 5: "Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways." The Holy Spirit burned those words into my heart. They seemed to remind me of the still, small voice I had heard two years before, while standing at the bar, drinking.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

From that hour the hungering came into my soul for the truth. As my days, so has my strength been. The devil began to work in real earnest with me. He tried hard to put out the fire the Holy Spirit had kindled; but, glory be to Jesus, the more he tried to put it out, the brighter it burned; the more he pressed upon me, the closer I went to Jesus. My pathway has been crowned with victory every step of the way since. I often repeated these few words of praise, which my Bible-class teacher taught me to say: "Victory through the blood of Jesus!" "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." Psalm xxxii, 7, 8. I have found that reformation is one thing and conversion is another; but I find we are not to stand still but to go on from grace

to grace. I am glad to say that I have found the way that Isaiah speaks of: "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein." Praise God for such a way! I was as ignorant about the plan of salvation when I first came as any one could be. May God use this humble testimony to the saving of some poor soul! I write this, not because I love to dwell on my past sinful life, but for the glory of the dear Lord, and to show that there is no case too hard for the Lord. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

W. J., in *Triumphs of Faith.*

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE FROM THE USE OF TOBACCO.

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—ISA. XL, 29.

THE following is communicated by a minister in the State of Texas:

"In former years I lived in the State of Missouri, and followed the occupation of a farmer. I was then given to the use of tobacco in such a measure that I was a slave to the habit. It occurred at various times that I mounted my horse on a Sunday morning to go to church, and, after riding about half the way and missing my tobacco,

I would be compelled to go back after it. I would rather be late at church than be without tobacco that length of time. Several relatives, who had never used it, ridiculed me because my idol required such a hard service. Finally I sincerely wished to be cleansed of the vice. About this time our official Church organ, *Der Apologete,* came out strong against this evil habit. Being fully convinced of its sinfulness, I formed a resolution by all means to get rid of it. Little did I think at that time what a conflict I would have; for I thought I was a man, and a man could do almost any thing that he willed. It was in the Spring of 1871 when this resolution was formed. I at once did away with all tobacco; but before long I found that this would create an intense struggle with carnal desires. Using all my will-power, I had resisted for three weeks, when I was overcome in the conflict by my appetite, and again fell into the old habit. Thus I experienced the truth of Dr. Martin Luther's assertion, that in our own power we can do nothing, but are soon overcome. I felt ashamed of myself for not being able to control my own passions.

"While I was thus meditating over what to do, a happy thought struck my mind. Thus far I had not been addicted to smoking, as that would not agree with my system; my vice consisted in chewing only. Now I was going to deceive carnal nature. If it *must* have tobacco, then tobacco must be *smoked only.* I hoped in this way to finally be the

conqueror in this great struggle. But, alas! when it was not to be used in any other form, then 'old Adam' was well content to have it thus, and what I had never experienced before took place; I could *now* endure *smoking* very well. Instead of having gained the victory, I was myself completely conquered. My condition was pitiful, I was a perfect slave of the vice, filled with hatred towards it, depressed in spirit over my defeat, having only the one desire to be entirely cleansed of it, and yet seeing no way of deliverance.

"In February, 1872, *Der Christliche Apologete* contained an article, entitled, 'The Wonders of God's Grace,' which gave the experience of a dear brother who had also been addicted to the use of tobacco. This brother had become so seriously ill that he was compelled again to use it. He afterward related this fact to a dear Christian worker, who at once persuaded him to go to Christ without delay, and ask for his cleansing power. He was advised to surrender himself, both body and soul, to the Lord. This he did; he came to Jesus as a humble, penitent child, and fervently pleaded to be cleansed from all vices. He immediately felt that the prayer was answered; and, as he arose, he found that all taste and desire for tobacco was gone. He needed it no more. Having read this testimony, I at once, by faith, saw the helping hand of God, ready also to help me. A voice within said: 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'

I resolved to go to the Lord at once. In the evening, after my wife and children had retired, I humbly bowed before God, and cried to the Lord from the depth of my heart: 'O Lord, here is thy poor, weak, and helpless child, not able to do a thing in its own power. Thou hast relieved that dear brother; O, do also relieve me now. I present myself unreservedly to thee, to be thine, and to do thy will forever. Help me now, and thine shall be the glory forever!"

"Thus I lay, waiting on the Lord, when, in an instant, the blessed assurance came to me *that the work was done.* Triumphantly I arose, and soon after retired. Next morning the order of events was greatly changed. Up to this time my first thought was *tobacco;* now I had no use for it. I took the rest in my possession, and deposited it in the fire; then I seized my pipe, and tried my ax on it, loudly proclaiming the mercy of God, who had freed me from 'the law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.' Rom. vii, 23.

"A few months afterward, on a rainy and disagreeable day, my neighbor came to me and said: 'Neighbor, you can not do out-door work to-day; come and help me strip tobacco.' At first I hesitated, being afraid my old desires might return; but when I considered that I was indebted to my neighbor for a day's work, and that the Lord, having delivered me, could also keep me, I con-

sented, and went to work. Of course, I went in a prayerful spirit, and the consequence was, that I was so disgusted, even with the smell of it, that I could hardly handle it.

"Eleven years have passed by, and I never have wanted tobacco again. In the first years after my deliverance, I would sometimes be troubled at night, dreaming that I was using tobacco, and that I had willfully sinned against the Lord and was lost; and then, awaking, I praised God that I was still safe in the arms of Jesus. And there I expect to remain, knowing that 'he is faithful that promised.'"

Glory be to Jesus forever! Amen.

DELIVERANCE FROM BAD HABITS.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver out of temptation."

A CERTAIN man was leading a life of lewdness and shame. He had lost his power of will, and could no longer control his downward steps. Often, amid his sinful pleasures, the memory of his Christian parents stood before him, and he felt that his was, indeed, a life of sin and shame. But his sinful habits had so fastened themselves upon him that he had no power to resist; he was always yielding.

But the Spirit of God still worked in his soul. His desire of again becoming strong and pure and manly grew greater and greater, until he finally

cast himself before the Lord, and prayed from the depth of his soul: "O, dear Lord Jesus, thou knowest that I desire to leave my wicked ways; thou knowest, that I hate and abhor my sinful practices. O, give me strength and grace to abstain from my wickedness; make me pure; make me wholly free from all sin! Lord, save me, and I will be forever thine."

The Lord heard this prayer, and deliverance came. He was helped in a most remarkable manner. The Lord sent other distresses, and even financial straits, upon him. In agony of heart he again came to the Lord in prayer, and earnestly sought relief from all his troubles.

Now, by gradual degrees, in the absorption of his thoughts over other distresses, his mind was diverted from his usual ways and thoughts of sinful living. Gradually the habits of lust lost their strength, and finally ceased altogether. But his body was still very weak. Again he came to the Lord with increased and strengthened faith, and prayed that the destruction of the habit might be complete, and that his body might be restored to perfect health. His prayers and faith were crowned with triumphant reward. He felt new life and strength coming to him again, and erelong he was completely restored. He now praises the Lord for a cleansed body and soul, and has become an earnest and sincere Christian.

Such cases are not so uncommon as the inno-

cent may think. At various times have we been requested to pray for persons whose bodies were racked with pains, the effects of secret sins and indiscretions. We, therefore, raise a cry of warning in behalf of the beloved young to beware of this *Fatal Cliff*, upon which you may be wrecked both in body and in soul. Should any be indulging in secret sins, and suffering its sure effects, we beseech you to hasten to the Lord in prayer. No sin can ever be conquered until, in humility, either saint or sinner gets down upon his knees, and implores the love and power of the Lord in never-ceasing prayer to wholly emancipate him from the control of the evil habit. The Lord will surely hear you. He can deliver the body from the most persistent and enchaining habit, as well as he can convert the mind and heart. The result is always sure, if the sufferer *always prays believingly*, clinging to the Lord's own promises.

LIFE OF FRANCIS MURPHY.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—ZECH. III, 2.

FRANCIS MURPHY was born in the County of Wexford, Ireland, April 24, 1836. His father died previous to his advent in life, and, as Mr. Murphy often pathetically remarks, "he never knew a father's face nor a father's smile." His boyhood passed among the scenes of labor and privations incident to the humble lot of a poor and lonely

Irish peasant widow. His early life was just such as would naturally fall to the lot of one deprived of a father's protection, and left dependent on a widowed mother's love and care.

The mother, who was a sensible Christian woman and a devout Catholic withal, struggled bravely with her double load of care and sorrow; and when the children were old enough, they lent willing hands to her assistance. In his lectures Mr. Murphy draws a charming picture of his little cottage home, inside as neat as wax, outside half covered with woodbine and ivy, in which the tiny wrens used to build their nests; a little garden in front, full of bright flowers; while away above, on the smooth green hill-top, stood the old homestead, with its green elms waving ceaseless adoration, as if to answer back the everlasting psalm of the sea. "I never heard my mother utter a single improper word," is the sweet testimony he bears to her memory. "She was a beautiful little woman. I thought she was the handsomest woman in the world. In her white, broad-bordered cap, her snowy kerchief, she looked as much like a little nun as a woman could possibly look, and not be one."

The boy learned, as a matter of course, to love the taste of whisky. Of the beginnings of this appetite, which so nearly brought him to death and destruction, he says: "Throughout the section of Ireland in which we lived the giving of dinners was extremely popular, and though we could not

very well afford it, our friends would be invited to partake of our hospitality, because my dear old mother thought that she would be considered mean if she did not make a feast like other people. Unfortunately it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in my country, to have liquor on the table, and it is thus that a great many young men have been brought into the habit of drinking, which in the course of time has resulted in their disgrace and shame.

"On one occasion a dear friend of the family patted me on the head, and talked to me quite familiarly. Taking up his glass of punch, he added a little sugar and water to the steaming beverage, and, placing it in my hand, he urged me to taste it. He took a bright silver tea-spoon, and let me sip from it the tempting liquid. I can now well remember how palatable it was, and how it tingled all through my body, even down to the tips of my tiny fingers. Thus it was that I first learned to love the taste of liquor, and it was there that the appetite was formed."

His first attempt in life's battle was as a servant in the family of the gentleman on whose estate they lived. Tiring of this, he sought to better his fortune across the wide sea. He at length concluded to emigrate to America. Of the last week he spent at home, and of the last night before his parting with his mother, he speaks as follows in his address on "Real Life:"

"I was only sixteen years of age then; yet, blessed be God! the memory of that home, that face, and that voice is still fresh and sweet in my heart. And the last night before I was to leave that hallowed home—how well do I remember it! There was a custom existing in Ireland, when a man was passing his last night at home, to send for his friends, and have a jollification; but my mother said to me, 'Frank, my son, I should like to be alone with you to-night; it is your last night with me;' and then the great tears flowed. Nobody was invited. My trunk was partly packed; but there were some clothes upon the bureau, remaining to be put in. Gazing intently into my eyes, she said, 'Frank, get your chair and sit alongside of me to-night.' Then she took her seat by the table, with her head resting upon her hand. At times she would lift up her head and look intently into my face; then she would drop her chin upon her breast, and place her hands across her bosom, and struggle to control her great grief. We sat there in silence until it was one o'clock, and I don't think there were twenty words spoken between us. When I was ready to start, mother stood with her back to me, and I could see the dear soul trembling. I had not yet received her blessing, and that was about all that she could give me. Rising from my seat, I walked up to where she was, and putting my arms tenderly about her neck, I said to her, 'Mother, now give me your blessing before I go.' I knelt at

her feet, and then, placing her loving hand gently upon my head, she said:

"'May the blessing of God go with you! Remember, my dear boy, that the same sun which shines on you, shines on me; that the same God who is watching over us in our humble home, will care for you in a foreign country; and O, may you not forget your mother!'"

He took passage and sailed for Quebec, Canada. However, he soon left the land of St. George's Cross, and came over the borders and under the Stars and Stripes. Here, with the gallant proclivities of his countrymen, he soon contracted an alliance with one of the fair sex, and was a married man at the age of eighteen. Seven children were the fruits of this union, of whom six are still alive.

Strong drink soon brought himself and family to degradation, misery, and want. He tried various makeshifts for a living, at one time being on a high-road to fortune in the hotel-keeping business at Portland, Maine, and at another keeping a saloon. But whatever he tried, or whatever he did, liquor cast a blight upon it all, and he at last found himself a wanderer, an outcast, and a pariah among his fellow-men, until ultimately the prison door closed upon a life apparently wasted.

Of the fearful history which ended in a prison cell, these pages may not now speak. By the action of legal and Christian officers this wretched prisoner,

dying with sorrow and remorse, which gave place at length, through God's mercy, to heart-broken penitence and believing prayer—this stout, burly man, driven almost mad by his own sins, and the sorrows of his literally starving wife and children—was set free, and came forth from his prison cell, a poor, weak, and emaciated creature, the merest skeleton of a man (he had fallen from one hundred and eighty to the weight of about ninety pounds), but with a new life and a new hope in his soul, which spoke of pardon for the past and power for the future.

No wonder that, after ascending out of such an abyss, Francis Murphy has a heart of sympathy even for those lost men who, by his own experience, he knows are not beyond the power of God's saving grace.

The closing incidents, on the last night he spent in prison, are graphically described by him as follows:

"On the 30th of October, 1870, I received a letter from my dear wife, the last one that I received from her. It appears that they had no regular meals that day; there was nothing in the house to cook. Johnny, the youngest, came up to her and said, 'Mother, have n't you got a piece of bread for me?' She opened the cupboard, and searched in vain. For the first time, there was actually not even a crust or crumb for the pet, for whom she had previously been able to save at least something.

The mother's heart failed her, and she sat down and wrote me this letter:

"'DEAR HUSBAND,—I have had a week of bitter trial. My strength is failing me. I can not live long, but do n't be discouraged. My trust is in God.'

"It was night, dark and dismal, when I received this heart-rending letter. There was no lamp in my cell, and I could not read it there; but, by peering through the iron gratings of the iron-barred door, I managed to pick it out by the dim light of the gas-jets in the corridor. That was an awful night; my brain reeled. I thought I should go mad. I resolved to show the letter to the keeper in the morning, and if he did not take pity on us, I determined to die. There was a Bible in the cell, and I took it and opened it, and the place to which I opened was the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by John: 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' Just then the rising moon sent a stray beam through the grated prison window, and it lighted on the floor of my little cell like a benediction fresh from heaven. I looked at it, and hope revived. All night long I paced back and forth between those narrow walls, watching that little spot of light while it lasted. God was in it, and I did not once set my foot upon it; it was a sacred thing to me. The keeper was a man of iron, to all appearances; but, like a good many other hard-looking men, he was only iron-clad; within him he had a heart as

warm and as soft as a woman's. When I showed him the letter, the big tears came in his eyes, and he said, 'I 'll see you released to-day.'"

On October 31, 1870, the prison-door opened, and Francis Murphy walked forth a free man. No one but himself can do justice to the scene of his arrival at the wretched place his family called their home. Almost all the furniture had been sold for bread, and only a few of the commonest and poorest articles remained.

The devoted wife, too, was worn down with work and want, till she, like her wretched husband, was only little more than the ghost of her former self. The reunion of this stricken household was sanctified by prayer. But the climax of sorrow still awaited him. His faithful, patient wife was wounded unto death. She tried to bear up under the effects of past sorrows and the weight of present joys; but her heart was broken, and in December, less than three months after her husband's release, she went home to her Father's house, where there is neither death, nor want, nor tears.

And now, says Mr. Murphy in his account of those days: "The time had come for me to vindicate my honor and keep my total abstinence pledge. I had no money and no trade, but I had a pair of willing hands, and a heart that was not ashamed to use them. I have passed through all grades of labor. I used to own a saw and buck, and go around the streets of Portland looking for a big

wood-pile. I believe in that spirit which will not submit to want and poverty, but will conquer it by honest labor."

Mr. Murphy soon received an invitation from some citizens of Portland, requesting him to give some account of himself in one of the public halls. The effect of his words was what might have been expected from one out of whose heart he could bring forth such arguments and sorrows as would fill the hearts of listeners with emotion, and overflow their eyes with tears. A number of his old drinking companions signed the pledge at the close of the meeting, and a reform club was organized, of which he became the leading spirit. Presently invitations began to come for him to speak in the neighboring towns. On one occasion he rode forty miles in cold Winter weather, thinly clad, because he was too poor to dress according to the season, and gave an address at a little out-of-the-way school-house to an audience of six persons, receiving for his services the sum of forty cents—which, the speaker modestly declares, "was all it was worth." It was not long before Mr. Murphy found himself so occupied with temperance-meetings, that all other labor had to be abandoned.

He remained working in the cause of temperance, in Maine and New Hampshire, for the next four years. At the expiration of that time he received an invitation to go out to Iowa, whither he went. The reformer met with great success in that

State, in which he received the most flattering encomiums from the press. From Iowa he went to Illinois, and from the city of Chicago to Pittsburg. In the different places in which he labored for the five years preceding his arrival in Pittsburg, Mr. Murphy counts up about five hundred thousand signers to his pledge. At Pittsburg his labors were crowned with unprecedented success, as was the case at Philadelphia, and at Troy, New York, and at many other towns and cities in the country.

In the Spring of 1880 he and his son Edward, who had developed into a fluent and accomplished speaker, sailed from New York, and after an uneventful voyage of ten days, landed on the shores of England. They were accorded a right royal welcome by the total abstinence workers of that far-away country, where their fame had preceded them. This visit extended over a period of three years, during which time father and son held most wonderfully successful meetings throughout all the larger cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, including London, Manchester, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburg, and Dundee; the people everywhere receiving them with open arms and warm hearts. The leading ministers and statesmen, and some of the titled nobility, gave the movement their hearty co-operation, and hundreds of thousands signed their names to the pledge and put on the blue ribbon. Coffee-houses were established, the sale of liquor was greatly diminished, and the

amount of deposits, by the working classes in the savings-banks was notably increased. Mr. Gladstone, in a public speech, paid the movement the highest praise for the great good accomplished by it among the people. The leading papers gave Mr. Murphy and his son valuable assistance through their columns, aiding greatly in the work of leading men into a sober and better life.

Crowned with success, in the Fall of 1883 Mr. Murphy took passage for New York, leaving his son to fill engagements which he had entered into for a year in advance. It is estimated that the labors of the two, during their stay in Great Britain and Ireland, resulted in about one million signers to the pledge.

Since his return to the United States his success has been not less phenomenal than before his departure. Wherever he goes he is favored with the same crowded audiences, and the enthusiasm is not less unbounded.

Francis Murphy, the temperance evangelist, the hero of the blue ribbon, the advocate of "malice toward none, and charity to all," the brilliant genius without education, the orator without art, is one of the miracles of our times. That this man, with ruined fortune, ruined reputation, ruined home, and ruined hope, should come forth from the prison, where his body was caged with bars of iron, and his soul with bars of fire, to stand before the world, a free man, beckoning his lost brethren to

liberty in the name of the Lord, is one of the greatest evidences in our times that nothing is too hard for God's almighty love and grace.

ANOTHER JEWEL REDEEMED.

"He said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."—JOHN VIII, 2.

THE following is gleaned from the writings of a New York missionary:

"In a certain village in Connecticut there lived a girl of sixteen, whose name was Mary Smith. There was a winsome way about her, and she had until now lived a very happy and innocent life. But about this time she met a wicked woman upon the streets of her village, who enticed her to accompany her to New York. She spoke in glowing terms of the beauty of the large city, and how much grander life could be spent there. The innocent girl, fearing no evil, and thinking she could return home whenever it suited her, finally consented to accompany her deceiver to the great city.

"The woman, however, was one of those emissaries of Satan who are sent out from large establishments of vice in the cities, to prowl about in villages and towns, and pounce, like the vulture, on any unwary innocent who may cross their path. Under some false pretense they persuade their victims

to follow them, until they get them insnared in a house of ill-fame.

"To such a house Mary was conducted, and she soon discovered that she had been betrayed. It was, however, too late, and she was held as a prisoner in this house of death until her ruin was completed, and she found herself without a friend whose aid she could command to help her to escape from the clutches of the cruel proprietor of this den of crime. She now did what so many in the same wretched state have done before her: she abandoned herself to the evil influences of her associations, engaging in dancing, card-playing, liquor-drinking, and all the other wicked practices, until she seemed as hardened as the others.

"But the Almighty God watched over her, and he had concluded her deliverance, as he had delivered his people of old from the Egyptians. A 'Home for Women' was opened in the vicinity where Mary lived, and soon after a dinner was given at this 'Home,' to which all the inmates of the dance-houses in the vicinity were invited by means of a beautiful card prepared expressly for this occasion. Mary accepted the kind invitation, and went. While the invited ones were busy partaking of an ample feast, sweet Gospel hymns were sung by their kind friends. Mary sat down at the table, but could not eat. As the mournful words of the song fell on her ears, 'No one to help me, no one to bless,' etc., her tears flowed, the knife and fork

dropped from her hands, and she wept. She was urged to remain in the 'Home,' but she seemed to be filled with fear for the consequences should she attempt to escape in such a way."

The missionary adds: "We, however, began praying unceasingly and believingly for her, and often it was said, 'Mary will yet return.' And the Lord heard and answered our prayers. When one of our matrons passed the house one day, where Mary stood sweeping the sidewalk, she hastily whispered to her, 'I am coming to the "Home" to-night to stay.' That night she came, and the weary child sank down as if the dreadful burden of two years of sin had been rolled from her heart. Deliverance had now come to her, but a still greater deliverance was yet to come.

"She soon learned to love the Savior, and she placed her whole trust in him. But she was not permitted to live much longer here, as the dear Lord had something better for her. She was attacked with that frightful disease, small-pox; and her weakened constitution was not able to survive the shock of the fatal stroke. Before the hour of her departure came, we were assured of her salvation, and rejoiced that death found her not unprepared. In a few short days the violence of her disease terminated her sufferings, and Mary was with Jesus. Another jewel redeemed, Satan despoiled of one more victim, and heaven beautified with another brilliant trophy of Christ's saving grace!"

Tobacco Mania Cured in Answer to Prayer.

"The Lord looseth the prisoners."—Psa. cxlvi, 7.

I commenced using tobacco at about seventeen, and used it about twenty years. I thought at first it made me look manly. I was very proud of my new acquisition, and for a few years I thought it was beneficial to my health; but at last I found that it was a great injury. Then I saw that I was committing a sin, and I said, "I'll quit it." But alas! alas! I could not! I would leave it off for an hour, for a day, for a week, for a month, and at one time for nearly two months; but the craving for it followed me day and night, and I would fall every time!

Was not this *tobacco mania?* Is it not *mania* when a man forgets to eat, can not sleep, is angry at every body and every thing, is all the time chewing sticks or leaves, neglects his business, forgets that he *has* any business, neglects his family, wishes that he had never been, and is strongly tempted to take his own life?

Yes, I said, it is a sin; but what could I do? Evil habits bind chains around their victims that it is impossible for them to break. I struggled hard, perhaps for five years; but all my struggling was in vain. At length, seeing my helpless condition, and feeling sure that there was no help for me but in God, I fell on my knees and prayed,

"*Lord, help me!*" Then, as I continued praying, a "power" (Acts i, 8) came over me; I felt it all through my system, to the very ends of my fingers and toes—something like a *very* slight electric shock. Instantly, as quick as I could speak, I said, "I'll never taste tobacco again!" and I could say it with the most perfect assurance that I had the power, and would always have the power, to resist all temptations in that direction to the end of my life. From that moment to this, more than forty years, I have not had the least desire for tobacco. In these nearly forty-one years I have not suffered a single pang for a single moment on account of tobacco. Could there be desired a greater proof of the power and presence and working of God, and that he does hear and answer prayer?

J. R H., in *Triumphs of Faith.*

A LOVER OF WORLDLY PLEASURES CONVERTED.

"And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them."—EZEK. XXXVI, 27.

WHEN Mr. Moody was asked if a Christian might attend theaters and dances, and other worldly pleasures, he gave the following striking reply: "*Go, if you can do it for the glory of God.* You can go to any of these places, if you can do it to the glory of God. *That is the test.* If you are sincerely

converted and filled with the regenerating influence, you *won't want to go.* God does n't set any of these things before you and say you shall not go; but he offers you *something better,* so that you do n't want them. I never desire these things, because God gives me something that makes me happier than they could, and if *you* are truly *his child* you won't want these things."

The precious truths here laid down by Mr. Moody have indeed been experienced by many. Some have drank from the intoxicating cup of worldly pleasures until they have reached the very dregs, and it was only then that they turned away from them and sought the pleasures of a higher, nobler life. Others have turned from their worldly ways in early age and have lived in the highest attainable pleasures of a holy and consecrated life.

During the latter half of the past century there lived in England a woman whom we might well add to this latter class. Her name was *Hester Ann Rogers.* We clip the following from the record of her experience:

"At the age of fifteen I had so repeatedly grieved and quenched the motions of that Holy Spirit, which strove with me various ways, that I was then in some measure given up to my own foolish, rebellious heart. Dress, novels, plays, cards, assemblies, and balls took up the most of my time, so that my mother began to fear the consequences of my living so much above my station in

life. But I would not now listen to her admonitions. I loved pleasures, and after them I would go.

"What increased my vanity and pride was, that I was much beloved by my godmother, a lady of very considerable fortune, and often spent most of the Summer months at Adlington with her, where I was always treated as if she intended to bestow a handsome fortune on me. She introduced me into the company of those in high life, and enabled me, by large presents, to dress in a manner suitable to such company. O, how fatal in general are such prospects to a young mind! Yet in all this I still wished to preserve a religious appearance. I still frequented church and sacraments, still prayed night and morning, fasted sometimes, and because I did these things esteemed myself a far better Christian than my neighbors. Yea, so blind was I, that I had a better opinion now of my own goodness than formerly, when I was far more earnest about salvation. What a proof that *sin darkens the understanding!*

"In the Summer of 1773 I was at Adlington with my godmother, above mentioned, when I heard various accounts of a clergyman whom my Uncle Roe had recommended to be curate at Macclesfield, and who was said to be a Methodist. This conveyed to my mind as unpleasant an idea of him as if he had been called a Romish priest; being fully persuaded that to be a Methodist was

to be all that was vile under the mask of piety. These prejudices were owing to the false stories which from time to time I heard repeated to my father when about seven or eight years old; and also many more which my mother heard after his death, and to the present time; so that I believed their teachers were the false prophets spoken of in the Scripture; that they deceived the illiterate, and were little better than common pickpockets; that they filled some of their hearers with presumption, and drove others to despair; that with respect to their doctrines, they enforced, chiefly, that whosoever embraced their tenets, which they called *faith*, might live as they pleased, in all sin, and be sure of salvation; and that all the world besides must be damned without remedy; that they had meetings in the dark, and pretended to cast out devils; with many other things equally false and absurd, but all of which I believed. I heard, also, that this new clergyman preached against all my favorite diversions, such as going to plays, reading novels, attending balls, assemblies, card-tables, etc. But I resolved he should not make a convert of me; and that if I found him, on my return home, such as was represented, I would not go often to hear him.

"When I came back to Macclesfield the whole town was in alarm. My Uncle Roe and my cousins seemed very fond of Mr. Simpson, the minister, and told me he was a most excellent man; but that all the rest of my relations were exasperated against

him. I asked, 'Is it true he preaches against dancing?' and said I was resolved to take the first opportunity of conversing with him, being certain I could easily prove such amusements were not sinful. Being told what arguments he made use of, I revolved them in my mind, fully determined if I found, upon reflection, I could answer them, I would. I first considered if any Scripture example could be brought. I remembered to have read of Miriam's dancing; but it was to express her pious joy to the Lord, and as an act of worship, accompanied by a hymn of praise. David danced also, but it was in like manner, and from like motives. Herod's daughter danced, but she was a heathen, and the cause of beheading a servant of God. Nothing, therefore, which I found in Scripture countenanced dancing in any measure. I then began to consider the objections urged against it. One of these was, that as it tends to levity and trifling mirth, so it enervates the mind, dissipates the thoughts, weakens, if not stifles, serious and good impressions, and quite indisposes the mind for prayer. I asked my own heart, Is not this a truth? Conscience answered in the affirmative. Mr. Simpson pleads further, What good is promoted hereby? I would gladly have had it to urge, It promotes health; but many instances of those who had lost health, and even life, within my own knowledge, through attending this very diversion, would not permit this. Among others, I had a

recent proof in Miss H—, who, by a violent cold taken at an assembly, was thrown into a quick consumption, and in a few months fled to an awful eternity. Again he pleads, Are you made better Christians, better husbands, better children hereby? Better Christians I was conscious none could be for having the mind dissipated and unfitted for prayer. Some husbands I knew who were not made better, and some wives, who, to support extravagant dress on such occasions, had greatly injured their families. For my own part, I was conscious it had led me to dress and expenses not suited to my present situation in life. These thoughts brought powerful convictions to my mind, notwithstanding my desire to resist them. I could not deny that truth in particular, that those who habitually attend such pleasures lose all relish for spiritual things; God is shut out of their thoughts and hearts; prayer, if they use any, is full of wanderings, or perhaps wholly neglected; and death put as far as possible out of sight, lest the thought should spoil their pleasures. I was conscious, beyond a doubt, these were the fruits which this delusive pleasure had wrought in my own soul; and comparing my present state of mind with what it was before I entered upon this diversion, so mistakenly called innocent, I found cause to be deeply ashamed. But, then, if this is really true, said I to myself, I ought not to follow this amusement any longer. And can I give it up? My vile heart replied, *I can not, I*

will not. The Spirit of God whispered, Will you, then, indulge yourself in what you know to be sin? Would you wish to be struck dead in the ball-room? My conflict was great, yet I was resolved to run all hazards rather than give up this pleasure. Therefore I stifled these convictions with all my might; and after this ran more eagerly than ever into all pleasurable follies. O, my patient, long-suffering God, tears of grateful love and praise overflow my eyes when I consider my deep rebellion, and thy sparing mercy!

"About this time I grew tired of novels, and took great delight in reading history. I went through several English and Roman histories—Rollin's 'Ancient History' and Stackhouse's 'History of the Bible'—intending to go through the 'Universal History' also. And now I believed myself far wiser than any person of my age. Upon the whole, I believe I was at this time on the *pinnacle of destruction.* And had a just and holy God then cut the brittle thread of life, I believe I should have sunk into hell. But love had swifter wings than death, *and mercy to my rescue flew.*

"On various occasions I now attended the sermons of the Methodist preachers. In April, 1774, Mr. Simpson preached from John vi, 44: 'No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.' Before he had finished I felt myself indeed a lost, perishing, undone sinner; a rebel against repeated convictions and drawings; a rebel

against light and knowledge; a condemned criminal by the law of God, and one who deserved to be sentenced to eternal pain! I felt I had broken my baptismal vow, my confirmation vow, my sacramental vows; and had no title to claim any mercy, any hope, any plea! I wept aloud, so that all around me were amazed; nor was I any longer ashamed to own the cause. I went home, ran up stairs, and fell on my knees, and made a solemn vow to renounce and forsake all my sinful pleasures and trifling companions.

"I slept none that night, but arose early next morning, and, without telling my mother, took all my finery, high-dressed caps, etc., and ripped them all up, so that I could wear them no more; then cut my hair short, that it might not be in my own power to have it dressed, and in the most solemn manner vowed never to dance again! I could do nothing now but bewail my own sinfulness, and cry for mercy. I could not eat or sleep or take any comfort. The curses throughout the whole Bible seemed pointed all at me, and I could not claim a single promise. I saw my whole life had been nothing but sin and rebellion against my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and I feared it was now too late to seek mercy."

Her most terrible struggle, just before her glorious conversion, she describes thus:

"One morning, after I had been seeking for some time, I arose at four o'clock, that I might

wrestle with the Lord. I prayed, but it seemed in vain. I walked to and fro, groaning for mercy; then fell again on my knees; but the heavens appeared as brass, and hope seemed almost sunk into despair, when suddenly the Lord spoke these words to my heart, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I revived and cried: 'Lord, I know this is thy word, and I can depend on it. But what is faith? O show me how to believe; show me what is the Gospel faith, or I am yet undone. I desire not deliverance except in thy own way; I desire no happiness but thy favor. What shall I do? O teach me, O help me, or I am lost!' That word came with divine evidence and sweetness to my heart: 'Cast all thy care upon him, for he careth for thee.' I said: 'Lord, dost thou care for me? and is this faith, to cast all my care, even all my sins—for I have no other care—upon thee? May I, even I, be saved, if I only cast my soul on Jesus? My burden of sin, my load of guilt, my every crime? And may I become his child this moment? O, it is too great—it can not, surely it can not be!' (O, what a struggle had Satan and unbelief with my helpless, sinful soul!) But the Lord replied: 'Fear not, only believe!' Satan suggested: 'Take care! Suppose Jesus Christ should fail thee; suppose he is not God! What if he was an impostor, as the Jews believe.' O, the agony that my soul felt at that moment! But I cried: 'If this be so, I am

undone without remedy! None but such a Savior as Jesus declares himself to be—God as well as man—can save my guilty, polluted soul. The blood of *God-man* alone can atone for me! His power alone can change my rebel heart; my disease is too deep for any other; I can only perish, nothing can be worse; so there is no hazard. If he is God, he is able, and he will save me according to his promise, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If he is God, he must be truth, and can not deceive me. And if not, a holy God will be a consuming fire to the sinner! And there is no Savior, nor way of salvation; I must endure the desert of my sins; I must endure everlasting burnings; and therefore, here I will lie and perish at his feet!' Again it came: 'Only believe.' 'Lord Jesus,' said I, 'I will, I do believe; I now venture my whole salvation upon thee as God! I put my guilty soul into thy hands; thy blood is sufficient! I cast my soul upon thee for time and eternity.'

"Then did he appear, to my salvation. In that moment my fetters were broken; my bands were loosed, and my soul set at liberty. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Now, if I had possessed ten thousand souls I could have ventured them all with my Jesus. I would have given them all to him. I felt a thousand promises all my own; more than a thousand Scriptures to confirm my evi-

dence. 'I could now call Jesus *Lord*, by the Holy Ghost, and the Father, *my* Father. I longed to depart and to be with Jesus. I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world! I could do nothing but love and praise my God; and could not refrain from continually repeating: 'Thou art *my Father!* O God, thou art *my* God!' This love of my God and Savior, so unmerited and free, overflowed my soul."

Such was the first religious experience of Hester Ann Rogers, who afterwards became a shining light, and lived one of the holiest lives history tells of. It demonstrates, in the most striking manner—first, that we can not serve two masters; second, that worldly-mindedness is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord; and, third, that the grace of God is sufficient and able to destroy all desires for worldly pleasures within us, and to fill us with heavenly peace and joy unspeakable.

FOURTH TREASURE.

DIVINE HEALING.

"The great physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
O, hear the voice of Jesus!"

AND the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he hath committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

—JAMES v, 15.

IF thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.—MARK ix, 23.

WHO forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.—PSA. ciii, 3.

DIVINE HEALING.

How I Was Healed.

"That they may know that this is thy hand; that thou, Lord, hast done it."—Psalm cix, 27.

In compliance with your recent request for an account of my healing, and a statement respecting my previous "religious experience, sickness, and preparation of heart for the healing of body," for publication in your book, I humbly and gratefully add my testimony to the love, wisdom and healing power of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The story of my early training is simple as it is brief. Being blessed with Christian parents, I had every advantage in the way of learning to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. A dear mother, whose earnest desire and greatest joy were to know that her children "walked in truth," early taught us the way of salvation, and thus prepared the way for our acceptance of Jesus as our Savior and Master. In 1876 when I was just thirteen years

of age, and when a blessed season of revival was in progress in our Churches in Martintown, I was led to see the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" in my heart, and to look for a way of escape from the displeasure of God and the burden of my sin, and immediately I found answer to my heart's longings in the words of Jesus, "Come unto me!" So, without delay, I simply and confidently came to him and gave him my heart for cleansing and safe-keeping, and at once realized the full satisfaction and "joy of believing" in the Lord Jesus.

Since this period my chief desire has been to win my companions and friends over to "the Lord's side;" and in this the Lord has been pleased to use me in some measure. In passing, I must say, also, that ever since my conversion I have been a happy little follower of Christ, finding him always worthy of fullest confidence and happiest trust. Whenever I would wander from his side or misstep in my Christian course, he would willingly raise me up again and restore me to my former place in his love and confidence.

I remember praying often and earnestly for an excellent education, that he might send me some time out to India to tell the "glad tidings of salvation" to the Hindoo children there; but after I was fifteen years old, he adopted a very different method of educating and training me for his work from what I had expected. A painful and wearisome path it was by which he led me—through the

furnace of affliction "many times heated"—but I could, in the midst of it say gladly, "Thou art with me;" for, thanks to his boundless grace, he never let me miss the bright "light of his countenance" toward me.

This affliction commenced in this way: On the 2d of April, 1879, after coming home from school (which was two miles from Mount Joy), a severe pain and great weakness came into my back very suddenly, and I was instantly laid aside from all duties and studies. The pains in my head and spine were intense and constant; but I was then able to stand alone, and walk, though very slowly and painfully, through some rooms every day, until November 1st of the same year, when I became worse, and was unable to stand at all alone, and the light of day or lamp intensified the pain in my head tenfold. After December 1st I was totally helpless, with the exception of being able to move my hands a little.

The consultation of doctors was held on December 26, 1879. On experimenting they found that the lower half of my body was paralyzed, and the remainder partially so, following, or caused by, acute spinal disease, or as it is technically termed, hyperæmia. The pain in my head was most excruciating and constant, and the light acted very peuliarly on every fiber, nerve, and muscle of my body. The reason of this was, that the nerves of the eye were paralyzed, so that it was impossible

for the pupils to contract on the approach of the light; and thus its full glare entered and preyed upon the sensitive head already agonized with pain. These physicians agreed in saying that I should live but a very few weeks at the longest, but would probably die at any moment.

To me the prospect of death was a most delightful one. To be free from all pain; to be at home with Jesus, to see the lovely face of my Redeemer and worship him with purified heart and enlightened understanding,—these were the crown of my bliss. Of course, I sympathized with the sorrow of those dear ones who would be left behind, and very ardently did I wish to glorify him every moment of time I remained on the earth. Very earnestly did I desire to win many souls for his dear kingdom before I went hence, and also I wished to tarry here long enough to help many fellow-Christians to cast all their "care upon him," that they might go on their heavenward way unimpeded, and "without carefulness" concerning the things of this world. And that this end might be better effected, I prayed that my reason—every mental and spiritual faculty—might be preserved entire. This prayer was answered, although the doctors had positively asserted that if I lived many days, insanity would result from such suffering as I momentarily endured. Concerning the life of the soul during the years of my affliction, "perfect peace" and deep, true joy ever prevailed.

Then I learned to know the great heart of God! I knew a little of it before; but now I was more alone with Jesus, and could learn all the better. Ages could not afford me time enough, nor language words enough, in which and wherewith I might praise him sufficiently for all he has been *to* me and done *for* me during these days and months and years of sore chastening upon my bed. Every moment of the time, even when in the extreme of suffering, I found dear and unfailing comfort in the presence and help of the Holy Spirit. When my helpless body was racked with exquisite suffering, his "everlasting arms" were indeed "underneath" and around me, and while he held and kept me in his strong tender embrace, I did not doubt his love or wisdom in thus afflicting his child; but I realized that this was his effectual plan of revealing himself to me, of letting me see some of his ways with the children of men, and of causing me to see "wondrous things out of his law." His Word, indeed, became precious unto me, in these years of trial. And of his blessed and gracious promises I must here say, "they have been 'true and righteous.'" "Not one thing hath failed thereof." Deut. xxiii, 13. He thus took me away from all other teachers that I might learn only of him, and "who teacheth, like him?" Job xxxvi, 22. Now I must "forget not all his benefits," but mention that the following two or three precious powers he left with me, to use in his dear service! I was able (nearly

always) to read a few verses each day; I sometimes read a great deal, having had a convenient book-desk invented, which, fitting over my body, held the book before me. Another thing, I was able (nearly always) to listen to talking without much consequent pain; and in the same way I was permitted to speak. Also, during the first two years, when in a highly nervous condition, I was able to write just lying on one side, and using the muscles of my hand from the wrist joint. In this position (for I never could sit up) I wrote between two and three hundred letters. All of these powers were to me inestimable privileges, and I have trusted, and am still trusting Him, for results of good, from his use of my lips and pen.

One thing that during the years of my illness I sometimes wondered at was, that the Lord never gave me the slighest intimation concerning my future—whether I must lie thus for many years, or shortly be taken home; whether he would ever make me well and able to work actively in his vineyard, or not. Of course, humanly speaking, there was no possibility of a cure, or even of an alleviation of pain, being effected; but many times I thought that perhaps he would yet raise me up to more active service for him, surmising that heaven was not the only thing that he was preparing me for, in thus teaching me so emphatically and experimentally out of his Word and by his Holy Spirit. In some newspapers I had read a few

articles respecting "Faith-cures," so-called, and naturally the thought arose, "Perhaps he will cure me in this wonderful way," and directly I would ask him about it, and wait to hear what his Spirit would tell me about it, and then go to the Bible, to see his will concerning the matter. Each time I asked him about it his answer came directly out of his Word, always bidding me wait awhile, and invariably a precious, comforting promise would accompany his answer. About every thing else nearly that I required he would give abundant knowledge; about this one thing he just gave me enough to satisfy my present need, and I ofttimes wondered why his Word seemed partially hidden from me on this subject. (Now, however, his loving object in so doing is quite obvious to me). What he did tell me at such times was, in substance, that I was doing his work on my bed, and that this was his will concerning me for the present—for a "little while." He had more to teach me, and desired my life and lips to praise him every moment. I was perfectly willing to await his time for further revelation. Then his will had become mine, and it was with a heart full of gratitude and steady, springing joy that I waited, trusting gladly his love and wisdom in all his wonderful dealings with me. I shall say nothing more about the illness itself. Let it suffice, when I say that for exactly three years I was in this helpless, suffering condition—years fraught with deep, true

pleasure and profit to me; years, in each day of which I held communion with the Father and Son through the Spirit.

Now to proceed to give an account of the "preparation of heart for the healing of the body," as you aptly put it, and I shall tell just so much as my memory now retains of what I deem the most essential.

On the 14th of September, 1882, our gracious Lord showed me in a delightfully clear way, that he would some time "restore health" unto me. For two days previous to this last date, my suffering was more intense and weakness greater than usual; and very strangely my imagination was then carrying me away to distant cities and towns, incessantly, to where beloved friends were laboring for the Master in their several fields. Now I would be in Owen Sound, assisting my dear brother in his pastoral work and Sabbath-school; anon in Toronto, visiting hospitals, and helping a dear friend with her work among the women in the reformatories, etc. Again another rapid thought would convey me to Montreal or Kingston, Scotland, France, India, the United States, and dozens of other places—always actively assisting, in their different provinces of Christian work, those dear ones for whom, and for whose work, I had long been wrestling in prayer. Very useless and very pointless all these strange fancies seemed to me. Several times I endeavored to banish them, but they

persisted in remaining. That they were not produced by any previous rebellious thoughts, I was sure. On the contrary, I was conscious that He was even then directing my thoughts as well as my words and actions, for I had intrusted him to do this for me. Nevertheless, two or three times, I handed them all over to him to take away, or, if he had some special end in view, unknown to me, to put them back again; and since they returned each time I ceased all effort to substitute other thoughts. On the second day, while suffering keenly, I felt impelled to take up my Bible, being assured that he had some specially good thing to tell me. As I feebly drew the precious volume towards me the thought came brightly, "Perhaps he will now explain the purpose of these late desultory and curious fancies," and then I just asked him to open the leaves and direct my eye to his particular passage.

Jeremiah xxx opened before me; but it was only to a few lines here and there in it that my eye was directed, which were these: "Fear thou not, O my servant." It was so nice thus again to be called his "servant," and the "Fear thou not" was beautifully supplemented by the next words: "For I am with thee, saith the Lord." How I rested in that assertion of my Lord's! Next came this: "Thus saith the Lord, thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous; there is none to plead thy cause that thou mayst be bound up; thou hast no healing medicines." Verses 12, 13. I knew that

He was then speaking literally to me, and I, therefore, just looked up to him, saying: "I know, dear Lord, all that thou sayest is true: yet thou hast *all* power over disease, and, therefore, over mine; and now I wait to see what next thou wilt say to me. I am in thy hands, willing to be taught of thee, glad to be whatever and wherever thou wilt have me to be, if only I may be used to glorify thy name on the earth." Then the words of the seventeenth verse shone out distinctly before my eye: "I will restore health unto thee, and will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord!" I was certain he wished me to take this also literally, and very happy was I about it. It was all so new and wonderful, that I should be well, able to stand and walk, and that without any pain. To me it did not matter when this healing would occur. I should not be surprised if it came at any moment, or I should wait for it for years, if he so ordered my life. So I immediately thanked him for the healing, just as if the cure had already been effected, so sure was I of the truth and stability of his Word; and also asked him to give me a little additional information regarding this wondrous matter out of his Word. Immediately the leaves of my Bible fell over, and opened at 2 Thess. i, 11, 12. There I found all that my heart had desired: 1. That this was his "calling;" 2. To be assured that this would not be given because of any impatience of mine, but it was according to the "good pleasure of his goodness;" 3. That the heal-

ing would not be by the instrumentality of medical or surgical operations, but as to his method, "a work of faith with power;" and 4. That as a result, his name might be "glorified!" How thankful was I to have all this so clearly and satisfactorily revealed to me! And I had nothing to do but thank him for his goodness in promising such a blessing as health, and pray that he would continue to me all of his former kindness, and make me a blessing to all with whom he would bring me in contact. After a time the thought came into my mind, "Does he wish me to write to any of those whose faith has been honored in the healing of the sick?" His answer came promptly in the negative, so I simply told him that I would wait, and obey his voice as it would come to me. I immediately commenced to tell my friends and correspondents what the Lord was going to do for me, and asked them all to pray for my complete restoration, since the Lord had promised it. I must say, as one of ancient time did, "Many believed, but some doubted." After this, the pains grew worse, if possible; at last all the old and most painful sensations returned in a body, and continued so until the moment in which I was healed; and I was very much weaker, too. But this fact did not lessen my faith in God's word, or my confident expectation of his glorious power being exercised, and that at a not far distant period; for, day by day, I felt that a crisis was approaching. One thing which was a delight to me

as well as a much-needed instruction, was that he now began to teach me much more out of his Word about the matter of healing the sick by "the word of his power." What before seemed hidden from me was now clearly revealed. Day by day new facts, new truths, and new lessons were given by the Spirit, and gladly accepted; and when Miss Carrie Judd's little book, "The Prayer of Faith," was sent to me, and read, the knowledge of her cure caused me to feel not quite so much alone in this manner of healing.

On the 20th of October, 1882, the Lord counseled me to write to Dr. Cullis, Miss Judd, and Mrs. Mix, to ask them also to unite their prayers with those of many other dear friends for my recovery to health. The replies to the two former came in a week's time, Dr. Cullis merely stating that on Tuesday, October 31st, 3 P. M. he would remember me in prayer; Miss Judd also stating, in her brief reply, that my case would be brought in faith to the Great Physician on November 2d, at 8 P. M., also asking us to join them at the throne of grace at the same hour. Several dear friends were notified of these special hours set apart for prayer. At three o'clock, October 31, 1882, all the loved ones who were at home went to their several rooms to pray. My dear mother was the only one who came into my room to be with me; she knelt beside me and prayed silently. Very quietly and quickly the moments fled. Very hap-

pily and trustfully did I wait on the Lord then. I was scarcely praying; certainly I asked him for a gracious outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon us all, but as for asking him for health, I did not need to do so. He had already promised it and I was waiting for it. I did not know that it would come on that day, but I knew that on that day he would give me some new and special word relating to it, and so was joyously waiting for his voice. Nor did he leave my soul desolate in that memorable hour; many of those promises, which had been strength and life to my heart in days of trial ever since I had been confined to my bed, were slowly and beautifully spoken to my soul then by the Holy Spirit. Precious, encouraging promises; loving "words of Jesus!" Verily I lacked "no good thing!" Those passages that seem most necessary I shall mention here. At half-past three dear mother looked up to me, inquiring how I felt then. I replied that I did not feel any better, that the pains in head and spine, joints and muscles, had never been more excruciating than in that hour. Then she asked, "And what are you going to do, Maggie, dear?" "I am not going to do any thing," I answered. "He did not tell me to do any thing, and I am just waiting for his voice." Then I repeated my last promise to her: "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry!" Hab. ii, 3. She was satisfied then, and said that she, too, could wait for it. A minute

passed and I again whispered to her my next message from the Lord: "Watch with me one hour!" There was so much that was good in that. It was not only a waiting for him, but a waiting and watching *with* him—with the Lord Jesus himself! When she heard it she looked up again, smiling, as she told me she, too, had just caught a glimpse of the three slumbering disciples, and of Jesus bending over them saying sadly, "Could'st thou not watch with me one hour?" It was a sweet coincidence; and the dear mother bent her head in renewed prayer. About twenty minutes later this sentence came brightly into my heart: "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!" Zech. ix, 9. And this also, emphatically: "Be strong and of good courage and do it; fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee. He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord!" This verse—1 Chron. xxviii, 20—contains so much that was valuable to me then! For one thing the King was coming to me; then, he would have me "do" something which would require strength, courage, and fearlessness; but just there were the unfailing promises of his dear presence and his divine help, "until all my work for him on earth would be finished!" Could any thing be more complete than these gracious words, linked together so beautifully? Immediately after having comprehended entirely, this command

came to me strongly, most impressively, and with encouraging gladness in his tone: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Again, "Behold the Bridegroom!" "Go ye out to meet him!" Instantly I knew that this was the word that he had kept me waiting for; and instantly I was assured that, with the command, would come also the power to obey it. So, without delay, looking up to him for the necessary strength, I made a slight, feeble effort to remove the covering, and just enough strength came to do that. Then I looked to him for more, in order to move my feet a little, and that also was given; but even then I did not feel any better or stronger, and the pain was not abated at all. But I continued to trust him for the power essential to fulfill his own command. Lifting my heart to him for more strength to make the effort to sit up, I made a slight effort to raise my head off the pillow, and at once I felt myself raised slowly up to a sitting posture, by a power entirely outside of self. I felt no sensible impression upon me, nor any peculiar sensation whatever. The pain had not left me then; but I did n't wait to think of that, I was too eager to go on to obey the entire command, to go out to meet the Bridegroom; and again I looked up to him to make me stand on my feet. As at first, as my first tiny effort was put forth to rise, I was borne up steadily and quietly until I stood on my feet, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." My first delightful feeling was that of

having indeed met the Bridegroom, and of being held in his strong, loving embrace. Then I thought of how good and wonderful it all was. I was standing! And about the pains—all were gone! They had been mysteriously removed while I was in the act of rising. I felt no weakness, I was healed perfectly, and the Lord himself had done it! My dear mother, at my first motion, moved back aghast and awed; now she gazed at me speechless and wonderingly. But before I was standing a minute she comprehended it all, and sprang quickly to my side, crying "Praise the Lord! he has healed my child." Then she called all the dear ones into my room that they might see what "great things the Lord had done for us," and that we might praise him together for it. So before I had taken one step, we all knelt down and thanked him for this great manifestation of his love and power; and anew, I consecrated my healed body and all its faculties and members to him, to be used mightily in his blessed service forever. Again I looked to him to supply the strength to arise to my feet, and it came immediately; I arose and in his strength began to walk out to the next room, at the further end of which my dear father was. I walked without pain or difficulty out into the light. How well I remember the eager joy that came into my dear sister's face as she hastened to the window to roll up the thick, dark blind as high as she could reach! It was glorious to behold the light of day once

more; every thing looked beautiful, and the light did not even dazzle my eyes! Again we knelt to bless him for the new health he had just bestowed on me, and a comfortable chair was brought to me in which I sat for an hour, and then did not feel wearied at all. While there, we could fairly see the new warm blood coursing through my hands, which for so long before were icy cold—and as the pink-tinted, healthy-looking color remained on every part of my body, it reminded us of a fulfilled promise. Job. xxxiii, 25, 26. With joyful, grateful hearts we sang the one hundred and third Psalm and many other hymns, which helped us to express our thankfulness to our dear Lord. I had tea with the family that evening, and I took my own food and even raised the cup to my lips without any weakness or other difficulty. Afterwards, as twenty or thirty thankful neighbors had hastily assembled, we had a most delightful praise-meeting for some four hours. The joy of the Holy Spirit was manifestly felt by all. I had a most refreshing sleep that night, and next morning I arose again in the Lord's strength, and dressed myself without assistance. In the afternoon I walked up stairs, with a little assistance. Two days later I had my first carriage drive—it was most enjoyable. Ever since that time I have been getting stronger. I write, talk, and drive a great deal; am kept exceedingly busy with these things, yet nothing causes languor or weariness. I have to comply with but one condition; that is, being careful

not to endeavor to do any thing that is unnecessary. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. xv, 57, 58.

I am yours in Jesus' love,

MAGGIE H. SCOTT.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

August 3, 1883.

Nearly six months have elapsed since the foregoing was written, and I desire to add a few words testifying to the rapid recovery of strength which, day by day, our dear Lord is bestowing upon me with his other countless gifts—strength which has been adequate to the unusual amount of writing, traveling, and speaking, which has been my work since my restoration.

Also in this appendage I wish to say, in case any dear Christian brother or sister who reads this letter should marvel because I have accepted these Scriptures in regard to myself, which originally had no bearing on such subjects, please understand, when I affirm that the Holy Spirit used these, his own words, to express his then present thought concerning me, *to me*, for that special time when I was in need of heavenly counsel, and when he could no longer speak to me through the medium of man, or more *natural* agencies.

The Word of God is simple and clear to me, and I take him at his word; nevertheless, I know that he can afford to use extraordinary means in the teaching of his dear children.

Lastly, may I ask every reader to pray for me, that I may be a "vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work;" emptied of self, that he may always fill me to overflowing with his Spirit, so that he alone may be magnified, and sinners brought in humility to his feet to acknowledge him as their Savior, and there to learn of him who is our example in all things. May the God of love, and peace, be with you, every one.

Yours in Him, M. H. S.

The Prayer of Faith.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. xxi, 16.

At this time, when the minds of Christians are being much exercised over James v, 14, 15, and other passages in God's Word bearing on the same subject, and when we hear it constantly asked, "Who are the elders?" "Is sickness sent by the Lord?" and much that is contradictory, strange, and mystifying is being preached and taught, it seems to me that the following little instance of the kind of true, simple, unquestioning faith, such as our God delights to honor, should be recorded.

The parents of three little children, the eldest of whom is not yet four years old, have anxiously thought and prayed over the question as to how soon, and how much, to teach the little minds intrusted to them about heavenly and unseen things. They decided to tell them only by degrees what they could clearly understand, praying that spiritual things might always be a great reality to their little hearts.

A few weeks ago the mother was taken seriously ill. The little ones came down-stairs (as usual) before breakfast. One morning little Magdalen, the eldest, stopped short in the midst of her play, and came to her father with an earnest look on her merry little face. "Father," she said, "don't you think the Lord Jesus would make mother well if we were all to ask him together?" "Yes, darling," the father answered, "I am sure he would." She ran to the others in great delight. "Come along, Muriel; come along, Cyril; we are all going to ask the Lord Jesus to make mother well!" She made them both kneel down with her, and the father put up a simple prayer for what they wanted, the three little voices all joining in, and repeating each sentence after him; even the baby boy earnestly doing his best. Then as they rose, little Magdalen said with a joyous smile, "There, dad! now we shall soon have mother down to prayers again."

From that very day the mother's dangerous ill-

ness was suddenly arrested. Each morning, entirely of their own accord, the three little ones came to their father to ask the Lord Jesus again, Magdalen remarking confidently, "And he'll do it, dad." On the third day they heard that their mother was nearly well, and coming down stairs. "O, then," suggested Magdalen, "we had better ask the Lord Jesus never to let mother be ill again at all any more; and don't you think he'd like his little bodies to thank him?"

When they came to the drawing-room that evening, and found their mother down, their joy was great. "And, you know, my own mother," said little Magdalen, eagerly, "we asked him three times with father, and lots and lots of time alone." And little Muriel said, "*I* asked him, too." And the baby boy looked up solemnly, and just said, "Lord Jesus."

Is not this a "prayer of faith," such as brings down an immediate answer from the throne of God, and bears glorious testimony to the teaching power of the Holy Spirit? Yours, faithfully,

THE MOTHER.

Rev. Inskip's Faith-Cure.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—James v, 15.

Ocean Grove, May 27, 1879.

Dr. C. Cullis,—*Dear Brother:* I am glad of the opportunity to furnish you and the public, over my own signature, the following facts, to be used as you may deem best for the glory of God. Prior to the time referred to, my mind had been strongly prejudiced against certain views of the question of healing in answer to prayer, which had been avowed by some excellent and wise brethren of my acquaintance. The facts they asserted I could not dispute; yet, for what reason I can not say, I was unfavorably impressed in regard to the general subject, and up to the time of the occurrences of which I now speak, I was not a little troubled in regard to the effect likely to be produced by the prominence given to this question. In company with Rev. W. Macdonald, in the Winter of 1871, I was engaged in special religious services in the Bromfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Boston. Prior to this meeting, in consequence of the lingering effects of a sunstroke at Urbana, Ohio, I had suspended all ministerial labor, and for several weeks had been resting, hoping to regain my usual strength. Contrary to the advice of my physicians and friends, I accepted, with Brother Macdonald, the invitation to hold the meeting referred to.

The meeting had been in progress some days, when the difficulty in my head returned with great force. The unfavorable reaction occurred in the pulpit, and for the moment the impression came upon me that my work was done. My sensations at the time were such as I had never known before. It seemed to me I must fall upon the pulpit floor. Yet I had the presence of mind to resist the singular influence, and did so, and rallied. Brother Macdonald noticed the difficulty, and advised an immediate abandonment of all attempt to do any further work for the present. Various plans were suggested, and were under prayerful consideration throughout the ensuing day.

An engagement to take tea with you brought us to your house that evening. After tea you spoke more directly of my illness and disability, and asked me the question, "Why do n't you get cured?" My response was, "I am doing all that I can to that end." You added, "Why do n't you get the people to help you, and pray for you?" I answered, "There are thousands of God's chosen ones, who are praying for me." You then said, "Yes, but they ought to pray in faith; and if they do, you will be healed." You had the Bible in your hand, and read the celebrated passage from St. James: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick,"

etc. You laid great emphasis on the words "*shall save the sick.*" I responded that we need not understand this to mean that the sick would be *restored*, urging that they might be *saved*, though not healed. Your reply was, "Very good, but what does this mean: '*And the Lord shall raise him up?*'" For the moment this sentence in the passage had entirely gone out of my memory, and I asked if you were using an ordinary or an interpolated copy of the Scriptures. You assured me that it was the ordinary version, and handing it to me, remarked, "You can read it for yourself." I read it with adoring confidence and joy, and repeated the sentence, "*The Lord shall raise him up!*"

You then asked me, "Do you believe this?" I answered, "I do with all my heart." The solemnity of the moment was truly wonderful. You proposed we should pray; and we all knelt and called upon the Lord to help. During this season of prayer, there arose in my own thoughts several test questions. Among them I call to mind the following: *First.* "Will you acknowledge this healing to be of God?" The prompt response was, "I will." *Secondly.* "Will you, if restored, devote all your energies to the work of an evangelist?" The answer was at once given, "I will." *Thirdly.* "Will you make a prudent use of your time and strength, and not needlessly waste your energies?" The same reply was made. By this time you had come to the point in your prayer, in which you said some-

thing like this: "O Lord, here is thy servant, in great bodily ailment, in consequence of which he is unable to do the work to which thou hast called him." Then turning toward me, and after you had put your fingers in the oil on the table, you laid your hand upon my head, and said, "Let thy servant be healed in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." There seemed to come down upon all an awful sense of the presence and power of God. The sensation I experienced was simply wonderful. As we arose, you asked me how I felt; and I said in reply, "I have either been healed or converted over again, glory be to God." Brother Macdonald and I went to meeting, and I conducted the services without the least embarrassment.

Frequently during that night Brother Macdonald asked the question, "How do you feel now?" and I answered, "Glory to God, I am healed or converted over again!" So on it continued all through the Sabbath. I spoke of the matter in the public congregation, and narrated the occurrence in the Boston Preachers' Meeting on Monday. I was perfectly healed, and went through a most exhaustive week's service, with as much ease as I had ever known or experienced in all my life. The difficulty in my head entirely disappeared, and has never since returned, except in some instances, when I have lost sight of the tests to which I have alluded. I am fully assured that I was healed in

answer to prayer, and have frequently so stated to my friends and the public.

I make this open statement because of your kind request to furnish you an account of the matter. Eight years have elapsed since this occurrence, and the Lord has enabled me to do as much work as a *well* man could be expected to do. Sometimes I have feared that it was a mistake for me to allow myself to be burdened with the duties of agent and editor, in addition to those of an evangelist. Nevertheless, grace has been given me to perform this extra service. But that my present position gave me opportunities for a wider range of evangelistic service than I otherwise could have, frequently I would have been led to yield it to any who might be ready to take it. The Lord is graciously helping me to do my duty, and meet all the responsibilities of my position. I was never in better condition for work; and with God's blessing, before I go hence I hope to have some good chance to do a little more in the Lord's vineyard. I am glad of this chance to take rank with the fanatics who believe in God's method of curing people, and who think that the Scriptures mean just what they say, in declaring that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up." Yours, fraternally,

J. S. INSKIP.

His Servant Restored.

"Wondrous are the ways of the Lord; he showeth mercy to them that fear him."

The annual conference session was rapidly nearing, but my year's work was not quite done. A few more pastoral visits had to be made, and a few more donations for the missionary and other causes collected. But under circumstances favorable for another attack of dysentery, the symptoms of this disease set in while attending to the above duties. It was Friday night when the last visit was made. Saturday was to afford rest and preparation for the Sabbath. But Sabbath found the writer in his sick-bed. Local brethren filled his appointments. Sunday night the disease seemed to take him "by storm." The physician of the place was quickly called, prescriptions made, the medicine administered, and results looked for. But there were thoughts and feelings and purposes within. If the Lord spare the life, he would serve him without fear of man, and "counting all but dross." While the writer thus purposed, the divine blessing rested upon him. His soul rejoiced in the divine favor, and at the same time it seemed to him as if *an invisible hand* was upon him, healing him from the disease. And thus it was; for on the third day, after life seemed to be leaving him, he was able to rise from his sick-bed, though still very feeble, and at midnight he ventured (against the advice of all

about him) to take the train for the seat of the conference session, at which he arrived about ten o'clock in the forenoon. Gaining daily in strength, he commenced another conference year's work, and is still continuing in the work (in his twenty-sixth year in the ministry), and for several years since the above help was afforded him. Wondrous are the ways of the Lord. He showeth mercy to them that fear him. Praise his holy name!

REV. P. W.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

"Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."—St. MARK x, 52.

ON the 6th of January, 1877, after a gradual decline in health, I was prostrated with an attack of fever, proceeding from my spine, the result, probably, of a severe fall on a stone sidewalk several months before. The fever was soon subdued; but my disease grew into settled spinal difficulty, and from the inflammation of the spinal nerves proceeded a most distressing hyper-acuteness, called hyperæsthesia. This extended to all my large joints; and my hips, knees, and ankles could not be touched, even by myself, on account of their sensitiveness. The disease increased until the nerves in the joints were so unnaturally alive that it was as if they had been laid bare, and it seemed to me as though nothing less than spasms would be

the immediate result were they touched. The vibrating of these sensitive nerves, occasioned by the tiniest jar or noise in the room, was something indescribably dreadful.

For all but the first two months of my illness, extreme helplessness, as well as suffering, made my lot almost unendurable. For more than two years, turning over alone or moving myself a particle in bed was simply an impossibility. Every move was made for me with the greatest care. I suffered intensely with my head; the violent, tearing pain, the terrible sense of weight, and the extreme sensitiveness made a soft, small pillow feel like a block of stone, the pressure of which was crushing my brain to atoms. Much of the time we were obliged to exclude from the room all excepting those who had the care of me.

For eleven months I could not sit up at all, but in the Spring of 1878 improved slowly, and could be lifted into a chair for a little while each day. I was more comfortable until July; but I could not by my greatest exertions get able to help myself at all. The only way in which I could be moved from the bed to the chair, was by being lifted under my arms, as I could endure no pressure on my spine.

The very warm weather at that time, and my making attempts to help myself when in such a weak condition, caused a sudden and violent relapse, and, in spite of every thing that could be

done for me, I continued to fail. I rallied a little in the Autumn, but only temporarily.

In January, 1879, my mother's mother, who had lived with us for years, and who was very dear to me, died at our house after a short illness. I was so low at the time that there could be no public notice of her death, and only a few intimate friends were admitted into our silent house.

By the middle of February my weakness was so great that most of the time I could scarcely speak in a whisper, and sometimes could only move my lips. Often the exertion of whispering one word would cause the perspiration to start profusely; and I would lie for hours needing something rather than ask for it. I could take no solid food whatever, and it exhausted me greatly to swallow even liquid food.

My disease had grown into blood consumption. I was emaciated to a shadow, and my largest veins looked like mere threads. Nothing could keep me warm, and the chill of death seemed upon me. A great part of the time I lay gasping faintly for breath, and I suffered excruciatingly. Even the weight of my arms and limbs seemed to be almost unendurable, and this terrible strain was constant. My pulse could scarcely be found, and I was not expected to live from one day to the next. Every thing that the most skillful physicians could do for me had been done; only the "Great Physician" could restore me by his almighty power.

I have no doubt that it was ordered by Providence that, just at this time, there should appear in the daily paper a short account of the wonderful cures performed in answer to the prayers of Mrs. Edward Mix, a colored lady, of Wolcottville, Connecticut. The article represented her as an earnest, humble Christian, who simply professed to be doing God's work. She had herself been cured, after years of ill-health, by the prayers and laying on of hands of a Rev. Mr. Allen, of Springfield. Mother mentioned these facts to me, and the more I thought on the subject, the more I felt that a letter must be written her in regard to my own case. I had often heard of faith-cures before this, and there had been read to me some portions of W. W. Patton's book, "Remarkable Answers to Prayer;" but, although not discrediting them, none had ever produced so great an impression on my mind as this short account of Mrs. Mix. I waited a few hours, then requested my sister to write her that I believed her great faith might avail for me, if she would pray for my recovery, even if she were not present to lay her hands upon me. On Tuesday, February 25th, her answer came as follows:

"WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN., February 24, 1879.

"MISS CARRY JUDD,—I received a line from your sister Eva, stating your case, your disease and your faith. I can encourage you, by the Word of God, that 'according to your faith' so be it unto you; and besides you have this promise, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' Whether the person is present or

absent, if it is a 'prayer of faith' it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins to forgive them. Now this promise is to you, as if you were the only person living. Now if you can claim that promise, I have not the least doubt but what you will be healed. You will first have to lay aside all medicine of every description. Use no remedies of any kind for any thing. Lay aside trusting in the 'arm of flesh,' and lean wholly upon God and his promises. When you receive this letter I want you to begin to pray for faith, and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer-meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer, between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then *act faith.* It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart, and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' Write soon. Yours in faith,

"MRS. EDWARD MIX."

Is it any wonder that in my utter weakness, my confirmed helplessness, and, above all, my lack of faith, that I was tempted to smile unbelievingly at the words "get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith?" My conscience reproved me for my unbelief, and I began to pray for an increase of faith. I left off all medicine at once, though I confess it was with a struggle, for I was very dependent upon it for *temporary* alleviation of my extreme suffering. At the hour appointed by Mrs. Mix, members of our own family also offered up prayer, though not in my room. Just before this, I seemed to have no power whatever to grasp the promise. Terrible darkness and powerful temptations from Satan rose to obscure even the little faith I had;

but suddenly my soul was filled with a childlike peace and confidence, different from any thing I had ever before experienced.

There was no excitement; but, without the least fear or hesitation, I turned over and raised up alone, for the first time in over two years. My nurse, Mrs. H—, who had taken care of me for nearly a year, was greatly affected, and began praising God for his wonderful power and mercy.

Directly after, with a little support from my nurse, I walked a few steps to my chair. During that same hour a decided change was perceptible in my color, circulation, and pulse, and I could talk aloud with ease. Referring to my diary, which was kept by Mrs. H—, I find, under February 27th, which was the day after my restoration: "Carrie moved herself in bed several times during the night. This afternoon she walked from her chair to the bed, a distance of about eight feet, by taking hold of my arms. The Lord strengthens her every hour, both physically and in faith. Blessed be his holy name!"

Then, again, under February 28th: "Carrie grows stronger, moves herself more easily, rests better nights, has a good appetite. I gave her a sponge-bath this afternoon, and I could not but notice the change in the color of her flesh; instead of the yellow, dead look, it is pink and full of life." Under March 1st: "This morning she drew on her

stockings." March 2d: "Her chest and lungs have been strong; she has talked aloud a great deal. Appetite good; color fresh and clear."

In about three weeks I could walk around the room without even having any one near me; in four weeks I walked down stairs with a little assistance; I walked very steadily from the first, and my joints, which had been so weakened by the hyperæsthesia, grew strong and firm at once. My muscles filled out very rapidly; but I suffered nothing from aching or lameness, even after I commenced going up and down stairs.

The first pleasant day in April I went out of doors and into a neighbor's. It seemed as though it was almost too much joy to comprehend, to really be out in the air and sunshine once more. I looked up at the windows of my room with a vague idea that there must be imprisoned there still, a prostrate, suffering creature, of whom I had once been a part, but now was freed from by some mysterious process. The thought of my long and terrible suffering, and of my sudden and joyful deliverance, almost overwhelms me now as I review it all so minutely.

I will mention here that it was especially noticeable during my healing, that whenever I made any extra exertion of my own, suddenly, and without the least apparent cause, my strength would fail me. It was soon revealed to me, that I was simply to look to the Lord for improvement; that as he had

begun the work, he would carry it on without any strivings on my part.

The more fully I cast myself upon him, the more I was supported, and often I felt borne up as if by some buoyancy in the air, while there was little or no effort of my own. Even more wonderful, and infinitely more precious, than being brought from death unto life, physically, is the renewed life which the soul experiences at the same time under the healing influence of the Holy Spirit. A deep, intense love for God is implanted in the heart, worldly desires and ambitions sink into nothingness, the one absorbing thought is to be conformed more and more to the image of Christ, and the forgiveness of sins promised with the healing in James v, 14, 15, is experienced as never before.

My gain in flesh and strength was rapid, and my friends say that I am now looking better than ever before. The trouble in my head, which was almost constant for a long time before my prostration, entirely disappeared when I was cured, and I can do a vast amount of studying and writing without even a slight headache. I can also take very long walks and enjoy them.

I wish to add that Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, Massachusetts, whose faith-works and faith-cures are so widely known, kindly added his prayers for my complete recovery.

All glory be to our merciful and loving Re-

deemer; and that I may ever abide in Him, and bring forth the "fruit of the Spirit," is the daily prayer of my life.

CARRIE F. JUDD.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—JAMES v, 15.

MR. JOSEPH C—, of Cleveland, for a number of years a worthy member of the Evangelical Association, now a member of the Free Methodist Church of that city, had a most remarkable experience, which is as well attested as any fact can be.

Brother C— is a butcher by trade, and his business frequently exposed him to inclement weather while attending the markets; and hence it was not strange, when in the month of November, 1878, he was severely attacked by that dreadful disease, inflammatory rheumatism.

It rapidly spread through his whole system, and produced such painful sensitiveness that he could not bear his bed-clothes or any thing else upon his body, and friendly hands had to handle him like a child. At last his physicians declared his case a hopeless one, because the disease had already implicated the heart; and Dr. B—, the physician-in-chief, left Brother C—'s house in the evening, expecting to find crape attached to the door on passing by next morning.

At about ten o'clock that evening, Brother C—

was led to think of the painful sufferings of pious Job, and how God commended him for piety and uprightness. He and Mrs. C— also referred to the case of the sick man who lay helpless at the pool of Bethesda until Christ came and healed him instantly. While thus meditating in a prayerful spirit, the question was inwardly presented: "If Christ would thus heal you, what would you do? Would you tell it?" He replied he would. Immediately he felt divine power working in his body, and joy springing up in his soul. Presently the following words from the one hundred and third Psalm came to him: "Who healeth all thy diseases;" to which he replied, "Glory!" Again the words came: "Who healeth all thy diseases;" and he answered, "Glory!" Now he appropriated the words in this wise: "Who healeth all *my* diseases;" and was *instantaneously healed*, arose, and walked and shouted, "Glory to God, he has healed my body!"

Mrs. C— joined her husband in praising God. After some hours of praising and glorifying, Brother C— lay down to rest until morning, when he arose, dressed and shaved himself, ate breakfast, and led in family worship, being entirely well.

Some time that morning, however, he was surrounded and assailed by the powers of darkness in a terrible manner, trying to rob him of this blessing. Through the influence of these assailments, some pain was caused in his limbs, though of a different kind. The inward conflict with Satan was

continued for a number of days, but the disease did not return.

When the physician passed that morning, he was surprised not to see the expected crape at the door, and upon entering the house was utterly astonished to find his patient healed from his disease. He declared that this must be a miracle. When he learned that Mr. C— was slightly affected by a different kind of pain, he advised him to take some medicine for that; but Mr. C— positively refused, preferring also to trust this part of the case to the Lord. Soon this pain also, together with the temptations mentioned, vanished. The doctor, who had expected the disease to return again, was still more nonplused when he saw the cure was complete and permanent. He was much interviewed by the medical fraternity, and upon giving to them simply the facts of the case, they agreed upon this one thing, "That this cure could not be explained upon scientific principles."

Now, after eight years have elapsed since the above occurrence, the writer of this statement (who has known Brother C— for many years as a man who fears God and tells the truth) sits down with Brother C—, who tells him he has never since had any rheumatism, and that his general health is very good, though he is naturally not of a very strong constitution, and still follows his occupation, which would seem to invite rheumatic afflictions.

"To God be all the glory."

REV. R. YEAKEL.

A Weary Sufferer Restored.

"All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free,
That all may be washed and forgiven,
And that Jesus can cleanse even me."

For the glory of God alone I write, I am glad to be able to add my testimony to that of many others regarding God's power to heal. Whosoever the Son makes *free, is free indeed.* Praise his name forever! He not only forgiveth all my iniquities, but healeth all my diseases. I was sick for a number of years in England. I did not know what it was to feel well two days together, and was always under the doctor's care. In the year 1883 I came to America. Before leaving England my doctor thought the change, with sea-air, would build me up and make me strong. Alas for human hopes! how soon they fall! I had been in Cleveland only two months, when my sickness took another form. I had an attack of hemorrhage, and in trying to stop this, the doctors found out I was suffering from cancer. I was in bed nearly all that Summer, the doctor coming to the house sometimes two or three times a day. There were two consultations held, and Dr. H—, a professor at the college in that city, said there must be an operation if any good was to be done. I am pleased to say this was not carried into effect. Matters continued this way for nearly a year, when friends advised me to try

another doctor. I had already had three besides my own; he treated me all the time. I tried a fifth one for a short time, when the Lord sent an evangelist to Cleveland (Mr. Waldron) who was preaching a full Gospel for soul and body. I was enabled to see that Jesus had borne my sickness on the cross. Matt. viii, 17.

If he had already suffered, why should I suffer again? We read, "*What things soever* ye desire when ye pray, *believe* that ye *receive* them, and ye *shall* have them." Did not I desire life and health? Yes; and I believed that I did receive when I asked for these things, and, praise the Lord, I was not disappointed, but received perfect health. I was stronger than I had been for fifteen years before.

At this time my little girl was two years old. She had been delicate from her birth, and when we crossed the ocean, some thought that she would die before we landed, but she was spared that God's name might be glorified through her. Doctors could never tell what was the matter with her. When she was two and one-half years old cancer showed itself (according to the doctor's statement I had this terrible disease three years before she was born). I gave her to the Lord, believing his promises for her the same as for myself, and she was made "every whit whole." Now I know the meaning of the word free, free from the power of the devil, free from both sickness and sin. *Sickness*

came through *sin; sin* came by the *devil;* JESUS came to *destroy* the *works* of the *devil.* Glory to his name! He has accomplished that which he came to do in some of his children. O, that all would give themselves to him entirely, that he might work in them to will and to do according to his own good pleasure!

MRS. S. B., in *Triumphs of Faith.*

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus."

IT is with praise and thanksgiving to the "Blessed Lord" that I add my testimony to "Christ's" power and willingness to heal all diseases. I suffered greatly for eight years from a febroid tumor. The physicians gave no hope for relief by the knife. My system became so reduced that nearly every vital organ was affected and weakened. Catarrh commenced in the upper lobe of each lung; the bronchial tubes were so affected that four years ago, in Germany, physicians said I would not live. I had sinking spells from weakness of heart; my system was drained by from two to three hemorrhages weekly; my skin became so sensitive (from general debility) that a small wrinkle in the sheet was as if I were lying on a large sharp substance. I took chloral to produce sleep; in a short time the largest doses produced

no effect. I could take a pint of whisky without feeling it, nor would it produce sleep.

During this time I faithfully tested all the different "cures" in Europe, and employed every allopathic physician of note that I heard of. In Luzerne, Switzerland, they decided I could not live over three or four months; then I sent for a celebrated Paris homœopathic physician. I improved under his treatment, so that I was enabled to get to Paris. Here he recommended the *rest-cure* as sure to cure me—as I had tried the Kissingen, Spa, and Baden water-baths, these several mineral-water cures not affording the slightest relief. I also tried the grape and goat's-milk cure with no effect. After this experience I was ready in my despair to do any thing. So I decided to accept this, and lay in bed in Paris eight months, going through this "cure." It took what remaining strength of muscle and nerve I had.

Then I was brought back to New York. Here I consulted several of our leading homœopathic physicians, and one of the leading allopathic physicians, a specialist for cases like mine. The verdict was the same, always the same, that I must bear living an invalid with patience, as the tumor could not be cured nor taken away with the knife. Under the care of my regular physician, my general health improved so much that at times I felt fairly well, but could not count on an hour ahead, for the bad attacks were never very far off. When-

ever we have had an easterly wind the doctor would call without a summons, knowing, of course, I was worse. I never knew what rest was; knowing the tumor was enlarging, death seemed inevitable, and was an ever-present horror. O, how weary was my body from suffering, and how weary my mind from dwelling on the hopeless, uncertain future! for I was not then a Christian.

At this time God in his merciful providence brought me in contact with some Christian friends who told me of Dr. Cullis and the wonderful faith-healings connected with his work. On the first day of September, 1882, I visited Boston to see Dr. Cullis. Finding the physicians could do me no good, I resolved to relinquish all human aid, and place myself entirely in the hands of the "Great Physician" for the healing of my entire system. It seemed like stepping off a precipice into an apparently bottomless abyss, yet I found it safe. It is safe to step where our loving Father is, and where he has promised to meet us.

"Nothing before, nothing behind:
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rocks beneath."

Such steps would be fatal indeed if taken where no rocks were; but God is, and God hath promised. In trusting his truth, his word, there is no risk.

As I have said before, I resolved to relinquish all human help, and place myself entirely in the

hands of the Great Physician. This state of mind was not reached at once by an impulse, but after a lengthened study of God's Word and the personal testimony of many friends who had been healed through faith. The testimonies helped me most (hence I give mine, hoping I may help some weary one, as somebody helped me); for I could not quite abandon the teaching from my youth that the "day of miracles was past." I now meet many ministers and teachers of the Bible who still advocate that false doctrine. "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened." Praise the blessed Lord, "I was blind but now I see," for the Spirit helped my infirmities! After hearing and reading of his wonderful cures, I thought if Jesus would heal one of his children, why not all? After Dr. Cullis prayed with and anointed me in the name of the Lord, I giving myself fully to him, I began at once to improve. Soon the change was most apparent to all about me. From that time till now I have received continual manifestations of the abiding presence of my Savior, experiencing with the healing a rich spiritual blessing. I had no startling and sudden revelation; it seemed to go away gradually, my strength and general health coming as gradually. I have just passed through a severe Winter, and my power to endure exposure and fatigue has been a surprise to all my friends. I have accomplished what I have not been able to do for years; distances which once seemed insurmount-

able are now traversed with ease, and all the world seems brighter.

I have had two immediate healings this Winter. When the first attack came my husband was alarmed, and called in our old physician to learn from him what was the cause. He pronounced it tonsillitis (a species of diphtheria), and said I must retire at once, and remain in bed at least for two weeks, as I often had with a like attack before. He left a remedy, with instructions; but I did not for a moment think of taking it. A friend called and prayed with me, and I found instant relief from the pain in my throat and chest. The fever left me also, and I had a good night's sleep, with no cough. When the doctor called in the morning he was surprised to find me up and around as usual. On examining my throat, he said the white spots had left, and I was quite well; the medicine was more effectual than he ever knew it to be before. I said, "Doctor, I have not taken the medicine; I am healed by faith and prayer." That evening we had a raw, cold fog; but I went out in it, and suffered no inconvenience from it—another surprise to my physician.

I also had a very severe attack of congestion of the lungs, when it seemed I could not live. I called in my pastor, Mr. Simpson. When he came he saw me gasping for breath, the labor of the chest was fearful, and the fever very high. After he anointed me and prayed, a great peace and rest,

with relief from all pain, stole over me. I can never forget it; it was as if our dear Savior's hand was laid upon my brow, and I could almost hear the words, "Peace, be still." I am here, and how happy I was to rest in his arms! Knowing all was well, with his touch health came back instantly. I dropped into a sweet sleep, and the next morning I was up and out much earlier than usual, feeling well and strong, with more vitality than usual.

MRS. H. NAYLOR.

"THY FAITH HAS MADE THEE WHOLE."

I WAS taken sick in 1879, and remained so for almost three years. My sickness began with rheumatism in my feet, which soon spread nearly over my whole body. My feet were drawn crooked, so that I could not walk nor stand on them, and I suffered great pain. My body began wasting away, and my lungs and heart were badly affected. Severe cough and expectoration never left me. I could not draw a full breath for over a year. With the assistance of crutches, it was all I could do to walk about the room for a few moments, and then I was almost breathless.

In the early stages of my sickness I was convicted of my sin, became a penitent seeker, and found Christ as my Savior, and his precious peace entered my heart. I knew that all my sins were forgiven, and I lived in sweet communion with my

dear, loving Savior. Sometimes I felt that Jesus was at my bedside and was talking to me.

The verdict of the physician concerning my sickness was, "No hope for recovery." Several physicians were of the opinion that if my lungs were not too badly diseased, I might be successfully treated at some hospital. My pastor, Rev. J. S. Moyer, visited me very often, and at various times he insisted that I put my trust in Jesus, and accept him as my physician for the body, as I had accepted him for the cure of my soul. But I was not ready then for such endeavors, for several reasons. First, the Lord was so precious to my soul, that I would be perfectly resigned to his will, which I thought was for me to suffer. Secondly, I would so much rather have departed to be at home with my Savior, in that land where pain and sorrow are no more. But my feelings on this subject soon changed, I hardly knew how. After reading the precious promises recorded in James v, 15, and others, and also periodicals containing faith-cures, my faith became so strong in this respect that I soon felt it was the Father's good will that I might be cured. I now permitted them to write to Dr. Cullis, at Boston, and he appointed July 11, 1882, at 3 P. M., for the hour of prayer in my behalf. On the morning of this day, when papa carried me down stairs, I told him that it was the last time he had to carry me, as this would be a great day for me. In the forenoon I had another severe spell

for want of breath, exhausting me so as to cause me to sleep. As the appointed time approached, my dear pastor came and read the precious promises of God's Word to me. He then put a few questions to me, such as: "Are you enjoying a present Savior?" "Are you ready and willing, Jesus healing you, to serve him every day of your life?" "Do you believe that, if it be the will of God to heal you, he can do so now?" To all of these I could answer in the affirmative. He then knelt before the couch I was lying upon, and earnestly prayed the Lord for my cure, anointing me in the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After the ceremony was ended, I had a season of sweet communion with my Savior, not seeing any body nor hearing any thing going on around about me.

I felt as if heaven were opened. Suddenly I felt the healing power stream through my entire system. I at once had strength in all my limbs. I sat up; then jumped to my feet, and walked across the room, praising God. After a little rest, I walked about again. We then had a season of prayer and praise for all the wonders the Lord had wrought for me. I soon began growing stronger; my feet had straightened out, my cough and expectoration ceased, and I could breathe as easily as before my sickness. On the following days I went out each day some little distance without tiring. I could soon work again, improving daily in strength. In

a few months my weight increased from eighty-five to one hundred and ten pounds.

When first healed, many doubted the cure, and thought it would not be permanent; but they soon had to admit that it was the Lord's work, and that he had done it thoroughly. O, what a precious Savior we have, who taketh away our sin and who healeth all our infirmities! O, that more of his redeemed children would accept him as their Physician and be made whole. Let us have more of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, walking in peace day by day, and his Holy Spirit abiding with us and leading us in all the ways of truth and life.

MISS IDA BRIGHT.

SPINAL DISEASE INSTANTLY CURED.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK IX, 23.

MRS. C—, of Manchester, Ohio, had been afflicted with spinal disease and partial paralysis for ten years. Dr. S—, of Maysville, Kentucky, gave it as his opinion that she would never recover sufficiently to walk. Then the case was referred to the Indianapolis Surgical Institute; and, upon thorough examination, it was found that there were two curvatures of the spine, one inwardly and the other outwardly. With the use of braces, it was thought she might be able to walk about in a year's time, but would be a hopeless invalid for life.

With the use of braces and canes she was able to be about the house, but for five years nothing especially had been done for her spine.

On July 29, 1879, at a holiness-meeting at her home, she requested the prayers of the Church for her recovery. She had not suffered so severely in all the ten years of her illness as during the preceding Summer.

On the night of August 15, 1879, about midnight, she suffered such intense pain in her head that she thought the Lord had come to take her away to her heavenly home; but the dear Master had really come so near, in order that she might touch the hem of his garment and be made "every whit whole." For three or four hours she was in an agony of prayer. About four o'clock in the morning *she received evidence that she was healed.* She immediately awakened her husband, and told him that Jesus had healed her. At six o'clock she arose, dressed herself, took breakfast, and then, without braces or canes or any other support or assistance, she went about to her neighbors and told them of her wonderful deliverance, and praised the Lord for his kindness and mercy toward her.

She is without a single pain, attending to all her duties personally, goes to church, and walks as though she had never been afflicted. She has been a consistent Christian from childhood, and for a long time enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. To God be all the glory! Amen.

The foregoing is attested by Rev. D. L. Aultman and Rev. Jacob Gabler, who communicated this statement June 27, 1883.

HEALED FROM THE PALSY.

"Then saith he to the sick of the palsy, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house."—MATT. IX, 6.

THE REV. DR. G. D. KRUMMACHER, one of the greatest German pulpit orators, relates the following:

"In my congregation at Elberfeld, Germany, there was a dear, pious brother who had for many years been in a diseased condition. He was, in the full sense of the word, 'sick with the palsy.' His limbs were so lame that he could neither walk nor stand. He had often cried unto the Lord for the healing of his disease; but it seemed as if it was the will of the Lord that he, through suffering, might be perfected, and the Lord's name glorified. He enjoyed sweet peace in his soul, and was perfectly resigned to the will of God. His pains were also eased through prayer, but the disease remained. On a certain Sabbath morning I preached the Gospel from Matthew ix, 1–8: 'Christ healing one sick with the palsy.' I was permitted to speak with great joy, and earnestly exhorted my congregation to take Christ as their Great Physician for both body and soul. I had scarcely returned home from the service when a messenger came, requesting me

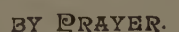
to come at once to the home of this sick brother. Upon arriving there, to my great astonishment, I found him up, sitting in a chair, *in perfect health.* As soon as he saw me he quickly arose and came toward me saying, '*Praise the Lord, for he hath made me whole.*' Upon inquiring how this came about, he said:

"'I lay this morning as usual upon my bed of suffering. My pains were great, and I was as helpless as ever. Then I thought by myself that if I was now well I could attend the services, and be edified in the communion with the saints. At the same time I remembered that to-day the theme of the sermon would be, "Christ healing one sick with the palsy." [He knew this, since the theme of the sermon for each Sabbath of the year is selected and published in advance.] I began praying earnestly, and said: "O Lord Jesus, I have now suffered for many years upon this bed of sickness, and am in misery and pain; but if thou wilt, thou canst heal me. When upon earth thou didst heal many of various diseases, and even those sick with the palsy. Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that which thou didst do then thou canst also do to-day. I believe, dear Lord, that thou *canst*, and *wilt*, and *dost* heal me *now*, according to thy holy will. Amen."

"'I had scarcely finished this prayer when a peculiar feeling came over my diseased body. It seemed as if new life was pulsating through me. I

next felt severe pain, which was followed by a sort of electric shock, making me senseless for a few moments. When I came to self again, I was made whole; I could arise and walk.'

"This was the report he gave of his healing. While he was yet speaking, his physician came. He was amazed to find his patient on his feet, and seemingly in perfect health. A careful and thorough examination was held in the presence of several other most skillful physicians, and their verdict was that 'the man was healed, and that, as there were no remedies used at the time of his healing, neither internal nor external, the healing had been brought about by a *direct miracle* of the *Almighty God.*' The fact of this healing by divine interposition was too well attested by the most trustworthy witnesses to admit of any doubts in the case. The 'healed one' remained in perfect health, and for many years he walked the streets of Elberfeld, a living witness of the power of believing prayer and of the willingness of God to heal, *even now*, the diseases of the body. This healing took place about the year 1820.



CURED BY PRAYER.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—PSALM CIII, 3.

MRS. S—, of Brooklyn, testifies as follows:

"From the age of seven to twenty-eight I did not enjoy real health, having been sickly most of

the time. At the age of nineteen I was taken down very severely. Before having recovered sufficiently, and while yet very weak, I got up to attend to my house-work. One morning, while sweeping a bedroom, I attempted to lift a bedstead. Immediately I felt a sharp pain in my back, which for several hours was very severe. A physician was summoned, and he said I had strained myself in the kidneys. I was under medical treatment for my back and kidneys for over two years, though all the time working very hard. I had frequent sick spells, and finally my whole body had become diseased, my nerves were shattered, and I was tortured by neuralgia. Thus it remained another year, when I intrusted myself to two other physicians. They finally pronounced me incurable.

"At the age of seven I was convicted of sin, but scarcely knew what it meant. From eleven to fourteen this conviction grew stronger; still I heard little of true religion. At the age of seventeen the Lord wonderfully worked in my soul; but I refused again, and the worldly pleasures of youth prevailed. Thus I remained in my sinfulness until my body had become completely diseased, and physicians had given me up as incurable. Now I became willing to surrender all, both soul and body, to the Lord. I knew I was a lost sinner, and earnestly sought peace and pardon, which the Lord had so often brought very near to me. This I found after severe struggles, so that my soul had sweet

rest in Jesus. O, how wonderful are the ways of the Lord! It was necessary to bring great afflictions upon me before I would surrender my sinful heart to him and become his child. Now he had healed me spiritually, but my body was still diseased.

"Again I availed myself of treatment by other physicians, spending a great deal of money and continually growing worse. Finally they also pronounced me incurable. Again and again I thought of Christ healing the sick while on earth, but Christians told me that the days of miracles were past. A voice within, however, said, 'Only believe and thou shalt be healed.' I could not read, pray, nor sleep for four days on account of that voice. I began thinking it was the evil one, tempting me and robbing me of my rest. At this time a physician called on me one morning, and consoled me by saying that I should patiently bear my afflictions, as the Lord had sent them, and the Lord doeth all things well. He had scarcely been gone, when the voice came again, 'Only believe and thou shalt be healed.' Now I looked to God, and said, 'My God, if thou wilt restore this body, strength and all shall be thine.' The voice ceased, and I knew I would be cured.

"Now began a season of preparation for me. Thus far I had not heard nor read the testimony of one so healed. After a week I received a paper containing the faith-cure of a lady who had suffered for thirty years. Soon I received another paper

containing a description of Dr. Cullis's faith-work. This mightily strengthened my faith. I took up my Bible, and found Jesus, the Great Physician, all through, and that he was the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Next I obtained from my brother a book, 'Secret of a Happy Life,' which gave me much light. I also received a small volume containing a number of faith-cures. I now went to work with my whole heart, and trusted in Jesus alone for healing. Though he had so wonderfully revealed himself unto me, yet I again asked him the question, if it was possible that I might be healed. Opening my Bible, the word was given me, 'The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.' Luke xviii, 37. Again I queried, 'Lord, is it thy will that I, even I, might be healed?' whereupon the words were given me, 'And all things whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' I then thought I had not enough faith; but God said, 'According to your faith, be it unto you.' I exercised what faith I had, and found it growing stronger every day. I wrote to Dr. Cullis, asking his prayers. He received my letter in the morning and I was made a subject of his prayers in the afternoon of that same day. This, of course, I did not know. That afternoon I lay upon my bed, full of pain and scarcely able to move, when instantly a power came over me, as if all over made anew. Not thinking of the healing just then, I wondered what it could be.

I at once got up, and soon realized that I had been completely restored, and was perfectly well. Dr. Cullis's answer came, and he said, 'Only believe, it is done.' Yes, praise the Lord! it had been done long before this communication reached me. My heart was full of the love of Jesus. Wanting to know more about such a life of faith and trust, I went to Boston to visit the institutions of Dr. Cullis. While there, Dr. Cullis prayed with me for a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and this prayer was also heard and answered. I am now every whit made whole, both body and soul. I enjoy health unknown to me before, and the Lord has also taught me to preserve it, and to use it according to his will. I am waiting at the Father's feet to be prepared for his service. I have an ever-present Savior, a Great Physician for soul and body, and am filled with his love, and possess perfect peace. Glory, glory be to Jesus, now and forever! O, that through this simple story many might be induced to accept him as their Physician and Savior!"

SIMPLE FAITH REWARDED.

"And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be whole of thy plague."—MARK v, 34.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have promised the Lord, that if he would spare my life until I got back from our camp-meeting I would send you my statement, so that by it others might be induced to

accept our dear Jesus as their Physician. I shall now try to make good my promise.

I was sick from childhood, and caused my dear parents a great deal of trouble and expense. The physicians who waited on me could only give temporary help. In the Spring and Fall of the year I was afflicted with sore throat, and several times I was expected to die. The physicians told my mother that I would never recover altogether, but would always remain sickly. When I was about nineteen years of age I gave my heart to Jesus, and became his child. A small sore in my throat began to develop, and grew large rapidly. This caused many hours of suffering, so that I often wished that the dear Lord would take me away. A change of physicians only made my case worse.

About this time our camp-meeting came along, and it was thought I was too weak to attend; but, praise the Lord, I did attend, and *Jesus attended me.* My attention was drawn to the precious promise in James v, 15. A young sister was present who had been healed, and she and the ministers encouraged me to seek a cure likewise. I felt that I had not faith, so I went direct to Jesus, and he had mercy on me and heard my prayer. Then the brethren prayed over me, anointing me in the name of the Lord, and I looked up in faith, and, *praise the Lord, heavenly power was poured out upon me, and it went through me from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.* O, I shall never forget the

night on which I was restored to perfect health! I am now *well*, and praise the Lord for what he has done for me. When I find any of my friends suffering, I always point them to Jesus, the Great Physician, ever willing to save and heal. The Lord has also heard my prayers for suffering friends, and has sometimes relieved them instantly. I say to all, that if they will only trust this Great Physician, he will heal them, both soul and body.

MISS ALICE SOUDER.

Fervent Prayer Availeth Much.

"All they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on EVERY ONE of them and healed them."—LUKE IV, 40.

THE REV. G. GOESS, for many years a pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany, writes:

"From the various instances of healing by prayer that have come under my observation, permit me to relate the following:

I.

"In our congregation at Oehringen, Würtemberg, there was a lady who suffered with a disease of the hip-joint for fourteen years. She could not walk nor stand. All means resorted to were of no avail. She was finally deemed incurable, and became perfectly resigned to her sad fate, thinking it the will of God that she should suffer. With a

couch on wheels she was brought to church and placed in one of the isles.

"Suddenly a great desire was wrought in her heart to be made whole by the Lord through the prayer of faith. She communicated this desire to several other friends, who were true Christians, and they united in prayer in her behalf. They prayed fervently and untiringly, claiming the precious promises of Scripture.

"One day, when they were again assembled in prayer, she *suddenly arose from her couch and walked the floor.* She was restored to perfect health. This healing took place about six years ago, and I have known this lady to walk from twelve to eighteen miles a day, over hills and valleys, since she has been thus healed. She is a very happy and pious child of God.

II.

"Our congregation at Nuremburg, Bavaria, contained two pious sisters, who were both sorely afflicted. One was suffering with heart disease in its severest form, which disabled her from doing any work, and finally confined her to her room. The other was suffering with a disease of the lungs, which developed into consumption, and her case also became altogether hopeless.

"Still they both believed in the Lord's power and willingness to heal, and they united to pray earnestly for one another's recovery. After they had been fervently and believingly praying for some

time, *they were both healed at the same hour from all their diseases.* They have both remained well. The one of them, sister Z—, has since been happily married. They both claim to be in better health, and to have more strength for the performance of their duties than ever before.

"These are fruits of simple faith. 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.' Psa. cxviii, 23."

Invalid for Fifteen Years and Healed.

"And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk."—John v, 5 8.

As Jesus healed the thirty-eight years' invalid at the pool of Bethesda, so he also healed Mr. Huffman, of Pennsylvania. He reports his case thus:

"I was an invalid for about fifteen years, caused by an injury of the spine, supposed to be from a fall I received some twenty-eight years ago, when about thirteen years of age. Three years after the fall, I felt trouble in my feet. Gradually it grew worse until about three years ago; since which time I was not able to walk. The first six months I used long crutches; then my ankles gave way, and I was compelled to use short crutches and walk on my knees for nine months. Growing still weaker and more helpless, I used a four-wheeled chair, handled by an attendant for nine months more, after which my back gave way in such a measure,

as to compel me to use a lounge on wheels. This was used until the day of my healing by the Great Physician, in all about one year and ten days. My physicians called my disease '*locomotor ataxia*,' or hardening of the spinal cord. When my physician, Dr. S—, had used all known remedies, he took me to the County Medical Association, where I was examined by two of the most eminent physicians, who pronounced me incurable, as did the entire association, and other physicians, about twenty in number. One of the tests applied by the County Association was to cause me to close my eyes, and then request me to touch my feet. It always resulted in my hands wandering off in some other direction, when I attempted to touch my feet with eyes closed. My limbs were wasted away to a great degree, particularly from the knees downward, and sensation was very imperfect. My nerves became so palsied that the chill of death seemed all over me, and wherever there was a muscle of any size, there was a cold, death-like feeling. The electric battery could not be felt at all for months previous to my healing. My brain was disturbed, my lungs were very weak, and so was the action of the heart.

"I was encouraged by several friends to take my case to the Lord to be healed, as they themselves had been healed in answer to prayer. Among these was a lady of Erie, Pennsylvania, who had been an invalid for eighteen years. I wrote to

Miss Judd, of Buffalo, and obtained her book called 'The Prayer of Faith.' I also requested Miss Judd to remember me at her next meeting. The reading of the book opened to me a new field of thought. The many Scripture promises such as James v, 15, and Mark xi, 24, etc., seemed to appear in a different light. I saw at once, that he who 'Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses'—Matt. viii, 17—was the same living, compassionate Savior to-day, and was still ready to exercise his power for his beloved children as when on earth. He is 'the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Heb. xiii, 8. I saw that I need not bear what he had already borne for me long ago, and that all that was necessary was to look away from self, and step out of disease by faith, and be whole.

"Four months previous, having left off taking medicines, I trusted my case to the Great Physician, asking for a *stay* of the disease, that I might be alotted a few more years in my feebleness to serve him, but never thinking it would be his will to lift me from my infirmities. After reading Miss Judd's book, I resolved to seek in earnest for the blessing of healing. I began to ask for an increase of faith. At the time appointed by Miss Judd, November 9th, I resorted to prayer, promising God, if he would heal me of my infirmities, I would devote my whole time and strength unreservedly to his cause, making a full consecration of soul and body into the hands

of the Lord. It seemed to me that the door of heaven was opened and that, by faith, I could see Jesus reaching forth his hand to heal me of all my diseases. I realized a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and was very happy and full of praise, but did not realize the healing power until after retiring. After lying on my couch in a sort of stupor for awhile, *I suddenly felt myself a new creature, new life was coursing through my veins, and warmth streamed through my whole body.*

"The next morning, so full of joy and blessing in my soul as to forget that I *now* could walk, I crawled out for some distance from the house, when, feeling strength, I arose to my feet, and walked about five rods up a hill to the porch-steps, and then up these, nine in number. I met my sister in the kitchen, and we praised God, with loud voices, for his wonderful power and mercy. I have since been walking, and leaping, and praising God, meeting with his children in his temple, and with them glorifying God. I pray that I may be more and more conformed to the image of my Divine Redeemer, and be guided by the Holy Spirit to always walk in the triumph of faith.

"All power and glory be to Jesus forever! Amen."

FIFTH TREASURE.

TEMPORAL DELIVERANCES.

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should *all* fail, and foes all unite,
Yet *one* thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, *the Lord will provide.*"

AND call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

—PSA. l, 15.

TRUST in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.—PSA. xxxvii. 3, 4.

I HAVE been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. He is ever merciful, and lendeth, and his seed is blessed.

—DAVID.

TEMPORAL DELIVERANCES.

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF BEATE PAULUS.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISA. LXV, 24.

BEATE PAULUS, the wife of a German clergyman, who lived near the Black Forest, was widely known as a woman of great faith. Although her family was poor in earthly goods, yet this prayerful woman was rich in God, and in every time of need relief was sure to come in answer to her powerful yet simple prayers. Her faith and trust in Jesus, the great Helper and Comforter in every trial, seemed unlimited. The following remarkable deliverances in answer to her prayers are widely known, and they are but a few of the many which this prayerful woman was permitted to experience.

It was her desire to give her children a good education. Accordingly five of her boys were sent

to school, while she labored and toiled and prayed to provide for their necessities. The following incidents are related by one of her sons:

I.

On one occasion very trying circumstances had broken in upon our family. Three letters had arrived, coming from three different cities, where my brothers were at school. Their contents were almost alike. All three contained bills for tuition and board, and the notice that, unless the bills were settled, the students would be dismissed. Father charged mother with attempting impossibilities, and told her that her self-will would involve them in disgrace. Spreading the letters out upon the table, he said: "There, look at them, and pay your debt with your faith!" She firmly replied: "These accounts *will be* settled at an early date. He, whose is the silver and gold, will find it an easy thing to provide these sums." With these words she left the room, and ascended into an upper loft, entirely shut off from the other parts of the house. Here she spread her case before the Lord, and told him that in his name she had undertaken her children's education, and that *now* funds were needed for bills that were due; she told him of her husband's unbelief; she told him that he had redeemed her life from the very gates of death, for her children's sake; and then she added: "And now, O most precious Lord, do not forsake me at this juncture.

I am willing to be the *second* whom thou forsakest, but I shall *not* be the *first!*"

Night came on, and the family was waiting; but she did not return. When informed that supper was ready, she remarked, "My time for eating has not yet come." Later in the evening, when again called, she said, "Go to bed; my time for rest has not yet come." She remained in prayer all night, and during the following forenoon she appeared with a face beaming with a wonderful light. Her little daughter ran up to her with open arms, and asked: "Mamma, what has happened to you? Did an angel bring you the money?" She replied, "No, dear, but it will surely come." She had scarcely spoken these words when a messenger came, saying, "The proprietor of the inn requests to see the 'Frau Pastorin,' if she can come to see him." She quickly said, "I will come at once," and hastened to prepare herself. The inn-keeper was a noble-hearted Christian. He greeted her with these words: "Frau Pastorin, I am glad you have come. I have a little money in the house which I have been thinking of devoting to some good cause. Now, during the whole of last night I could not rest, but was continually thinking you were in trouble. I therefore resolved that you should have that money. Here it is; you can take it right with you." With this he handed her three little bundles of coin, saying he hoped that God's blessing would rest upon the money. She could not help praising God in the

man's presence for this wonderful deliverance. The man, on finding out in what agony of heart she had been praying for hours, said: "How wonderful are the ways of the Lord! Now I am doubly glad that through me the Lord has answered your prayers." She thanked the man most heartily, and then hastened home. Arriving there, she opened the letters before her husband, laid a sum of money on each of them, and with a face radiant with joy, exclaimed: "Praise God for another deliverance! And now believe that faith in God is no empty madness."

II.

On another occasion our mother had labored very hard out-doors all Summer, calculating that the produce of our fields would just suffice to keep us and meet other claims for the year. It was just before harvest, and the fields were full of waving grain, when a storm came up and threatened to destroy it all. Wild storm-clouds covered the western horizon and approached with rapid fury. When our mother noticed the great danger, she immediately entered her chamber, and earnestly entreated the Heavenly Father to spare her fields, as their produce was so greatly needed, not alone for their own supply, but also to furnish some means to pay for her boys at school. When she arose, the storm had passed by. How great was her astonishment when she found that all the crops in the entire

village had been destroyed, and her fields alone, in the midst of all the others, were entirely spared. All were willing to acknowledge that a miracle had been wrought for the sake of the praying "Frau Pastorin."

III.

After our father died, our mother was compelled to remove to Münchingen. She had scarcely fitted up the little home, when her boys, who were students at Stuttgart and Tübingen, came home to spend their vacation. The little home was scarcely large enough to accommodate them all. This, however, did not diminish our mother's great joy to see her children home again in good health, and she succeeded in making the necessary room for them. Another trial, however, soon came upon her, which was not so easily overcome. The boys had not been home very long when the provisions were nearly gone, and funds were lacking with which to procure more. One evening she had not sufficient to get our supper. This seemed more than she could bear. In agony of heart she exclaimed: "Shall I have my children with me during vacation, and not be able to give them enough to eat? No, this can not be the will of God!" So we held our family worship, after which all retired, while mother entered her room and wrestled with the Lord in prayer all night. Upon entering her room next morning, she was still upon her knees. We said: "Dear mother, please do get up. If we can have

no breakfast, that is all right; then we can at least pray to the Heavenly Father, and take spiritual food for our souls." But our entreaties were of no avail; she would remain in prayer. So we held our family worship, read the Scriptures, and sang and prayed.

We had scarcely finished, when there was a loud rap at the door. A professor's wife, residing at a neighboring town, had called on us, and requested our sister Beate to step into another room with her, and then said: "You will excuse my early visit. When I arose this morning, a voice within me said, You must go at once, and bring a little money to the Frau Pfarrerin Paulus in Münchingen. I tried to strive against this voice, as I had not heard of any particular need you were in; but I could find no rest until I resolved to go. So now I am here, and I pray you to hand this donation to your mother, with my regards." With these words she placed a sum of money into Beate's hand, who received it with many thanks, after which the lady left. Holding the money in her hand, Beate now entered mother's room, and said: "Now get up, mamma; God has again sent speedy relief; the Professorin von Kornthal has been here, and brought you this money."

IV.

Another vacation had come, and the boys were home again. This time there was no lack of the

necessary provisions. However, the day was nigh on which the house-rent was due, and must be paid. She had been trying in various ways to secure the amount in time, but failed. On the morning of the very day when the payment was to be made, she gathered her children around her, and said, "Dear children, our rent *must* be paid to-day, so we will now pray the Heavenly Father that he again may help us in the hour of need, as he has often done before." We all knelt in silent prayer, while mother called upon the Lord with a loud voice, saying: "Dear Jesus, thou knowest that upon this day our rent must be paid. Whilst on earth, thou didst pay tribute for thyself and thy disciple, and a fish was made to furnish the money. Dear Lord, it can not be thy will that my debt shall remain unpaid, whilst thou hast innumerable ways to furnish me the necessary means; so I pray thee, do help me, and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen."

After prayer was over, we boys were strangely moved. Mother went about her work as usual, but we could not forget her simple prayer, and were anxious to see if something strange would happen again. When the forenoon had almost passed, without any strange occurrence whatever, we gave up our hopes. But before noon had come the "Herrn Pfarrer," who had been an intimate friend of our father's, and who knew of our destitute circumstances, called on us, attired in his cassock and

full pulpit attire. He said: "You may be astonished to see me call in this attire, but there is certainly a reason for it. Just as I was leaving my house this forenoon to go to the church, a messenger came from Leonberg, and brought me a sealed package from the dean. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a letter and one other inclosure. The letter was addressed to me by the dean, and he wrote that the inclosure contained a donation granted to the 'Frau Pfarrerin Paulus' from out of a certain Church fund; and he added that he did not know through whom she had petitioned for the said donation, but that he thought it would certainly be very welcome to her. Thinking that this would create great joy to you, I concluded that I would deliver it at once. But now, pray, do tell me, dear Madam, through whom have you petitioned the board for this donation?"

Mother received the package, thanking heartily for the same; and then, with a solemn voice, she said: "A petition I have certainly framed and dispatched; but I have not dispatched it to the dean nor to any other human being, but unto Him who has his counting-house above the skies. I have sent my petition to the living God."

We were all moved to tears. The pastor left, and we boys claimed to have learned a lesson this day worth more than many university lectures. We may well close this remarkable narrative with the words of the sainted singer of old: "I have been

young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psa. xxxvii, 25.

RESCUED FROM THE DEEP.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—ISA XLIII, 2.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS COKE, upon his travels through the dense forests of North America, endeavoring to bring the Gospel news into every home which he could reach, was often exposed to great dangers, and his life was in peril at various times. He often had to cross swollen streams with a swift current. One of these incidents, when he narrowly escaped from death in the "deep," he tells as follows:

"*March* 8, 1785.—Yesterday it snowed and hailed all day, and this morning it began thawing. I had two wood-brooks to cross between Alexandria and Colchester. The first I reached was indeed very high. However, I called upon the Lord, and my horse landed me safely on the other shore. In about two hours I reached the second. This had arisen to a mighty flood, flowing in two rapid currents, and carrying trees and other things with it. However I had to cross; so asking the Lord to protect me, I ventured into the stream. My horse had not carried me into it very far, when I

noticed that the landing-place was blockaded by a large tree lying in the water. We tried to swim around it, but failed. I now seized hold of the tree to prevent our being carried away, when suddenly the tree loosed itself. My horse was seized by the current and carried away. I now clung to the tree, which also flowed down the stream. Further down was a tree in the very bed of the river, whose roots had formed a sort of island, and upon this my tree was caught. Presently a large log came floating down, which struck me a hard blow in the back. I saw death before my eyes, and called upon the Lord with a loud voice. Remembering his own precious promise, I called out, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' I clung to this promise as mightily as I clung to the tree. I did not fear death, but a voice within said: 'Thou wilt not die, but live and proclaim the Lord's works.' All my plans, which I had made for the benefit of my brethren, came to my mind, and I could not give them up. Now the Mighty Helper drew nigh. I gained room enough, and, using all my strength, I got upon the tree with my knees. I now carefully crawled to the other end, and from here reached a spot of high ground. After resting a moment, I ventured through the water, which was low at this place. Trembling like a leaf, I reached the shore. I saw a humble negro hut, where I found shelter. The old colored man dried my clothes, while I lay

sound asleep, wrapped up in sheep-skin furs. When I awoke, *I found my horse hitched to a post before the hut.* A farmer had brought it safely to the shore, and came here to inquire after its owner. Thus I had experienced another wonderful deliverance. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Psa. ciii, 2."

THE LORD HELPS.

"And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread."

THE subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well-known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterances under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps,*" he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was, when in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with

his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although, as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left; no bread, no fuel in the house; only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground-floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint! there is something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty he noticed something hard, and wishing to know what had caused the bird's death he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand. The wife looked at it confounded. The weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps;" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell

you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory.

Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgot the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves himself equally able to supply the needs of his tired servant by the same bird when dead.

WORDS OF FAITH.

REMINISCENSES FROM THE LIFE OF A MINISTER.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISA. LXV, 24.

I.

IN 1876 my field was Junction City, Kansas. My salary was very small, and I had to trust the Lord for many things, and he always provided. Among the many helps in time of need, there is one especially that I often relate, because it demonstrates so clearly God's providence with man. I had been preaching at Clay Center, one of my appointments, which I generally reached by rail. On Monday, when I arrived at the depot to take the train home, I noticed that I was sixty-five cents short on the amount necessary for my fare. I trusted the Lord for the balance, as I was in the habit of doing, knowing that he would provide. It was almost train-time, and I did not see how I would be able to go. Turning aside, I called upon the Lord, and he answered me. I had scarcely turned, when a drunkard approached, asking whether I was not a minister. Upon answering in the affirmative, he placed some money in my hand. I was about to return it, when a lady, acquainted with him, stepped up and said: "You had better keep it, sir; for in his possession it would be squandered in a short time." I counted the money, and found just sixty-five cents, the amount lacking me.

Several years after, while stationed at Clay Center, I met an intelligent young man, who inquired whether I remembered receiving money of a drunkard some years back. I said I did, whereupon he informed me that he was that man, and that he had from that time ceased drinking. He had been converted, had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had become one of its local preachers. I then related to him how the Lord had wonderfully delivered me at the time by causing him to hand me the money I so much needed; and he, too, was much surprised.

II.

One day, when completely out of funds, my wife came to me, saying we must have fuel at once, as we were out. I told her that we were also without money, but that we had better call upon *Him* who had always heard our cries and helped us. She doubted somewhat; still she joined me in asking the Lord to have the present want supplied. Shortly after, she came hastily to my study and exclaimed: "Husband, I shall never doubt again, for the Lord has literally made good his promise, 'Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' There has just arrived a large wagon-load of oak-wood, and it certainly was coming when we asked for it."

III.

At the time of my entering the ministry my wife had been sick, and remained sick with a

disease of the mind for five years. Physicians gave little hope for her recovery, but I again and again pleaded earnestly with the Lord for her healing. I finally received the assurance that she would be restored; but I could see no sign for the better. She seemed even to be growing worse. Not a day passed but what I besought the Lord for her recovery. In January, 1876, I felt that the hour for relief had come. We had company that day, when all at once my wife came down from her room, entered the kitchen, and began preparing the meal. This she had not done for five years. The healing had taken place in an instant, and her recovery was complete.

REV. J. E.

A WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not."—LUKE VII. 13.

A MISSIONARY relates:

"The father of a family, in destitute circumstances, had been ill for a long time with a bronchial disease. He was now rapidly nearing death. The family had been visited and comforted by many Christian friends, and they administered not alone to their temporal wants, but also pointed them to Christ as their great Savior, Physician, and Comforter. The dying father was the first to embrace religion. He rejoiced in the God of his salvation. Having lost the power of speech for

many days, he requested a slate and pencil to be given him, and thereupon he wrote these words for his wife: 'O, do trust in God. The Lord will provide for you and our children. I am ready to depart and to be with Christ.'

"In this hour of bereavement his wife found it hard to place her trust in Christ only. She said to the writer one day: 'O, what am I to do with my five children when my husband is gone! I have not even money enough for a decent burial.' 'Why, you must trust in the Lord, and he will supply all your need.' 'But I do not know how to pray, as I am no Christian.' The writer instructed her how, by repentance and simple faith and trust in Christ she would become a child of God, and how she then could trust alone in him for all her spiritual and temporal wants. He advised her to begin *at once,* and to call upon God in this day of trouble; for he had promised to deliver all who called upon him. She did so, and found the Lord ever ready to hear her prayer. To-day she rejoices that the Lord has indeed delivered her out of every hour of need and trouble.

"Her husband died in the triumphs of faith. The Lord sent kind friends, who gave him a decent burial. Several kind Christian ladies took the daughters to their houses, and gave them work. The widow's needs were always supplied, as the Lord abundantly blessed her efforts. More than this. Her five children grew up in the fear and

admonition of the Lord, and were all converted in their youthful days. One of the daughters became consumptive, and died peacefully in the faith of Christ. The others were married to Christian men, and are bringing up *their* children for the Lord. The aged mother is still living, and she often thanks the writer for his advice and sympathy in the hour of her deepest sorrow. She gladly proclaims, 'The Lord hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.'"

Prayer is the safety-valve of the soul. Prayer unlocks the treasures of heaven.

"Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A MERCHANT.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—PSALM L, 15.

MR. DANIEL LOEST, a merchant of Berlin, Germany, had, by his steady industry and by his integrity, so raised himself that he was ranked with the most respectable tradesmen of his city. Being a whole-souled Christian, and loving the Lord with his whole heart, and placing all his trust in him, the Lord had wonderfully prospered him in his various business undertakings. When at one time he found that a certain branch of his business neces-

sitated a partial desecration of the Sabbath-day, he at once abandoned this branch. He now added to his already large fringe and trimming establishment a branch of linens and linen goods. As is the case with many, who by diligence and hard labor have worked their way up, so it was with Mr. Loest. There were those who *envied* him for his success and his prosperity. A most wonderful deliverance in a time of great need has been related by him thus:

"One day the Baron von Kottwitz, a friend of mine, entered my establishment, and requested me to give security for a certain wealthy Christian lady, who was in a financial strait. He said that her attorney would give me all the necessary information as to her financial standing, etc., and that nothing more was required than my signature to a note of six hundred dollars. I did not have much faith in the attorney. However, as I desired to lend a helping hand to Christian friends in need, I went to his office. I found him reading the Scriptures, which was very surprising to me. He asserted that he was well acquainted with the lady, that she owned much real estate, and there was not the least danger for me to become her security. In good faith I now set my name to a note for six hundred dollars.

"Several months had elapsed, when one day I received an order from the court to pay the note of six hundred dollars on the following Tuesday. I now discovered that the lady was largely indebted,

and I had been selected as the victim of a common fraud. It was particularly hard to furnish the money at so short notice, since I had already accepted a draft of three hundred dollars due on the following Saturday. I hastened to the home of a friend, whom I already owed five hundred dollars, to ask him for a further loan. On my way there I met a friend, whom I owed four hundred dollars, and he requested me to return the loan by Friday, so that he could meet a certain payment. "You shall have it," I sighed, and hastened on. When I reached the home of my friend, he came toward me with these words: 'Mr. Loest, I am glad you have come; I was just coming to see you. I wish you could return me the loan of the five hundred dollars on Wednesday. I desire to pay up a mortgage upon my house.' Without telling him what had brought me hither, I promised him the money, and left. I scarcely knew what to do. It now occurred to me that a wholesale merchant, an intimate friend of mine, had recently died. As it happened, I was indebted to this house also for goods received; a note of five hundred dollars was about due; and besides there was an open account of about three hundred dollars. However, I expected that his widow could give me relief in this hour of need, so I went to her. When I arrived there, she handed me an order from the court, demanding the payment of the five hundred dollar note on the following Thursday. Then she added: 'Mr. Loest, I desire

very much the payment of the open account also, at least by Saturday morning, as there are at present so many payments for me to make, besides the costs of the funeral,' etc. 'I shall attend to all,' I replied, and *also* left *her* house.

"The reader may wonder how I could carry the burden that was continually growing greater and heavier upon me, without sinking into despair. I saw in it the divine providence, and believed firmly that the Heavenly Father would deliver me to the honor and glory of his holy name. I had gone out to borrow six hundred dollars, and when I returned, my payments for the ensuing week stood thus: Six hundred dollars on Tuesday; five hundred dollars on Wednesday; five hundred dollars on Thursday; four hundred dollars on Friday; three hundred dollars on Saturday morning, and three hundred dollars on Saturday afternoon,—making a total of two thousand six hundred dollars. This was on Saturday, and the cash-drawer contained between three and four dollars.

"Meditating for awhile what to do, my mind was suddenly drawn upon a wealthy broker, whom I knew as one willing to lend money at a reasonable rate of interest. I went to him, expecting to borrow two thousand dollars. I knew him to be a scoffer and an enemy of the Christian faith; still it seemed I was compelled to go to him for this loan. I had scarcely made known my request when he very sarcastically replied: 'What, you, Mr. Loest,

in financial difficulties? or any difficulties whatever? I can not believe that. It is simply impossible. You have upon all occasions boasted of your rich Heavenly Father; why don't you go to him now in the hour of need; he will surely help you!' 'You are right,' said I, 'I beg your pardon for disturbing your peace.' With this I hastened home, and entering my closet, I earnestly sought for pardon from my Heavenly Father for seeking human help rather than first bringing my case to him in prayer. I then earnestly sought deliverance in this hour of need. My faith was strengthened, and I firmly believed that deliverance would come.

"And it did come. Early on Monday morning I noticed that my helpers had all they could do in the store, and I hastened to their assistance. Thus it continued all day. When late in the evening the last customer had left, and the money was counted, I found the cash sales for the day amounted to six hundred and three dollars and fourteen groschen. Thus the six hundred dollars for payment due on Tuesday morning were ready, and I could not help praising the Lord.

"On Tuesday morning my store was again filled with customers, and we were extremely busy all day. There was no time for regular meals, so we each took a lunch by turn. In the evening I had the five hundred dollars necessary for the Wednesday payment, and there were but two dollars left.

"And thus it continued all week. Friends came into my store, and bought a full supply, who had never bought of me before. Many old accounts, which had long since been considered worthless, were paid during this week. Whenever another bill of this kind was paid, I said to myself, 'It is the Lord; praise his name, O my soul!' And strange it was, that the sales of each day amounted to *just the amount payable on the following day*, never leaving over two or three dollars in the treasury. When the three hundred dollars were paid on Saturday morning, there were just two dollars and twenty groschen left.

"There were still three hundred dollars to be paid that afternoon. But on this day not a customer entered the store. It seemed as though every body was now supplied and nobody desired to buy. At three o'clock we only had the two dollars in the drawer, and at four o'clock I knew the agent would present the draft for payment. This was another severe trial. But behold, deliverance came. It was a quarter to four, when a little old woman entered the store, and said to me: 'Mr. Loest, I am living here close by in a little room all by myself. I have had a few dollars paid me, and I wish very much you would take care of the money for me.' 'I will cheerfully do so,' I replied; 'I will write you a deposit-certificate. How large is the sum?' 'O, there are only three hundred dollars; I will go and get them.' After a few

minutes she returned with the money and received her certificate. She was scarcely gone, when the agent came and presented the draft, which was immediately paid with this money. I stood lost in admiration and love to my Heavenly Father. I was compelled to call out, 'How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord!' This had, indeed, been a week of wonderful deliverances to me.

"But another wonderful help was yet to come. My stock was now very low, and so was also my treasury. All looked-for payments had been made, and the demand would probably not be very great during the next three months. So what could I do? In this hour of need another merchant who desired to leave Berlin, offered me his entire stock of goods, payments to be made at my convenience. I accepted this offer, and the trade proved a very profitable one. Prices advancing on some of the goods, I had soon earned back the six hundred dollars of which I had been defrauded, and was able to make my payments before they were really due. I praise the Lord with all my heart for his wonderful deliverances. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name!'"

We have only to add, that this pious tradesman, Daniel Loest, lived a Christian life unto his end, dying at Berlin on the 8th of January, 1821, in the sixty-first year of his age.

"A Veteran's Past Deliverances."

"The things which have happened unto me."—Phil. i, 12.

I am now in the seventy-fifth year of my earthly pilgrimage, and in the sixty-third year of my spiritual journey to "bright glory," and in the fifty-second year of my ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I was taken dangerously ill while sitting at the table, December 1, 1886, at noon. I suffered a partial paralysis of the vocal organs, rendering distinct articulation impossible. I was almost completely prostrated, unable to rise, stand, or walk without assistance. The sudden shock, however, did not affect my mind in the slightest degree. I had unutterable peace and complete submission to the divine will. Without suffering great pain, I lay in the arms of my blessed Savior, like an infant on the bosom of its mother, for four days and nights. On Sabbath, December 5th, while reclining on the lounge thinking of the amazing goodness of God to me, my mind was unusually active and memory retentive, and there came before me the past history of my whole life, while the many special deliverances which God had wrought out for me in hours of sickness and times of danger and peril passed in review before me. For awhile my heart was overwhelmed within me. I then said to my son: "Maxwell, I feel stronger now, and think I can use my tongue partially so as to

make you understand me. Please take my writing tablet and record, while I give you a brief history of past deliverances from my childhood up to the present time."

In my early boyhood I lived on the Ohio River. A short distance below our house a small stream emptied into the river. I had often crossed over it, near its mouth, in safety. On one occasion I attempted to wade it, but soon sunk to the bottom, and on coming to the surface I had a hard struggle to save myself from drowning, not having yet learned to swim. I did not perceive that the creek was swelled by a sudden rise in the river, which backed the water up too high for wading.

When about nine years old I made a remarkable escape from being bitten by a rattlesnake. I had the vile reptile in my hands, and was lifting it up when it uncoiled itself, rattling its tail, and prepared to bite me. Subsequently my brothers killed the strange reptile. It was five feet in length and had nine rattles on its tail. On attempting to lift it from the ground my face was within about twelve inches of the fangs of the deadly serpent. When God protects "we walk unharmed on snares and death."

Several years afterward, while assisting my brothers to drag some logs for firewood down a steep hill, with a two-horse team, one of the logs commenced rolling, and there being no swivel in the chain it soon twisted the chain up, throwing the

horses, one of which I was riding, and they both rolled over me down the hill. I was bruised and cut, but not fatally injured. I soon recovered, and commenced my studies again. Subsequently a loaded wagon ran over my frail body, from which I made what my brothers called a miraculous escape from instant death.

Another instance of God's preserving care occurred a short time before I entered the traveling ministry. I was riding rapidly along the bank of Soldiers' Run, and went too near the edge of the bank. My horse's feet slipped suddenly, and he fell over the bank into the creek on his back, crushing the saddle into pieces. Just as he fell over, I disengaged my feet from the stirrups, placed my hands on the pommel of the saddle, and leaped back into the road with surprising agility, thus escaping the peril without personal injury.

When grown to manhood, while teaching school, I witnessed some of the first cases of cholera in 1832, when it first came to America. The same Summer I was in Maysville when the cholera prevailed there. I was traveling on the Ohio River for pleasure, and on the day that I landed at Wheeling, West Virginia, there were eighteen deaths from cholera in that city. While stationed in Cincinnati I passed through two seasons of epidemic cholera, in 1846 and 1849.

I was again in the midst of cholera at West Union, Ohio, in 1835 and 1836. In the language

of St. Paul, I was in "sickness oft." While stationed at Greenfield, in 1843, I was attacked with pneumonia, and for five days suffered greatly. Part of the time I was unconscious and given up to die, yet God raised me up again. In 1848 I was attacked with a congestive chill while returning from Pittsburg, and put off the steamboat at Portsmouth to die. In the city of Cincinnati I was dangerously "sick and nigh unto death" twice. While residing at Yellow Springs I was sick and nigh unto death thrice. Returning from Steubenville, Ohio, I was taken out of the stage-coach at the crossings of Ohio Brush Creek, and remained in an unconscious condition at the hotel for four or five days with an attack of bilious fever. In 1848 I made a narrow escape from instant death from the broken arm of a side-wheel steamboat. While passing from New Orleans to Mobile, Alabama, we were caught in a terrific storm, by which the steam-vessel was disabled and unable to proceed on her voyage. We were driven about "a night and a day in the deep." Ah! that was an ever-memorable night. Many prayed and wept, but some sung praises to

> "God who rules on high,
> And calms the roaring sea."

While traveling by rail from Dayton to Indianapolis, when nearing the latter city our train was thrown from the track, by which many were seriously injured, if not fatally. I escaped unhurt.

Even since I came again to live in Dayton I came near being killed, first, by the falling of a heavy sign-board on a windy day, while I was standing on the sidewalk on Third Street. It came down endwise within a few inches of my head with sufficient force to have crushed my brains out upon the pavement. Again, I made my escape from being trampled to death by the hook-and-ladder wagon while crossing Main Street at full speed.

After dictating the foregoing, I remarked to my son that God, who had spared me so long, and delivered me from so many dangers and deaths, was able to restore me to my usual health if it was his will, and I would leave my case in his hands and trust him.

> "Not as I will, the sound grows sweet
> Each time the words my lips repeat."

I was ready to depart or remain awhile longer. I expected to go very soon to glory, and kept repeating these beautiful words:

> "Let me go! let me go! for the purple dawning
> Is mantling the dull, dark tomb of time,
> And the glorious rays of a blissful morning
> Blush and glow in a deathless clime.
>
> I am done with sin, I am done with sorrow,
> I mount on the purple wings of light,
> Where day that is dawning shall know no morrow,
> And the sun that is rising shall know no night."

I then talked to my wife as to the plain manner of my burial, and dictated to my son an inscription

to be placed on my tombstone, etc. I felt "for me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

"Thy holy will be ever mine;
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow and bless the grace divine—
To suffer all thy holy will."

The day following I kept repeating over and over again: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of God. The Lord hath chastened me sore: but hath not given me over unto death." Psalms cxvii, 17, 18.

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart."

Although my tongue was feeble, yet I was "singing and making melody in my heart" daily.

"O, yes, this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song."

I am yet on the "tribulation" side of the river; but, as Bunyan has described it, I am resting awhile in "Beulah land." "O, what days of heaven and nights of loyal praise!" Like the pilgrim of which

Bunyan speaks, at night I go to bed in the "Chamber of Peace," whose windows open to the sunrising. "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life." Psa. xlii, 8.

I am now able to attend church in the morning, and visit my friends. I am a wonder to myself. My recovery so far is what I did not expect. I think I may say as did the Psalmist David, "They that fear thee will be glad when they see me, because I have hoped in thy word." Psa. cxix, 76.

MAXWELL P. GADDIS, SEN.

VERILY THOU SHALT BE FED.

"For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—MATT. VI, 32.

I FOUND in Syracuse a Christian woman whom they called "Mother Austin," a person of most remarkable faith. She was so poor that she was entirely dependent upon the charity of the people for subsistence. She was an uneducated woman, and had been brought up manifestly in a family of very little cultivation, but she had such faith as to secure the confidence of all who knew her. I do not think I ever witnessed greater faith, in its simplicity, than was manifested by this woman.

A great many facts were related to me respecting her that showed her trust in God, and in what

a remarkable manner God provided for her wants from day to day. She said to me on one occasion, "Mr. Finney, it is impossible for me to suffer for any of the necessaries of life, because God has said to me, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

She related to me many facts in her history, and many facts were related to me by others, illustrative of the power of her faith. One Saturday evening, she said, a friend of hers, but an impenitent man, called to see her, and after conversing awhile, offered her a five-dollar bill. She said she felt an inward admonition not to take it, feeling that it would be an act of self-righteousness on the part of the man, and might do him more harm than it would do her good. She, therefore, declined to take it, and he went away. She told me she had just wood and food enough in the house to last over Sunday, and that was all; that she had no means whatever of obtaining any more. Still she was not at all afraid to trust God in these circumstances, as she had done for so many years.

On that Sunday morning there came a violent snow-storm. On Monday morning, the snow was several feet deep, and the streets so blocked up that there was no getting out without clearing the way. She had a young son who lived with her, the two composing the whole family. They arose in the morning, and found themseves snowed in on every

side. They made out to muster fuel enough for a little fire, and soon the boy began to inquire what they should have for breakfast. She said, "I do not know, my son; but the Lord will provide."

She looked out, and saw that nobody could pass the streets. The lad began to weep bitterly, and concluded that they should freeze and starve to death. However, she said she went on and made such preparations as she could to provide for breakfast, if any should come. I think she told me she set her table, and made arrangements for the meal, believing that something would come in due season.

Very soon she heard a loud talking in the street. Going to the window to see what it was, she saw a man in a single sleigh, and some men with him shoveling the snow so that the horse could get through. Up they came to her door, and, behold, they had brought her plenty of fuel and provisions, every thing to make her comfortable for several days!

But time would fail me to relate the instances in which she was helped in a manner as striking as this. Indeed, it was notorious through the city, so far as I could learn, that Mother Austin's faith was like a bank; and that she never suffered for want of the necessaries of life, because she drew on God.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT FINNEY.

A Dream and Yet a Reality.

"In some way or other
The Lord will provide."

A German minister writes:

"In our congregation, in a certain village in Switzerland, there was a man who was generally known for his piety and for his powerful prayers. He lived a real Christian life, and was ever ready to perform works of charity when an opportunity offered. With deep feeling he relates the following occurrence:

"I have fully experienced that the Lord has innumerable ways of providing for his own dear ones, who call upon him in the hour of need and trouble. On a certain night I dreamed the following dream very clearly and distinctly. I was gathering various kinds of provisions, and, putting them into a large basket, started off with them into a neighboring village. There I went through various streets until I came to a large house, which I entered, and, going to the third floor, I rapped at a door, which was opened by a woman at the point of starvation. Entering the room I found poverty and suffering. I emptied my basket of provisions upon the table, and quietly left the house. I dreamed this so clearly, that I knew exactly the appearance of the street and the house and the lady. In the act of leaving the house I awoke, and found that it was only a dream.

"Wondering for a moment what this might mean, I turned around in my bed and was soon soundly asleep again. I had scarcely fallen asleep, however, when the dream was repeated so forcibly that I again awoke. I now began to meditate over it, and came to the conclusion that the Lord meant to use me as an instrument of bringing relief to a family in great distress. I therefore concluded that in the morning I would go in search of the family and bring them all necessary relief. With this I again fell asleep, when the dream occurred to me again more vivid than ever. Awaking from it, I saw there must be no delay in the matter. I now arose immediately, and gathered together various provisions, with which I proceeded to our neighboring village. It was a cold Winter morning, very early, and when I reached the village the people were just arising. I had no trouble in finding the street nor the house. I entered it, and, stepping up to the third floor, I rapped at the door. A lady opened the door. *Alas! it was the lady I saw in my dream.* She seemed to have been up all night, praying to the Heavenly Father for relief in the hour of greatest need. The family seemed at the point of starvation. I gave them all the provisions I had brought, and promised further relief. The lady praised the Lord for deliverance in the hour of trouble, and confessed that I had been sent when need was greatest. Returning home I praised

God for his wondrous ways in supplying the need of his 'little ones.'

'And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.'"

His Servant Shall Not Want.

"Thou calledst in trouble and I delivered thee."—Psa. lxxxi, 7.

A Lutheran brother, at present pastor in the State of Illinois, testifies:

"With great joy have I read your volume: 'The Power of believing Prayer.' This 'Power' I also have realized to a great extent during the many years of my ministry. Allow me to relate to you only one instance out of many:

"Some fifteen years ago I had accepted the pastorate of a small and poor congregation in Germany upon a very small salary. When the time for settlement came, it proved that the congregation could not pay even what salary had been promised, so I and my family soon had to begin living on what had been saved in days past. When this fund was exhausted, and the merchants would not credit me, because they did not see how I would be able to pay them, then we began to want. Still we got along as best we could, until the very bread, for which the children were crying, was wanting. Starvation looked us in the face, and we were in despair. To make matters still worse, I was taken very sick. I

called my wife to my bedside, and exhorted her to place her trust in Christ, that he would certainly send early relief, for when need was greatest then the Lord was certainly nearest. While I was yet speaking there was a rap at the door, and in stepped a young lawyer of the village. He desired me to perform a marriage ceremony for him. As soon as able I performed the ceremony, and the fee received I considered as the Lord's first help in answer to my fervent prayers. Only a few days had elapsed when a large farm-wagon, packed with eatables of every sort, came in from the country, a distance of about thirteen miles. With it came a request from the people that I might, in connection with my town appointment, also serve as *their* minister. Thus the Lord had wonderfully delivered us in the days of trouble, and we hereby glorify His holy name."

DELIVERED FROM THE HANDS OF ENEMIES.

JOHN BRENZ, the great reformer of Würtemberg, who so boldly proclaimed the teachings of Martin Luther in his own native country, was upon several occasions most wonderfully delivered from the hands of his enemies, who sought to destroy his very useful and precious life.

In the year 1522 he became the Protestant minister at Swabian-Hall, a small town of Würtem-

berg, where he at once introduced the reformation and largely improved the school system. When in 1544 the German Emperor, Charles V, had united with other powers to overthrow the Protestants, it was said that he had openly protested, and had favored an opposition and defense. Troops were therefore sent to Hall to capture him. When they arrived, this man of God had fled, together with his family. They entered his house, searched his books and writings, and then left. By divine providence he had heard of their coming. He had first hid in a tower, and then left the city in disguise. They had scarcely gone when he returned in safety.

In the following year the emperor sent troops again, ordering that Brenz must be delivered, dead or alive. Upon arriving there, the commander quietly called a meeting of the City Council, and after taking the oath of secrecy from each member separately, he made known to them his commission. While he was speaking, another member appeared, who had not taken the oath. This member managed to drop Brenz a note at once, cautioning him to flee forthwith. He fled at once, and an invitation to dinner, which the commander had sent, of course, was not accepted. For several days he remained in the woods, going at night to a distant village, where he met his family. When the noble duke of Würtemberg heard of this, he had him captured and hid in an old castle at Wittlingen. The commander, suspecting this, came with his

soldiers at night, but not to the right castle, and demanded that it be opened at once. Of course he was not found. The soldiers not receiving any clew as to his present whereabouts, finally left, and the precious life had been spared once more.

Upon another occasion, when Brenz was at Stuttgart, a division of Spanish soldiers were sent to arrest him. He was notified thereof one day before their arrival. Not knowing whither to go, he earnestly prayed for divine deliverance. His thoughts were directed to a certain large building, which lay close to a farm-house, a small distance from the city. Coming hither at night, he entered, and stepping into the upper loft, he hid behind a large wood-pile. On the following day the soldiers arrived and searched in vain through every house in the city. Finally they also came to the building where Brenz was hidden. *They stepped up to the very loft.* Brenz lay behind the wood-pile silently praying to God. Several soldiers ran their spears through the pile, thus endangering his life; still their eyes were smitten with blindness, and they did not find him. Gen. xix, 2. For two weeks this searching after the man of God continued, and then the infuriated mob left the city. During all this time his life had been preserved *in the most wonderful manner.* He had taken with him a slice of bread, which he divided into many parts, eating one each day. Besides this, a hen made her appearance *each morning, laying an egg close by him,*

without once cackling. Thus he had an egg and a bit of bread each day. 1 Kings xvii, 6.

Finally he heard the people rejoice upon the streets: "Praise God, the Spaniards are gone, and they could not find our dear minister." Now Brenz came forth, and thousands of pious souls praised the Lord, who had so wonderfully delivered his servant from the hands of enemies. In those days many laid down their lives and sealed the holy cause by their blood. However, this man of God was rescued from every danger. He was one of the most active and foremost of the reformers. He held the office of provost at Stuttgart unto his death, which occurred on September 11, 1570, in the seventy-first year of his age.

SIXTH TREASURE.

FAITH-LIVES.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O, may it all my powers engage,
To *do* my Master's will!"

AS every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.—1 PETER iv, 10.

FOR the love of Christ constraineth us.—2 COR. v, 14.

LL things are possible to him that believeth.—MARK ix, 23.

CAN do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.

—PHIL. iv, 13.

E that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

—JOHN xiv, 12.

FAITH-LIVES.

A Man of Faith and a Work of Faith.

"HAVE faith in God." This word of the Master, written in large letters over the front entrance of the "Consumptives' Home," begun and carried on by Dr. C. Cullis, of Boston, Massachusetts, is the life-motto of this man of faith, and the principle pervading every branch of his work. Commenced on a small scale about twenty-four years ago, in the name of God, to his glory and for the benefit of the suffering, with no capital, but relying on the "exceeding great and precious promises of God," this work has spread in such a wonderful way that its beneficent influence is felt not only in this country, but throughout the whole Christian world. This ever-enlarging monument of the faithfulness of God was not undertaken at the momentary impulse of a religious enthusiast. Only after a great struggle of heart and mind, after much earnest prayer, and especially by the direct providences of God, clearly

indicating his will, Dr. Cullis undertook this work, which ever after proved to be a work of God, visibly accompanied by his blessing. Nor was the instrument, which God desired to use in this work especially adapted for it until after many years of training and mysterious providences, through varied experiences, disappointments, and discouragements.

We will briefly relate the dealings of God with him in his earlier years, gradually preparing him for this work. Dr. Cullis was born in Boston, March 7, 1833. Being a feeble and sickly child from his birth, his health failed altogether while going to school, and it was thought best to discontinue his studies and to put him into business. At the age of nineteen, after having clerked in a dry-goods store for several years, he had to give up again on account of feeble health, his voice failing him, so that he could only speak in a whisper. It was his intention to return to business as soon as restored to health. Man proposes, but God disposes. Mr. Cullis's thoughts were not the thoughts of the Lord. At that time he was not serving the Lord with the heart, and did not know how to look to him for guidance. During his sickness a physician became interested in him, and for his health invited Mr. Cullis to accompany him in his buggy in his daily visits to his patients. By and by the physician proposed to the young man that he study medicine, and at the same time offered him the use of his library, which was accepted.

DR. CHARLES CULLIS.

During his clerkship at the store, Mr. Cullis had made the acquaintance of a young man who was willing to advance the money necessary for him to complete his medical studies, and in due time he received his diploma.

How useful these various experiences in business and the medical profession would be to him in after life, and how the Lord by them prepared him for his life-work, he did not see at that time. While he was pursuing his studies, he began to feel that he ought to be a Christian. But he was so much in the dark that he thought if he would only read the Bible, pray, be confirmed, and adhere to the requirements of the Episcopal Church, he had done all he had to do or could do.

While pursuing his medical studies he was living in the family of a physician, and there formed the acquaintance of an amiable young lady. This acquaintanceship gradually ripened into mutual affection, and afterward into marriage. They enjoyed a happy but very short married life, she being taken from his side by death after a lingering and severe illness. This was a crushing experience for the young, loving husband. All the bright hopes for the future were blighted, his plans frustrated, the idol of his heart—his dear wife—snatched away from him. What had he to live for now? He did not then realize that God,

> "Who moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform,"

intended that this should prove to be one of the principal means by which he should learn to "die unto the world," and to "live a life of faith hid with Christ in God." Nevertheless, there in that chamber of death, kneeling beside the lifeless form of her who was dearer to him than life itself, he vowed to God that, without any reserve, all of his income, over and above his actual expenses, should be used for God's cause. This was certainly a great step towards a complete self-surrender to Christ in preparation for his work.*

After the burial of his wife, his medical practice extending more and more under the blessing of God, and money coming in very rapidly, he kept his vow; spending his income partly for tracts, which he distributed by thousands, partly for all kinds of benevolent objects. Yet his heart was not satisfied, because he did it from a feeling of duty, and not from a heart fully dedicated to Christ and prompted by the highest and only true Christian principle, the principle of *love.* He was also very conscientious in regard to other religious duties, although he was actuated more by the spirit of bondage than the spirit of liberty in Christ Jesus. Another reason of his uneasiness was, that he became more and more convinced that a large portion of his money for benevolent purposes was flowing into wrong channels, and

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* He was, after some years, married again to an estimable Christian lady, who works with him in the same spirit.

that the same might do greater good by more judicious distributing.

To find light in regard to these matters he turned his attention more earnestly to the Word of God. Reading the same with prayerful desire, the longing of his soul was soon satisfied, and he embraced the truths of the Bible by faith in every particular and in all their fulness. Taking the Word of God in his hands, he said: "I do and will forever, by God's grace, believe every word between these two lids, whether I understand it or not." Respecting the promises of God, he regarded every one of them as given to him personally, saying, "I will take every promise in the Bible as my own, just as if my own name, Charles Cullis, were written in every one of them." Ever since that time he has acted on those principles, and has found them to be a solid foundation.

How he, shortly after, made a full consecration of his whole being to the Lord, we will let him tell in his own words:

"One day—it was the 19th of August, 1862—I was reading in the morning the second chapter of Second Thessalonians, and came, in the thirteenth verse, to the words, 'Through sanctification of the Spirit.' They arrested my attention and held me for some time, while I read and re-read them, praying God to sanctify me wholly by the Spirit, and to destroy all selfishness and unbelief in my heart. The longing to work for Jesus grew

apace, and the yearning for purity kept even pace with it. After the Lord began to open my ears to his teachings, he led me sweetly into many things a step at a time. Two great things must be especially mentioned. First, he unfolded clearly and fully to me the fact that he is my righteousness; that in him, not in myself, I have eternal life. He caused me to see that he who believes in the Son of God hath life—hath life already; while he that believeth not in him hath not life, but maketh God a liar, because he believeth not the record God hath given of his Son. This gave me full assurance of faith for present acceptance and eternal salvation; and it was a wonderful advance, a great and glorious step out from under the law into grace for salvation. For this I shall praise God for ever and ever.

"After this, however, I found that I was not saved from fret and worry and impatience. Often a hasty word would escape me, which I would willingly have given my right hand to recall. The fact is, I had not yet learned that Christ must keep me, or I could not be kept. The keeping power of Christ was the second great lesson of the two taught me by the Lord. I knew my need of being kept, but thought at first that it could only be met by a great vigilance in self-keeping, and a greater firmness of self-reliance and determination; but this failed me. Then I tried prayer for help in self-keeping; but my failures were just as frequent and grievous as ever. Finally, one day whilst repeat-

CONSUMPTIVES' HOME.

ing the Lord's Prayer, the petition, 'Deliver us from evil,' seemed instinct with a significance I had never before apprehended. The evil it refers to I had always until then supposed to be that which is external to us, and which comes upon us without our choice—accidents, diseases, losses, and the like; but then I saw it to refer to evil in the heart, evil in the disposition, evil in the spirit. I saw that, like the petition, 'Let thy kingdom come,' it related primarily to our inner life, not to our outward circumstances. Then this new light was sealed home to me by the Spirit in the words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.' I saw that the kingdom within is the Lord's, and the power to set it up, and keep it up forever, is his also. Not the helping power to self-keeping, but the keeping power altogether; and when I saw this, I said with all my heart: 'Yea, Lord, amen; so it is. Hallelujah! Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'

"Before this great and blessed lesson had been taught me, I thought I knew what it would be worth if I could be kept. There was no price which could have been commanded by me, that I should have thought too great for it. Yet I must say that I knew comparatively nothing at all of its value. The power that keeps is a power that illuminates, subdues, teaches, strengthens, upholds, guides, sweetens, enlivens, gives peace, and every thing else that pertains to God's kingdom

within. I do not see how I ever lived without it, and I am sure that, but for this, I should have been poorly prepared for the dear work which the Lord has called me to do. O, I bless him for it every day!"

After this full surrender the Lord commenced to make use of this instrument to do a special work. Reading the Bible one day, his attention was especially directed to the sentence, "To every man his work." The truth flashed through his mind in an instant that God has a work for every man, if he will take it, and that we must not choose the work ourselves, but look to the Lord for direction to do that particular work which he has for us to do. While meditating over this, one day, a stranger called on him in behalf of a poor man in consumption, who had no home, and who had been refused admission into the public hospitals because he was incurable. It pained Dr. Cullis to be compelled to send this stranger away, without being able to point him to a home for this poor, sick man. Instantly a voice within him said: "There, that is your work!" And his soul replied: "Yes, Lord, that is my work!" But even then he did not hastily rush into this work. Waiting upon the Lord's time and guidance, nearly two years passed before this work was actually begun. Had he followed the quick impulses of his own heart, he would have, in the usual way, secured a board of managers and collected funds to build a hospital.

But he soon saw that, under such circumstances, there would be certain restrictions to having only the Lord's will and work done in such an institution. Another plan was, that he would, beside his own gifts, by personal appeal to his many friends, collect the necessary funds to start and maintain such an institution. Considering, however, that by following this plan he would be obliged to be a perpetual beggar, this idea was also abandoned.

What else could be done? The Lord directed his thoughts to Franke's great orphanages in Germany, supported wholly by unsolicited contributions, in answer to prayer to God alone. Just then, also, Müller's "Life of Trust" fell into his hands. This fairly opened his eyes to see the principle of trust in God applied to the Lord's work. If the Lord supplied the means; if the helpers in this work were drawn by this same principle of trust and love; if the patients were sent by God, there would be no hindrances occasioned by any human interference. Theoretically, it was thus accepted; but the practical entrance upon it was yet another thing. The Lord had to teach his servant many lessons yet, before he could unreservedly enter upon this work of faith.

It was only by a special manifestation of grace that the quick, impulsive nature, and the heart now fully consecrated to the Lord and his work, could be induced to wait patiently for two long years, in which God's plans and his purposes regarding the

man and his work were being more fully developed. Among other lessons which he learned meanwhile was the one which is of great importance to all true believers; namely, how to prove the will of the Lord in regard to every act and step in life. He gives his experience in these words: "Others may have been led into other ways of doing this. *Alternative prayer* has been the Lord's own *Urim* and *Thummim* for indicating his will to me, in two ways. First, I have asked him concerning any given plan suggested to me, that, if not from him, he would overthrow it in my mind; and if from him, that he would establish and strengthen it. The second form of alternative prayer to which I have been led is that of asking the Lord in respect to a given object, that, if from him, he would show it by a given sign, as in the case of Gideon's fleece; and that if he would *not* give the sign, I would take it as conclusive that it was not from him."

Almost two years after he had begun to pray with ever-increasing earnestness to the Lord to supply the necessary means for beginning the work of a Consumptives' Home, he received the first gift toward it from a friend, who gave of his own accord one dollar. Up to this time he had not told any one about his plans. But after receiving this first dollar in direct answer to prayer, he felt it his duty to acknowledge the will of God, and to speak of the work which he was to undertake. The time came at last for commencing the active work, after

CHILDREN'S HOME, No. 2.

all obstacles which stood in the way were removed by the prayer of faith. The thought of *buying* a house had never entered his mind; he had merely intended to *rent* one at a moderate price. He therefore made an earnest effort to find one in a suitable neighborhood. But although he earnestly searched day after day, and advertised for one, all his efforts seemed to be unavailing. After some weeks he succeeded in getting the promise of a house on Willard Street, afterward Vernon Street, at an annual rent of five hundred dollars. The doctor was considerably disappointed, however, when, on the next day, the proprietor came and informed him that some one, living opposite the house, objected to having a hospital so near by. At the same time, however, he offered to *sell* the house. Having to look to the Lord, even for the five hundred dollars rent, the thought had not entered his mind of buying a house. But when the owner told him that he could give a mortgage for the property, the doctor told him, "Let me have twenty-four hours, and I will pray over it." The next day he bought the house, being satisfied, that this was the will of the Lord. As soon as the purchase had been made, he set to work to make the necessary changes, preparatory to receiving patients. Work of various kinds on the building, as well as articles of furniture for the rooms, were freely given by friends, until after two months the "Home" was ready to be dedicated. After the

dedication, on September 27, 1864, the doctor began to pray for patients, and on October 7th, the first guest of the Lord's was received.

Very soon the house was filled with patients sick with consumption, who had no friends to care for them, and they were here welcomed in the name of the Lord, and cared for without money and without price. With only a few dollars in the treasury, and without any known wealthy friends or any other resources than the sure promises of the rich God, Dr. Cullis began this work, and to Him he had to look by faith for means to carry it on. And the Lord never failed him, supplying the means at all times of need. Often his faith was severely tried; but he learned more and more to trust in Him implicitly from day to day, and he was never disappointed.

In the preceding pages we have purposely given a more detailed account of the beginning of this work of faith, in order that the gradual development of it might be better understood. Hereafter we shall but briefly touch upon the various stages of its progress up to the present time, although it would be of interest to note more fully the guiding hand of God in every detail.

It soon became necessary to provide a second house, to obtain larger accommodations for the numerous applicants who asked to be received. In answer to prayer the Lord supplied the funds to pay off the indebtedness on the first house. In his

providence he arranged it that just at the proper time the house adjoining could be procured on liberal terms. Following the indications of providence, the doctor purchased the same; and within two years after that, the houses in the rear of the two first ones, the whole making quite a valuable and convenient property.

The diary of Dr. Cullis, together with the annual reports published by him, reveal to us through how many severe trials of faith he had to pass during these years, and how wonderfully and signally the Lord answered the prayers of his servant, who relied steadfastly on his promises, and with childlike simplicity believed his word.

Soon after opening the second house, another branch of the work had to be established. Many of the patients of the "Consumptives' Home" had children, who, when the father or mother found refuge in the Home, were left to themselves in the world, without friends to care for them. The doctor saw that it was the Lord's will that he should also take care of "the little ones." The fitting up of one room in the Home for this purpose was the small beginning of this now so important part of the work.

Two other important branches of the faith-work were also providentially inaugurated. First, the "Willard Tract Repository," for the publication and distribution of religious literature; and the "Deaconesses' House," for the training of suitable helpers

in the various branches of the work. Besides these, there was also in the building a chapel, in which religious services were held for the inmates and visitors.

The buildings being filled up with patients in a comparatively short time, it became evident that it was God's plan and purpose that the work should be still more enlarged. Under date of January 17, 1869, we find in Dr. Cullis's diary this entry: "Two more patients turned away to-day for want of room. After much prayer, I am convinced that our best plan would be to build at a little distance from the city, where land enough can be obtained for the erection of suitable buildings for each branch of the work." The reasons given for this are: First, to secure room; second, greater quiet; third, freedom of the children from bad influences of the city; fourth, pure air, with shade and space, and seclusion from heartless scrutiny for the patients.

But having no funds on hand, the thought of providing such a large sum weighed heavily against this plan. Nevertheless, the doctor, with ever-enlarging faith, trusted the Lord, if it was his will, to carry out this project. Praying to God for guidance, he set out looking for a suitable piece of land on which to erect the buildings. His attention was directed to a beautiful estate, called "Grove Hall," containing eleven acres, which was for sale. He called on the owner, but on ascertaining that the price of it was the large sum of $100,000,

FAITH-CURE HOUSE.

he wavered for a moment; but only for a moment. The Lord assured him by bringing to his mind the question, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" Telling the owner that in two weeks' time he would give him a decided answer regarding the purchase, he left him. Having received a clear answer from God, after two weeks he bought the place, the Lord having put it in the heart of the owner to reduce the price to $90,000 for this benevolent purpose. This was certainly a great act of faith, as there was no money in the treasury, and the contributions for the daily support of the work had for a long time been barely sufficient to meet current expenses. Many well-meaning friends of the work thought that Dr. Cullis had made a grave mistake in taking hold of this expensive property, and tried to induce him to give it up. Yet the doctor enjoyed great peace and a happy trustfulness in the abundant promises of God. Knowing that he had acted in accordance with the will of God, he could not be persuaded to change his mind in regard to the purchase, without receiving clear indications from God to abandon the project. The history of the work from that time to the present day has proved the wisdom of that transaction, the Lord having given abundant proof in many ways that it was his doing.

After the place had been acquired, it became necessary to erect suitable buildings, as the accommodations in Willard Street were not sufficient to receive any more patients, and a number of applica-

tions for reception had already been denied. Many and great were the trials of faith and the difficulties overcome by the doctor, yet the Lord helped him out of them.

The "Children's Home, No. 1," was the first building erected—a commodious cottage, with sufficient room for twenty children. Since then two similar buildings for the same purpose have been added. The doctor's plan was to have those homes for the little ones as nearly home-like as possible. He therefore divided the children into families, each occupying a separate home under the care of its own matron.

The next building undertaken was the large and beautiful "Consumptives' Home." In answer to prayer, means for the erection of the building, as well as for furnishing the same, were sent from near and from far in large and small amounts. It was a happy day of rejoicing and thanksgiving when the inmates of the old Home were removed from Willard Street, in the heart of the city, to this place of quiet and rest in the beautiful suburbs of Boston. "Grove Hall," which name it has retained, with its beautiful lawns, its majestic elms, its fruit-trees and fields, is known by almost every citizen of Boston, not only for its natural charms, but especially for the great work of benevolence which is carried on there to the glory of God and the physical and spiritual welfare of suffering mankind. Comparatively few, though, may know of the struggles

and trials of the man of God who was chosen to do this work. The straits through which he passed from the beginning, as well as the happy trustfulness enjoyed by him through all these experiences, will never be fully revealed in this world. The "Annual Reports," which give the reader an occasional glimpse into the daily entries of Dr. Cullis's diary, furnish only a very faint and imperfect idea of the experiences of his faith-life.

With the blessing of God, the work enlarged rapidly from year to year. The Lord opens places here and there for its various branches of usefulness, so that this work of faith, love, and sacrifice is beginning to be known even in the uttermost parts of the earth. We will give a brief synopsis of this work, as it has gradually developed up to the present time.

1. The "Consumptives' Home," at Boston, for the care and cure of consumptives.

2. The "Children's Homes," at Boston, for the children of patients in the institutions, and for orphans.

3. The "Spinal Home," at Boston, for the care and cure of persons afflicted with diseases of the spine.

4. The "Faith-cure Home," at Boston, for the reception of those, who, suffering from any disease, look to God, to be healed by faith only.

5. The "Cancer Home," at Walpole, Massachusetts, for the care and cure of persons suffering with cancer.

6. A Home at Boston for those who have fallen from virtue, and have an earnest desire to leave their wicked ways, accepting Christ for their Savior.

7. The "Deaconess House," in Boston, a home for the preparation of helpers in the work.

8. The "Grove Hall Church," in Boston, a neat building beside the chapel for the sick in the Consumptives' Home, in which regular services are held for the benefit of the inmates of all the institutions, and for the people in the neighborhood.

9. "Beacon Hill Church," in Boston, in which preaching services on Sabbath, a consecration meeting on Tuesday afternoon, a daily noonday prayer-meeting, and other religious meetings, are regularly held by Dr. Cullis and others.

10. "Faith-training College," in Boston, for the spiritual training of laborers in the Lord's work.

11. The "Boydton Institute," in Boydton, Virginia, a Christian educational work among the freedmen in Virginia. A similar work is also carried on in Oxford, North Carolina.

12. "Foreign Missions:" two mission-stations among the natives in India.

13. "Chinese Mission:" a work among the Chinese in California.

14. The "Willard Tract Repository," in Boston, for the publication of books, papers, tracts, etc. Two monthly papers, *The Times of Refreshing* and *The Word of Life*, are regularly published here.

CANCER HOME, WALPOLE, MASS.

15. "Lewis Street Mission," in Boston, a work for the temporal and spiritual elevation of the lowest classes.

Besides these various branches of the work, there is a Faith-cure Home in Philadelphia, a mission among the white people at Renick's Valley, West Virginia, and a mission among the Jews in Boston. By the foregoing it will be seen that the work is not limited, but that wherever the Lord gives an open door, and whatever the work may be, the doctor is ready to enter upon it in the name of God. Doing His work, he depends solely on him for guidance and support.

We may also mention here an undertaking of a somewhat peculiar character—the "Intervale Park," a beautiful piece of forest-land in the White Mountains, secured by Dr. Cullis, and fitted up for the holding of an annual Summer convention of Christian workers. The work in all its departments is wholly undenominational. Christ is all, and in all; and in his name and to his glory the doctor and his co-laborers work together in the spirit of the Master, in unity, love, and self-sacrifice. They claim the rich promises of God in regard to all temporal, physical, and spiritual matters.

Respecting bodily healing, Dr. Cullis holds that when we are fully consecrated to God, it is the privilege of the believer to claim the promise in James v, 14, 15, complying at the same time with

its conditions. Personally and by correspondence many sufferers apply to him for prayer. There are many remarkable, yea, miraculous instances, to prove that these petitions have been answered by God, and that many persons have been cured of their diseases. He teaches that Christ is a Savior from sin and all its evil consequences, and that this salvation is for the healing and welfare *not only* of the soul, but also of the body. He has perfect confidence in the promises of God and the efficacy of prayer, in claiming them in all circumstances of life. In his work he is assisted by many co-laborers of Christ, fully dedicated to the service of the Master, who do this work without any remuneration whatsoever. A spirit of cheerfulness and happy trust in God pervades the whole work. The genial temperament of the doctor, and the childlike confidence, influences every worker to do his labor of love in the same spirit.

The doctor's position and feeling in this work may be seen in the following:

A lady once asked him: "Doctor, your responsibilities are great, and are growing greater very fast; don't you begin to feel them becoming heavy?" His answer was: "Heavy? No, not at all. The work is not mine, but the Lord's. I am not my own, but his. The responsibility is not on me, but on him. I have only to look for and accept daily orders and supplies, obey my orders and dispense my supplies, and leave all with the Lord.

A clerk in a large house has no more responsibility than a clerk in a small one. If the business is a million a year, its weight is no more upon a clerk than if it was only a hundred thousand a year."

No wonder that, in such an atmosphere, persons who are received into the institutions are drawn toward those who so lovingly and tenderly care for them, and that many are won for Christ by such kindness and love. We will give a few instances of this influence from testimonies of patients, out of the hundreds which might be recorded.

We approach the bedside of a poor Irish girl in the "Consumptives' Home." She tells us—in her own words, full of joy and gratitude: "O, the doctor—he 's been a father to me; he 's been a real father to me! Why, I came here to find out what was the matter of me, and when I asked the doctor, he just said, 'You 'd better go up-stairs.' And I said, 'Doctor, you do n't think I 've got the consumption, do you?' And he said, 'Yes, my child; I am afraid you have, indeed.' And I began to cry, and said, 'O, what shall I do? I 've no father or mother or home; nowhere in the world to go, and nobody in the world to take care of me; and now they won't let me in at the hospital, 'cause I 've got the consumption;' and then the doctor, he just said, so kindly. 'Why, my child, *this* shall be your home as long as you live. *I'll* be a father to you. Just go up-stairs to the matron, and she 'll give you a bed, and we 'll take care of you.' O,

how this kindness did go to my heart! And *they 're all* so kind here! Why, I never had a home before. And the doctor, he 's been a *real* father to me. I never heard much about the blessed Jesus till I came here. I heard a great deal about saying prayers to the blessed Virgin, but I never heard much about the blessed Jesus. But now tell me, what do you think of this? Yesterday I heard through the open door—I could n't go into the chapel; I 'm too far gone for that—but I heard the sweet singing about Jesus, and I heard you talk about being like a little child in the arms of Jesus, and I wished I was a little child in his dear arms. And last night I was in such pain I could n't sleep; and I prayed to Jesus to take away my pain, and it all went away. I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was a little child in the arms of Jesus, and that he loved me and told me I should always be with him. When I awoke in the morning my heart was glad, and I wondered whether it was true that the blessed Jesus did love me, and that I should be always with him; so when nurse came, I told her about my prayer and my dream, and asked her, 'What does it mean?' And she said, 'Why, it means that Jesus *does* love you, and you *are* his little child!' And then, O how happy I was!" Two days later she passed away peacefully.

A young man, also sick with consumption, relates his experience thus:

"I was born in Canada. My parents are French.

BEACON HILL CHURCH.

I was brought up a Roman Catholic. I never knew any thing of salvation till I came here. My prejudices were very strong, and I hated the Protestants. I was awfully wicked; my sins have been the death of me. I shall soon die. This may be the last time I shall be able to be in the chapel, but I am happy in Jesus. My sins are all forgiven. I am trusting fully in the Lord. He saves me from sin, and keeps me in perfect peace. O, the joy of knowing Jesus! I learned to know Jesus here. And now I have learned to trust him to save me wholly, and he does it, O so sweetly! I wanted to say this for fear I should never have another opportunity to do it. My soul is at rest. I shall soon be in glory."

Such are the glorious results of this work of faith, and such is the "exceeding great reward" of those engaged in it! Although more than five hundred thousand dollars have been expended already for the support of the work in the past twenty years, and although more than five hundred dollars are needed every week at the present time, and the work constantly enlarging, yet all means have been given freely and unsolicited, no one being asked but the Lord. Surely the words of Jesus are always true: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi, 22.

REV. A. FLAMMANN.

Pastor Blumhardt's Faith-Work.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."—John xiv, 12.

Christoph Blumhardt's name is known and honored by a large number of persons in this country. The recognition of his work, however, and the influence of his disinterested and remarkable character is far more widely spread on the Continent of Europe than in other far-off countries. We shall endeavor to give a brief but accurate account of the wonderful life of faith and trust, and of the happy end, of this man of God.

Christoph Blumhardt was born at Stuttgart, July 16, 1805. His mother was a wise-minded woman, and in governing her household was remarkable for her order and discipline. His father, George Blumhardt, was a man who reverenced the Word of God; and it was a life-long theme of gratitude to the son that in early life he was made acquainted with the beauty, authority, and value of the Scriptures. The boy so delighted in its study that he had read the Bible through twice before he had completed his thirteenth year. Divine truth so early possessed his head and heart that the course of his whole spiritual life grew and developed within the lines of a firm Bible Christianity.

He at first attended the Stuttgart grammar-school, and thence, in the year 1820, the theological seminary at Schoenfeld, where he studied indefati-

gably. He next entered the great University of Tübingen, which at the time was a very center of rationalism. But, through the mercy of God, the beautiful and trusting faith of his childhood remained unshaken amid the perils of reckless German criticism and infidelity. Privation befriended him, for he worked hard at his studies in order to gain time to give private lessons to aid in supporting his then widowed mother.

Leaving the university he threw himself with intense fervor into the work of his first curacy, which he entered in the year 1828. Rarely was a young minister more consecrated. Heart and soul, feet and hands, were given to God and to his parish. His gifts as a preacher soon became widely known and recognized. About this time he was called by his uncle to become his coadjutor in the missionary college at Bâle. Mission-inspector Blumhardt was a saintly man, and his influence over his nephew was marked and permanent. For six years Christoph labored here with energy and constant prayer in the work of preparing young missionaries for the service of the Master. His valuable work, "History of Missions," was written during this time. His marked characteristic at this stage of his experience, was a strong faith in God; a faith that took absolute hold on the promises of the Word.

He next became minister for a time at Iptingen, near Vaihingen, where he was the means of

reuniting to the Church persons who had been bitterly estranged from it. In 1838 he became pastor of a charge at Möttlingen, a Lutheran village in the Black Forest of the kingdom of Würtemberg. There his uncle, Inspector Blumhardt, united him in marriage with Johanna Dorothea Köllner. She was a loving and devoted Christian, and became his attached and faithful wife.

Simple trust in Jesus was held in contempt at Möttlingen; but the young pastor boldly began to preach, with that first and most important Gospel to sinners, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Soon his earnestness and zeal bore fruit. Crowds flocked to hear the fervent young preacher. A revival came on, mingled with conflicts and opposition; but he held steadily onward, and endeavored to guide all who believed into the pathway of holiness. Without splitting hairs over definitions, it may safely be said that Blumhardt was a holiness preacher. He had unlimited confidence in the atonement of Christ for soul and body, and was not ashamed to avow his belief and faith. The village of Möttlingen had drunk in the spirit of the times in the form of disbelief and superstition. With this, uncleanness also painfully prevailed. But, by the power of God, the whole parish now witnessed a remarkable change, and people flocked into it from neighboring places. About this time *a very strange occurrence* took place. Gottliebin and Katharina Dittus, two sisters in

PASTOR CHRISTOPH BLUMHARDT.

Möttlingen, were strangely and unaccountably affected. For a period of two years Blumhardt had them constantly on his mind, and presented them to God in prayer. But all this time they grew worse, and the attacks became more frequent. To careful observers the symptoms appeared to coincide with those of the demoniacs in the time of Christ. All medical treatment was unavailing, and at last the physician, appalled by the manifestations, exclaimed: "Is there no clergyman in this village who can pray? I can do nothing here!" With characteristic modesty Blumhardt wished to retreat, but some of his people said to him, "If you do not want to shake our faith in your preaching, you can not retreat before the evil one." After awhile he replied, "You are right; but to be in accord with the Word of God, you also must unite with me in supplication, according to James v, 14."

Prayer was made, and the fulfillment of the promise claimed. But Satan would not give up without a struggle. Gottliebin's symptoms became terrible, almost beyond relief. Several strong men were obliged to hold her in a chair, and even their efforts were unavailing to control the frightful convulsions and contortions which racked her body. Through an entire night this continued, Blumhardt praying unceasingly and with rising faith. An unnatural voice, not her own, would speak from the poor woman's throat, and strive to engage the pastor in argument or conversation; but he steadily prayed

on. This voice distinctly proclaimed its Satanic origin, and at intervals gave utterance to a horrible cry of despair and fear, which issued from her mouth, without intermission, for fifteen minutes at a time. Again the voice addressed Jesus, demanding that, as he was a high minister of Satan, Christ should not compel him to leave this woman in the ordinary way; but that he should cast him out by some wonderful and mighty miracle. Still the pastor prayed, and toward morning the struggle culminated, the demon was vanquished, and cried out, with a great and terrible cry, heard by almost the entire village, "Jesus is victor! Jesus is victor!" When the sun arose, the afflicted one was whole.

The fact produced a great sensation. The papers carried the tidings far. But the pastor put forth all his efforts to suppress any unhealthy excitement, and was anxious to use the occurrence for the spiritual awakening of his parish.

About a week after, a man of loose and deceitful character came trembling and pale into Blumhardt's study, and said: "Sir, is it, then, possible that I can be pardoned and saved? I have not slept for a whole week, and if my heart be not eased, it will kill me." He made an astonishing confession of iniquity, which for the first time opened the pastor's eyes to the multitude and enormity of sins prevailing among the people. The pastor prayed with him, and put Christ before him in his readiness to pardon even the vilest of sinners that would come to

him for mercy. After a severe struggle, the man by faith accepted Christ as his Savior, and immediately his countenance was changed, beaming with joy and gratitude. The man now went from cottage to cottage, telling the people of his experience, urging them to go to the manse, and even dragged some into the presence of the minister. In this way about twenty persons left their ways of sin, and found grace in the blood of Jesus.

On the next "monthly day of humiliation and supplication," as it is termed in the Lutheran Church, Blumhardt preached from the text, "The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." This seemed to be the signal for a general breaking down. The pastor says: "My house was from that day actually besieged by my parishioners. I had to attend to them, almost without rest, from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. Men who had never cared for their souls sat in my parlor for hours, patiently awaiting their turn. After two months there were scarcely twenty people in the parish who had not thus come in humble confession and sincere repentance."

A peculiar feature of this revival was the healing of bodily and mental diseases in answer to prayer. Blumhardt himself says on this point: "It was especially in that awful case of illness of Miss Dittus that I discovered how the testamentary words of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,' are not yet quite out

of power, if applied with a humble, penitent, and believing heart. Every thing concerning illness in my parish began to be changed. Seldom did a medical man appear in it; the people would rather pray. Certain diseases seemed entirely to cease, and the general state of health became better than it was before."

We will here relate a few cases of healing that occurred about this time. A man coming to Blumhardt for religious instruction, suffered intensely from rheumatism. The disease returned regularly, and at times he would be suddenly attacked and fall helpless to the ground. When the pastor, in the Lutheran form of absolution, laid hands on him, he suddenly felt a sensation as if something was passing down and out of his body, and his disease was gone. It never returned again. The pastor knew nothing of this until afterward. After some time these cases became numerous, and he at length was astonished by the revelation of the truth. His soul was, however, much encouraged to increased faith in God, and henceforth he regarded nothing in the way of healing as impossible.

A child, whose eyes were badly affected, was taken by its parents to the well-known Dr. Barth, their former pastor, to ask his advice. The physician held that an operation was necessary; but they felt drawn to go to Blumhardt. Dr. Barth said: "If you have faith that the Lord *can* and *will* cure your child, go to Blumhardt without hesita-

tion; but if you have no faith, then have the operation performed." They went to Blumhardt by faith, and on the very day the child became better, and within three days the eyes were entirely healed.

A boy carried his poor, crippled brother to pastor Blumhardt. He was crook-backed, but after a short time he became perfectly straight. On being questioned as to his cure he simply said, "I had something in my back, I do not know what it was, but now it is gone."

A lady who had been suffering for many years with spinal disease, and had been too lame to stand for eighteen months, came to Möttlingen after having tried all the places of cure in Europe. On Sunday she was carried to church to hear the sermon. One day, being much impressed spiritually, she sent for the pastor, saying that the sermon had been preached directly for her, and conversed with him entirely about her soul. This was after dinner. In the evening the patient's nurse came running, with tears of joy in her eyes, and said, "O, pastor, you must not be alarmed, *but she walks!*" A whole company went directly to the residence of the patient, when she herself came to meet them on the stairs; whereupon all knelt down and rendered thanks to God for his wonderful works.

Blumhardt *never in the least urged the people to give up medical means.* This many did of their own accord. Nor did he consider his presence and mediation necessary. Hundreds who came, in course

of time, from all parts of Europe, or applied to him through friends or by letter, were directed by him to search themselves before the Almighty, to repent, to give themselves entirely up to God, with all their families, and he would then, in answer to a child-like petition as to their peculiar necessities, do according to his holy pleasure. But others without number came, or were brought to Möttlingen, especially on days of public worship; scores of them were accommodated inside the church, outside in the church-yard, or listened to the sermon from neighboring houses. From early in the morning till in the evening, Blumhardt had scarcely a minute of rest. Hundreds came, one after another, desiring to lay their spiritual and bodily complaints in particular before him.

An eye-witness remarks: "Two years after the beginning of the revival, one Sunday morning, a friend and I counted more than a hundred villages and towns of Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden, from which either a few or whole bands of from thirty to fifty had come to hear the Word of God, or to seek relief from diseases."

AT BAD BOLL.

THE house at Möttlingen soon became too small to accommodate those who came to him for advice and prayer, and a great dilemma oppressed him. He must either give up his parish or his patients. To attend properly to both was impossible. In his

perplexity he went before the Lord, and soon he was directed to a choice. A short distance from Mottlingen were situated the well-known sulphur baths at Boll, near Göppingen. The house had been built, and the spacious grounds laid out to form a sort of Hamburg, or Wiesbaden. But the speculation had failed, and the government of Würtemberg offered them for sale. The pastor heard of this, and went at once to Stuttgart to make inquiries. The conditions of sale proved to be unexpectedly favorable, both as to price and terms. Eight thousand florins were to constitute the first payment. On returning home, Blumhardt related these particulars at the table to his guests. There was among them a manufacturer present from the native place of good pastor Oberlin, in the north-east of France. This man, who had something of Oberlin's spirit, said that he had set aside eight thousand florins for some benevolent foundation, and that he was quite ready to place the sum at the pastor's disposal. The way was thus providentially opened, and a doubt that the thing was of the Lord never afterwards entered the thoughts of Blumhardt. Soon after the king of Würtemberg sent a message and a gift to encourage him to proceed.

Streams of people soon began to arrive at Bad Boll, and so numerous did the visitors become, that it became necessary to convert the forty-two bath-rooms on the ground-floor into sleeping apartments. Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and

systematic manner. The charge for board was very moderate, and barely enough to cover expenses. For invalid missionaries, or poor persons, a further reduction was made. Some of the richer visitors voluntarily paid more, and thus enabled some of the destitute to be entertained free of any expense. "During my stay at Bad Boll," says one, "there were representatives from Norway, Holland, Denmark, Russia, France, Switzerland, Prussia, Saxony, Baden, Bavaria, Würtemberg, England, and America. All unreal distinctions, caused by false etiquette, selfishness, and pride, ceased; while all the real distinctions of nature, as well as of providential appointment, were observed with fine temper and easy tact. Narrow prejudices seemed to vanish; visitors regarded each other in their human relations, and a sympathetic interest in each other was felt rather than expressed. At the same table would sit a pale Bavarian peasant and a Russian court lady; princely persons sat down by the side of weary traders. The home is a masterpiece, a manifestation of Christianity conceived in all the depth of its riches and fullness, moving in freedom, and invested with evangelical life. One's heart expands here, and Christianity appears as one does not easily find it elsewhere."

Blumhardt never obtruded himself on his guests. He expected their inward conversion by the blessing of God upon the clear statement of his word, as set forth in domestic worship, or taught in his

BAD BOLL FAITH INSTITUTE.

sermons in the church. If, however, any one of the visitors sought further direction, he was always ready to give it in his study. He had appointed special hours for this more private guidance and encouragement. But the individual treatment can scarcely be described. There was about it a winning sympathy quite unique and original. Inquiring or perplexed souls derived from this informal intercourse a blessing even more remarkable than that which attended the public discussions.

The pastor would frequently guard against what he termed "impetuous" prayers. "Our prayers," he said, "must often turn into a patient waiting, but by no means must they be ever without hope. Moreover, the Lord has his own times. He knows what must, in the proper order of things, take place first. His turn may be before ours. He always so helps as to prove that he alone has done it. He will not share his glory with another. *He only* is the Deliverer and Helper; therefore looking alone to him, take new courage. He *is* friendly. He *will* come. The bitter Marah waters will be sweetened as *he* is looked to; and after the weeping over the bitterness, there will be the more of comfort and gladness in the sweetness *he* will impart."

A few examples from the experiences at Bad Boll may be interesting. Blumhardt held that the signs mentioned by our risen Savior (Mark xvi, 18) embraced a promise for all times, and that if the signs were now lacking it was through a want of faith in

the Church. He took the Lord at his word. Many a captive, who had been enthralled bodily and mentally by Satan went away from Bad Boll rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ had, in both respects, made him free. Often as those who had left wrote to tell of their healing, and of the change that had passed over their life, Blumhardt would say with energy, "Thank God, the God of our fathers still lives!"

One day the pastor and his wife were found deeply anxious, watching at the sick-bed of their baby, not six months old. The symptoms took a dangerous form, and the babe became hopelessly ill. But the father prayed, left the dear child in the arms of the Savior, and both came down to the usual evening worship with their accustomed equanimity. The next morning the pastor came happily to the table to tell, with a cheerful face, that the child lived, and had been given back to them, as it proved, from death itself. A Bavarian theologian said, "What a grand and noble thing is a heart established by grace!"

One day Blumhardt received a telegram, saying that a loved sister of an affectionate household was in the last stage of cholera. The physicians had given up the case. He sent an answer, telling that he must go to preach in Stuttgart, and begged the family to unite with him in prayer. As he journeyed he prayed for the lady. On his return home, a telegram awaited him, reading, "Wonderful! the

unfavorable symptoms have disappeared, and our sister is in a fair way of recovery."

A boy was brought in a state of violent lunacy. He was perfectly nude, and would not tolerate clothing for an instant. Of course he had to be confined and closely watched. The pastor visited him, and prayed with him repeatedly; but he was very violent, and finally injured Blumhardt by a severe kick. But prayer was continued for him, and in a short time he was entirely well and clothed in his right mind.

Blumhardt was regarded as a holy, unselfish man, whose prayers prevailed with God. He was a minister of God, unusually rich in the power and love of his Master, and able in the most remarkable manner to apply the Scriptures to the mental and spiritual anxieties of troubled souls, and to every detail in practical life. The latter gift was more spoken of than his intercession for the sick. He made, indeed, no profession of being able, even through prayer, to bring healing to all the physical maladies that came before him. But he had a child-like confidence in the pity and love of the Great Father to his tempted and suffering children. He taught that there was a divine idea under and beneath this sorrowing life. As he laid his hand gently on the head of a sufferer, and poured forth his prayer, the afflicted felt sure that his heart was drawn out to them. He said to one who spoke to him about his discourses, "I continuously place

myself in the center of God's revealed truths and purposes, and thence I can more easily survey the various refractions."

He taught that the spirit's health was more important than that of the body. He sought to lead visitors at Bad Boll into real communion, by penitence and faith, with the Lord. If a visitor for whom he prayed thought that medicine was more needed than prayer, he made no scruple about saying that he looked for no cure while there was no believing contact of the spirit with God. In numerous cases he regarded sickness and mental disease as contrary to the mind of the Lord. Sickness he believed to be a result of sin, and to emanate from the devil. He possessed a keenness of spiritual insight that judged, with rarely mistaken accuracy, whether the removal or the continuance of disease would be in accord with the will of God. He held that this discerning faculty was a "charisma," a gift of God. "I was not aware," says he, "that this gift was intended for me. I had not asked it; rather, I accepted it with fear and trembling." Even possessed of this gift, he carefully guarded all persons from any impression that it was merely by laying on of hands, or by any physical exertion that cures came. "My remedy," he invariably said, "is simply prayer."

He entertained the idea that one reason why Jesus desired those he healed not to speak of it, was to prevent presumptuous abuse and imitations

that would hinder the work of God. Hence he seldom spoke publicly of the cures, for he was very much afraid of the instrument being exalted; but referred the whole to the great love of God.

Thus this grand work was continued without interruption for many years, and many hundreds of well-attested cases could be related, to show the wonders of God's power and love in the history of this humble and faithful servant. Then the time came, when this "apostolic man," as he was properly called by several, was summoned to his *heavenly rest and reward.* In January, 1880, he began ailing in various ways. A constant cough deprived him of rest, and shook his frame. He said in these days he must arrange every thing, and make haste about it, as one could not tell what great change might be coming. He preached often about some approaching manifestation of God's judgment. For himself, he would be ready for whatever might come.

"His real week of suffering," says his son, "commenced on Thursday night, February 20, 1880. He had been busy till late, and when he retired he found no rest. At four o'clock he had his sons pray with him, and toward five o'clock he found quiet. Friday he spent as usual, benefiting by his friendly intercourse even more people than generally. On Saturday his physical strength had greatly diminished, and symptoms of inflammation of the lungs and fever showed themselves. At ten

o'clock that night he retired, suffering from fever in an increased degree. On Sunday night he was very ill, and told his sons to unite in prayer in another room (he promising to join in spirit), that Satan might not gain any advantage from his illness, and that he might not die unless it was God's will that he should. From this time he was altogether freed from any desire, even for the prolonging of his life. His mind was occupied with thoughts respecting the fulfillment of prophecy. 'Thy kingdom come,' were the words he frequently uttered, praying thus with a firm voice. 'The Lord will shortly lead on his own cause gloriously,' was the one encouragement he emphatically gave. His prayer also was that no one might be lost who was dear to him; that grace and mercy might come to all men, and that God's deserved wrath might not fall on them. For himself, when feeling particularly oppressed with inflammation, he once cried, 'Grace, grace!'

"Thus the last day approached—the most trying one. On this Wednesday he lay in bed, unable to move in the least. We saw how painful his condition was. The chief pain to him, however, was that he could not give utterance to his thoughts, as his tongue refused the service. Nevertheless, even on this day he spoke some words of courage and confidence, and with a last effort prayed for and blessed his sons for 'the victory,' as he himself called it. We could hardly bear to see his suf-

fering any longer, and the Lord hastened his coming. At ten o'clock at night he took a spoonful of wine, but refused a second by a motion of his head, with full consciousness. His hands were already cold, and a few seconds later he breathed no more. Not the slighest movement was seen in his countenance. He lay as if calmly sleeping, when weeping children gathered round their father, in whom they had possessed so much.

"So this man of God departed. We mourn, but are also comforted, for he has left behind him an inheritance in his spiritual acquisitions, by which we, with all his friends, are allowed to feel rich. The Lord Jesus be praised that such a servant of his was given the Church in these times!"

A letter has been received by us from one of the pastor's sons, written toward the close of 1884. We are therein requested that, in speaking of this wonderful work, we give all the glory to the Heavenly Father alone. We are also informed, that the blessed work at Bad Boll is still carried on, and is attended with the same blessed results that always flow from the presence of God's Spirit. May God's blessing rest upon the institution in the future, as it has in the past, and may suffering humanity ever be benefited through its blessed influences, both spiritually and bodily! *Amen.*

Faith-Rest Cottage.

Under this beautiful name we find in one of the quiet streets of Buffalo a lovely "Faith Home." Any weary, sin-sick wanderer may come hither, and have the way shown him to the precious Savior, and, after accepting Christ, leave—a new-born child of God. Any suffering one may come, and be led at once by kind hands and prayerful hearts to the Great Physician, who is ever ready to restore health to body and soul.

It has been the author's privilege, on one of his recent trips, to visit this beautiful home, and to become personally acquainted with God's chosen instrument in carrying on this work.

Miss Carrie F. Judd, who has been so wonderfully restored to perfect health by the prayer of faith, is one of the "Lord's Little Ones," looking to him for daily guidance, and only going step by step, as the Lord bids her go on. In this way she has been permitted to found and carry on this "Faith-rest," to publish several little volumes, the most important of which is called, "The Prayer of Faith," of which thousands of copies have been spread in several languages. Since 1881 she also publishes a monthly journal, *Triumphs of Faith*, in the interest of holiness and faith-healing. Thousands of prayers have ascended to the throne of mercy from this circle, both for weary ones among them and also for those sending petitions for prayers all over the land,

and many have been answered by the Lord in healing the body and cleansing the soul. The several hours of sweet communion and prayer spent with these dear ones, so full of holy fire, faith, and trust, will never be forgotten by the writer. Our request for an account of the work from its origin has been granted by the following:

FAITH-WORK.

Having been requested to give an account of my work of faith since its commencement, I shall be glad to do so, though many of my readers know from their own experience how impossible it is to give an adequate idea of the beautiful and wondrous way in which the Lord leads his own little trusting ones. As David says: "Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward, . . . if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."

Most of my readers have already seen the account of my long sickness and blessed deliverance in answer to "the prayer of faith." After my healing I was very joyful, not alone because I had so suddenly been freed from terrible suffering and helplessness, but also because of the great spiritual blessing received at the same time. I desired to have other sick and heart-weary ones know of the same blessed Healer, and therefore lost no opportunity of relating what the Lord had done for me.

Soon after my healing I read for the first time a detailed account of the wonderful work which the Lord had been doing for years through Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, and I was very much surprised that I, and Christians in general, had been so long in ignorance of this beautiful work of faith. Dr. Cullis's reports stimulated, more and more, in me a desire to engage in some especial work for the Lord, and I desired, if it were his will, to enter the Deaconess House, connected with Dr. Cullis's work, and take a two years' course of training in the different branches of Christian work. I prayed over this, quietly waiting for the guidance of the Lord, and, as the way did not seem to open in this direction, I came to the conclusion that I was not to engage in any especial service, but simply to do with holy cheerfulness and patience the little duties which lay all around me in my quiet home-life. It was a proof to me of my renewed consecration that I found myself as willing for one course as the other, my only desire being to serve the dear Lord in his own appointed way. It is wonderful how many ways we find of comforting and strengthening other hearts, if we are only willing to be used; and when these little golden opportunities fell around my pathway the Lord made me quick to see and improve them; and in these little love-duties, faithfully performed, the Lord himself was training me for wider usefulness, though I knew it not.

Not until several months had passed away was

the account of my healing widely published, and then without any seeking on my part to have it done; for I had left this also with the Lord, desiring only to have it done if it would glorify him. In a marked manner the account was called for at last, and copied from one newspaper into another, until it became widely known. Letters then came pouring to me from all parts of this country and from England. I could see, from the tone of all these letters, that nearly all came from honest, earnest hearts, hungry to know if God had truly revealed himself in this wonderful way to his suffering children. My own intense sufferings and longings in the past had taught me how to sympathize with other burdened hearts, and faithfully and lovingly I sought to answer their queries, endeavoring to point them to Him who "healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

I had no thought that this work would continue long; but it was so ordered that another paper, and then another, would copy the account of my healing, and so the letters continued to come, and I continued answering them. But so many questions were asked, and so much ignorance in regard to the way of faith was displayed by many, that I realized I could not effectually tell in a letter what the Lord had taught me, and it was therefore laid upon my heart to write a book of kindly counsel and encouragement for the afflicted. This I endeavored to do, but was soon shown my inability to write God's

truth in words which man's wisdom teacheth. Accordingly, after writing a few pages, I laid down my pen, determined not to attempt the book again until I could write it in the power of the Spirit. I was kept waiting several weeks before the inspiration from on high was given for this important work; and then suddenly the sought-for power was given, and in great simplicity, but in words "which the Holy Ghost teacheth," the message was written. 1 Cor. ii, 13.

For the glory of the Lord, I will here add that the little book thus given, "The Prayer of Faith," has since proved a great blessing to many afflicted ones, and that in our own and several other languages, into which it has been translated, it has borne wide-spread testimony to the loving power of our Savior Christ. This book I was especially led to consecrate from the first, determining to use all proceeds in the work of the Lord, though at that time I had no idea of being led into faith-work. The sending forth of this little book in the name of the Lord brought many requests for prayer, and I seemed to bear each sufferer on my heart before the "Great Physician."

About this time a Christian gentleman—a good friend of my father's, but whom I had never seen—inquired of him more particularly about my cure, and sent me an invitation by him to attend a Union Holiness meeting, held at one of the Methodist churches in this city every week. Having been

a member, since childhood, of the Episcopal Church, I felt a little fear of mingling with other denominations, lest I might, unconsciously, imbibe some false teachings; so I prayed and thought over the subject long, before I accepted the invitation. As I think now of my many beloved friends among the different denominations, I am constrained to smile at my former narrowness, though it was never in the least from any ill-will, but only from the reserve of my religious education.

The way was at last plainly and beautifully opened for me to attend this meeting, and the earnest prayers I heard there, as well as the blessed experiences I heard related, touched my heart beyond description. Some of the members of the different Churches, with whom I thus became acquainted, kindly called upon me, and we had blessed little seasons together, generally offering prayer for some of the many sick ones who had written me. My dear mother, who was always quite as interested in the sick and sorrowing as myself (inasmuch as she had watched over me in anguish during my sickness, and had previously mourned over the illness and death of two of my sisters, who had died of consumption), was always with us, and gave the name of "one-accord meetings" to these little informal gatherings. See Acts ii, 1: "With one accord, in one place."

Soon after, my mother read an article in *The Living Church*, written by the Rev. Dr. Bolles, in

which he said that every house ought to contain a room especially devoted to prayer, where one could retire for communion, and be free from disturbance. With this thought in mind, and with no idea of opening it for public meetings, she set apart for that use our front parlor, which, on account of the many trials and expenses in our family, had never been furnished. It seemed now that it had indeed been "kept for the Master's use," and it added to the sanctity of the room to remember that it had never been used for social purposes.

In answer to prayer a carpet and other furnishings for the room were supplied, and one quiet evening in June a few friends met with us there to informally dedicate to the Lord this little "Sanctuary."

At last the requests for prayer became so numerous that it seemed best to establish a weekly faith-meeting, that we might inform the sick of the time of our intercession for them, that they, at the same hour, might unite in prayer with us. Since that time (now several years) we have held our little meeting in "Faith Sanctuary" every Thursday evening, and the Lord has graciously heard prayer and healed the souls and bodies of many captive ones. For has he not told us in his Word that he came to bring deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind? O, how we have all of us limited the Holy One of Israel by our unbelief!

As the knowledge of our faith-meeting spread abroad, dear suffering ones would, from time to time, write us from a distance begging permission to come to us for a short season for encouragement and instruction in the way of faith, and many of these were desirous of fulfilling the command in James v, 14, 15. The Lord had raised up for us meanwhile an "elder," a man of piety and faith, who was always ready to perform this service for any sick one who would honestly consecrate soul and body to the Lord.

I can not now pause to speak particularly of the beauty and significance of this anointing "in the name of the Lord," this presenting of our sick bodies in his own appointed way as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto him; but I would suggest that obedience is always necessary to the claiming of any promise, and the sick are certainly called upon to obey this direct command. To any who hold back from this, through timidity or unbelief, we would recall the words of Naaman's servant when he was tempted through pride to disobey the word of the prophet: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean!" Could we do aught else but open our hearts and home to these longing sufferers, realizing by faith the precious truth that, inasmuch as we do it unto one of the least of these, Christ's "brethren," he counts it as done unto himself?

As the work enlarged, however, there seemed great need of a Faith Home for the temporary entertainment of these sufferers, a place of quiet and rest, where weary ones might wait upon the Lord, and, according to the promise, "renew their strength." For months I laid the matter before the Lord before definite light was given me; then the way suddenly and wonderfully opened for the accomplishment of my desire. In the Spring of 1882 a pleasant cottage in our immediate neighborhood was obtained for the purpose, by renting, and on April 3d a pleasant family was gathered there from the East and West, and the North and South. On the same afternoon, informal consecration and thanksgiving services were held at the cottage, the first of the many sweet seasons of prayer and praise known since by Faith-rest household. This new branch of our work was commenced in utter dependence upon the Lord for its means of support. We have not at any time felt at liberty to name a sum for board, as we desired that all who came, poor as well as rich, should feel that they were partaking of the Lord's own hospitality, given "without grudging." The free-will offerings which have been given by visitors at the Rest have been quite insufficient to carry expenses, inasmuch as many who come are poor in this world's goods, though rich in faith; consequently we have been obliged to trust in the Lord for means independently of this source. This has given us a precious opportunity to prove the

Lord's power and faithfulness; and when his loving query has been put to us, "Lacked ye any thing?" we could answer with his disciples, "Nothing." Not only has money been provided for the carrying on of this work, but consecrated helpers have been sent according to our need—those who have counted it joy to give their service to the Lord, and who have been able to unite with us in praying for and counseling the sick who have come to us. Many have been blessedly healed in this little Home, and life-long invalids have gone forth strong in the Master's strength to work for him.

We have not yet had given us a permanent Home, but are still renting this cottage. It remains to be seen whether or not the Lord intends this branch of our work to be permanently established. In the shape of our work at present writing, the Faith-rest seems almost a necessity; but we do not make plans for the Lord, but simply await his guidance, willing to go forth in evangelistic service, or be used here as in the past; our only desire being to have his own desires fulfilled.

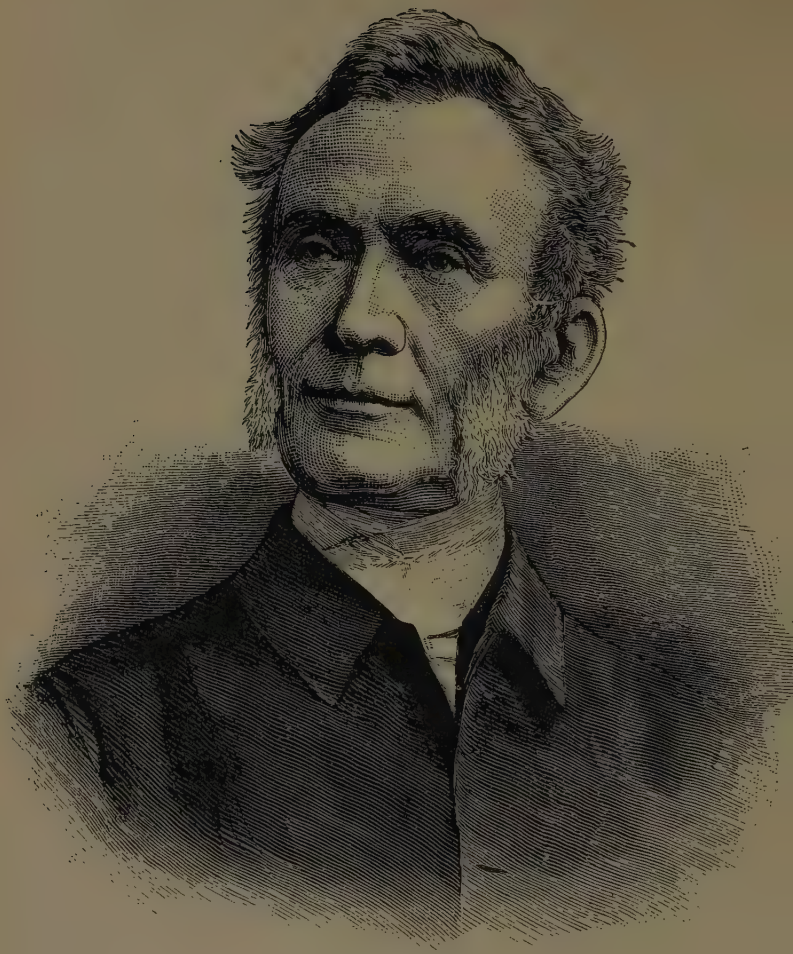
One of the most important features of my work has been the monthly journal which I was led to publish at the beginning of the year 1881. This has been known by the name of *Triumphs of Faith*, and many triumphs of faith have been recorded in its pages to the glory of our Redeemer and the comforting of his children.

I have been able in this brief account to give

but an outline of the work committed to my hands. But I trust it will encourage others to wait on the Great Master; to be assured of the part he would have *them* take in the vast fields which are "white already to harvest." He has given to each one talents, which he requires to be used for his glory, and as we use the ability we have, he increases it accordingly; "for unto him that hath shall be given."

I would close with a word of testimony as to the keeping power of my "Great Physician." For more than five years, since his healing and renewing power first touched my body, he has made it his temple, and his indwelling Spirit has ever been its life and strength, enabling me in the greatest pressure of otherwise most wearing work, to "run and not be weary," and to "walk and not faint." I pray that all who read these words may know the unspeakable blessedness of being made "every whit whole," through the indwelling Spirit of Christ; for "if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also *quicken your mortal bodies* by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

Friends wishing to visit the "Faith-rest," will in all cases please communicate with Miss Judd before coming; otherwise they can not be sure of accommodations. We find it necessary to limit the stay of our guests to one week, in order to make room for others; we believe also that a



Georg Müller.

brief stay is more helpful to the exercise of a *present* faith.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

"FAITH-REST COTTAGE,"
Buffalo, N. Y., December, 1884.

GEORGE MUELLER'S "LIFE OF FAITH AND TRUST."

"All things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK IX, 23.

EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION."

GEORGE MUELLER, the founder and director of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, of which the five Orphan-houses on Ashley Down, Bristol, England, form a part, is by birth a German, and was born at Kroppenstadt, Prussia, September 27, 1805. In January, 1810, his parents went to live at Heimersleben, where his father had been appointed collector of the excise. When between *ten* and *eleven* years of age he was sent to a classical school at Halberstadt, with his brother—two years older than himself—to be prepared for the university, in order that he might become a minister of the Lutheran Church; but, as he knew not the Lord, and had no desire to serve him, he spent much of his leisure time in novel-reading and other sinful practices. When he was fourteen his mother died; but this bereavement made no

lasting impression on his mind; and being often left almost entirely to himself, he not only became idle and dissipated, but was frequently guilty of falsehood and dishonesty. In this state of heart, without faith, destitute of true repentance, and possessing no knowledge whatever, either of his own lost condition as a sinner, or of God's way of salvation through Christ, he was confirmed, and in the year 1820 took the Lord's-supper for the first time at the Cathedral Church of Halberstadt. At midsummer, 1821, his father obtained an appointment at Schoenebeck, near Magdeburg, when George entreated that he might be removed to the Cathedral Classical School of that city; and his father consenting to this request, he was allowed to leave Halberstadt, and to remain at Heimersleben until Michaelmas. When Michaelmas came, however, instead of going to Magdeburg, he begged permission to read the classics with a clergyman residing at Heimersleben, and leave was given him to stay there until Easter; but he remained in that town for several months under very little control, and the intention to place him at school at Magdeburg was finally given up. In November of that year, after obtaining from his tutor leave of absence under false pretenses, he set off on a pleasure excursion to Magdeburg, went afterwards to Brunswick, and lived at both places in an expensive manner at hotels, until all the money he had managed to scrape together for the journey was

expended. On his way back he stopped at Wolfenbuttel, went to a hotel there, and again began to live as though he had plenty of money at his command; but being suspected, he was followed; and when he attempted to run away without settling his account, he was arrested and sent to prison, where, when only sixteen years of age, he found himself shut up with the most depraved characters, such as thieves, murderers, etc. From December 18, 1821, to January 12, 1822, he was detained in prison, when, his father having sent money to discharge his debt at the hotel, to defray the cost of his maintenance in jail, and to pay his traveling expenses, he was set at liberty.

In October, 1822, he attended school at Nordhausen, and there studied Latin, French, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, etc., with considerable diligence. He arose regularly at four, and studied nearly the whole day until ten at night; so that, through his good conduct and great diligence, he got highly into favor with the director of the gymnasium, and was held up by him as an example of industry to all the other students of the first class. But whilst thus exemplary in his conduct *outwardly*, he was totally unconcerned about the salvation of his soul, and utterly reckless regarding the eternal realities of the world to come. He had three hundred books of his own, but no Bible; and as he was surrounded by unconverted persons, and never heard the Gospel preached, he had no opportunity what-

ever of receiving religious instruction, nor of conversing with any one who would take an interest in his spiritual welfare.

At Easter, 1825, he became a member of the University of Halle, with very honorable testimonials, and thus had liberty to preach in the Lutheran Establishment; but being far from God, he was miserable at heart, and desiring to be happy, though he knew not how, eagerly sought pleasure by pursuing a course of worldliness and profligacy, although a student of theology and preparing to become a minister of the Established Church. On the 18th of August, that year, he and three of his university friends set out on a pleasure excursion through Germany and Switzerland, and by pledging every thing they could spare, especially their books, obtained enough money for the journey. They traveled forty-three days consecutively, and mostly always on foot; but though they ascended the Rigi, visited some of the lakes, and wandered through many of the attractive regions for which Switzerland is celebrated, his cravings for happiness were unsatisfied, and he was glad to get home, and to resume his usual pursuits.

Besides having no Bible, he seldom went to church, and was not acquainted with a single Christian; but soon after his return to Halle, the time arrived when God, in the riches of his grace, would have mercy upon him. One Saturday afternoon, in the month of November, 1825, he took a walk

with a university friend, named Beta—who, when in a backsliding state, was one of his three traveling companions to Switzerland, but whose heart was now restored—and by him he was told that a little religious meeting was held every Saturday evening at the house of a Christian man living at Halle, where portions of Scripture were read, hymns were sung, and prayer was offered. No sooner had he heard this than it seemed to him as though he had found something for which, unconsciously, he had been looking for a very long time, and he requested Beta to conduct him to the meeting; but the latter, knowing his companion to be a gay, thoughtless, unconverted young man, and fearing that he would turn the whole proceedings into ridicule, was extremely unwilling to take him there.

They went together, however, that very evening. On their arrival, being a stranger to the love existing in the hearts of real Christians, Mr. Mueller thought he must apologize for his unexpected visit; but he was affectionately welcomed by the master of the house, who shook hands with him, saying, "Come as often as you please; heart and house are open to you." The kneeling down to pray—a thing he had never done in his whole life before; the simple earnest prayers, the portions of Scripture that were read, the hymns that were sung, *all—all* made a deep impression upon the heart of poor George Mueller. During this little meeting the Spirit of God worked mightily within him. He

saw his lost, ruined, undone condition by nature; that he was a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and that if God were to deal with him according to his deserts, eternal punishment only would be his portion. He was enabled then and there, however, to believe in Jesus Christ, "who died for the ungodly," and to trust for salvation *only* in the blood and righteousness of Him who "came into the world to save sinners." He entered the house unconverted, far from God, and miserable; he left it a rejoicing Christian! Sixty-one long years have elapsed since that memorable evening; but during the whole of this eventful period he has been enabled—at least in some degree—to walk with God, and to show that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

FIRST ATTEMPTS IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

He at once entered upon a new life. He read the Bible diligently, prayed often, and sought fellowship with the beloved children of God. The young believer was much ridiculed and laughed at for his piety; but he stood firmly to the side of Christ. In January, 1826, he began to read missionary papers, and in this way was greatly stirred up to devote his life to missionary labors. The example of a devoted young servant of Christ, who, though highly educated and wealthy, preferred toiling as a missionary among the Jews in Poland to living comfortably near his own relations, made a

deep impression on his mind. He was encouraged to surrender himself still more unreservedly to the Lord, and thus enjoyed more fully "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

About this time the Lord sent Dr. Tholuck, a believer, as professor of theology to Halle, whose friendship was made a rich blessing to the young convert, and by him he was helped on greatly in the divine life.

About this time he one day conversed with two university friends, formerly his companions in worldly pleasures. He told them how happy he now was, and urged them also to seek the Lord. To this they replied, "We do not feel that we are sinners;" upon which he knelt down in their presence, and asked God to convince them of their lost condition by nature. Afterward he went to his bedroom, where he continued to pray for them. Upon returning to the sitting-room he found the two young men in tears; for God, by his Spirit, in answer to prayer, had convinced them both of sin. The work of grace was commenced in their hearts, and they became devoted servants of the Lord Jesus. After this, Mr. Mueller desired more earnestly than ever to live only for the Lord, and to win souls for Christ. Every month he circulated about three hundred missionary papers; during his walks he gave away many tracts, and pressed poor people whom he met to believe the glorious gospel of the grace of God. About this time a sick man, whom

he had visited for thirteen weeks, was converted through his labors, who expressed his gratitude repeatedly for the blessing he had received.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO PREACH.

Up to this period he had never preached; but having been asked to assist an aged clergyman, living at a village six miles from Halle, he consented to undertake a few services at his church, and began by writing out a sermon, which he committed to memory, and preached on the morning of August 27, 1826, at eight o'clock, at a chapel of ease connected with this church. This sermon was delivered, however, without the least power, and with no enjoyment in his own soul. Two hours later that morning—at the parish church, two miles distant—he repeated the same sermon, but with no comfort to himself, and apparently without making the slightest impression upon his hearers.

In the afternoon he was not expected to preach; but desiring to benefit the people, he determined—with the help of God—upon *this* occasion, to expound the first six verses of Matthew v, just as the Holy Spirit might enable him. He began therefore slowly and impressively to read: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled;" and then

proceeded, verse by verse, to unfold the truth contained in this striking portion of the Holy Scriptures. He had scarcely commenced his exposition, however, before he was so consciously assisted by the Holy Spirit, and was enabled to speak with so much joy, liberty, and power, that his hearers, instead of being, as before, inattentive and indifferent, now became, as it were, all eyes and ears, and listened with the deepest interest. Fearing, however, that this mode of preaching would scarcely be suitable for all classes of society, some time elapsed before he regularly adopted it; but eventually he was led always to preach in this plain, simple, expository manner, and to address his hearers—as he still does—without writing his sermons, and without notes, or help of a similar description.

LABORS AMONG THE JEWS.

Leaving the University at Halle in 1828, in February, 1829, Mr. Mueller went to London, in connection with the London Missionary Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Possessing great affection for God's ancient people, and having made considerable progress in the Hebrew language, he desired to labor among them; but about two months after his arrival he was taken ill—the result of overmuch study in his new position—and went afterwards by medical advice to Devonshire in order to benefit his health. Whilst there, God blessed him so greatly through intercourse

with a minister from London, that his experience was like a second conversion. For three years, after having been first brought to a knowledge of the Lord, he fell into the snare of spending too much time over the perusal of religious books, instead of giving himself thoroughly to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and making *them* his great delight; but now, whilst in Devonshire, having been stirred up to a careful, systematic, daily, consecutive reading of the Bible, accompanied by habitual earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, his soul was wonderfully blessed, and he was enabled to make great progress, spiritually.

After his return to London, heartily desiring to continue his ministry amongst the Jews, he labored earnestly in his new sphere of service; but, after devoting many weeks to this employment, finding it impossible conscientiously to promise the society that he would spend his whole time exclusively among them (because, when they rejected his testimony concerning the Messiah, and he had opportunities of bringing the Gospel before poor *Gentile* sinners, it appeared to him, that he ought decidedly to embrace them), he wrote to the committee stating his difficulties, and offered to serve the society without renumeration, if he might be permitted to labor not only among the Jews, but to seek the salvation of any Gentile sinner also, with whom, in the providence of God, he might come in contact. In reply to his letter he received

a courteous communication declining the proposal, and thus his connection with the Society Promoting Christianity among the Jews terminated.

PASTOR AT TEIGNMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

Shortly after the termination of the engagement just referred to, Mr. Mueller became the pastor of a Church at Teignmouth, Devonshire, where at first he consented to receive a small salary for his services; but after some time, having conscientious difficulties about continuing to accept it, for various reasons, he determined to give it up entirely, to trust in God only for his temporal supplies, and to leave it to the love of brethren and sisters in Christ at Teignmouth and elsewhere, to send him money, or otherwise to provide for his personal necessities—without making any application to them—just as it might be laid upon their hearts to do so.

Since that time, now fifty-three years ago, though possessing no property whatever of his own, he has never received any salary, either as pastor of a large Church in Bristol, or as director of the great institution which he was permitted afterwards to found; nor does he, under *any* circumstances that may arise, ever take money from the funds of the institution to supply his own temporal wants, nor even to defray his traveling expenses in the Lord's service, as some suppose; but, whether in England or in other countries, is as wholly dependent upon the Lord *now* for every thing he needs, as when he first entered upon this path of faith.

Here, in the Summer of 1829, Mr. Mueller first became acquainted with Mr. Henry Craik, from Scotland, a devout servant of Christ, with whom he labored afterwards in Bristol, as fellow-pastor, for thirty-four years.

On October 7, 1830, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Groves, who afterwards became a most valuable helper to him in his labors, especially when the Orphan Work was established; and her sister, Miss Groves, was also, for a number of years, an active, efficient worker at the Orphan-houses. His only child living—a daughter—was born September 17, 1832.

REMOVED TO BRISTOL.

After residing for two years and a half at Teignmouth, Mr. Mueller saw it to be the will of God that he should remove to Bristol with Mr. Craik, in order that he might labor with him there in the ministry of the Word; he and Mrs. Mueller therefore went to live in Bristol, where it pleased God greatly to bless his labors and those of Mr. Craik. Here great numbers of persons were converted, particularly in the Summer of 1832, during the dreadful visitation of cholera with which the city was at that time afflicted; and in August of that year a little assembly of believers was gathered together—now a Church numbering upwards of 1,200 members—of which Mr. Craik and Mr. Mueller became the pastors. In January, 1866, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Craik fell asleep in Jesus,

and was removed to his rest; but, through the Lord's kindness, his fellow-laborer has had health and strength continued to him, and, though he loves to preach anywhere, where the foundation truths of our most holy faith are upheld, yet has remained particularly in fellowship with that Church ever since he first came to Bristol. And though he has continued to live without any regular income, God never allowed him nor his family to want, and, with the Apostle Paul, he was generally able to say, "I have all, and abound." On the other hand, however, it is right to state that, times without number, his faith was sorely tried—because when God gives faith he always tries it; but whenever there was no money left, instead of being discouraged, he and his beloved wife would kneel down and ask God graciously to send them help, which, sooner or later, was invariably granted.

Sometimes it happened, too, that not only was there no money left, but that all the provisions likewise in the house were gone—a trying state of things indeed. The Lord never suffered them, however, to be confounded.

Under these circumstances—after receiving innumerable answers to prayer of a marked and memorable character—when Mr. Mueller saw destitute, neglected children running about the streets, for whose souls no one cared, and whose countenances plainly indicated that they were suffering from disease and poverty, this thought repeatedly

occurred to him: "Ought I not to do something for poor children, such as these? Would it not be possible to clothe and educate some friendless little ones, and to have them carefully instructed in the Scriptures, so that they remain no longer in their wretched state? Can I not trust in God for *them*, as I look to him to provide means for myself and for my family? and did not the Lord Jesus declare plainly, that 'Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth *me?*'" But through the great amount of work he had in hand, and the numerous demands continuously made upon his time and strength, for a good while he was so fully occupied that no decided steps were taken. At last, however, on the 5th of March, 1834, he founded a little institution, called

THE SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE INSTITUTION FOR HOME AND ABROAD.

It has the following objects, namely:

1st. To establish and maintain day-schools, Sunday-schools, and adult schools.

2d. To circulate the Holy Scriptures, particularly among the poor.

3d. To aid missionary operations.

4th. To circulate religious books, pamphlets, and tracts, for the benefit of believers and of unbelievers.

5th. In 1835 (the following year) the *Orphan* Work was established.

Of the principles of the institution, two only

need be mentioned: 1st. That debt should never be incurred, a decision which for many years has been acted upon; 2d. That no rich, great man—no English nobleman, for instance—should be its patron, but that the living God alone should be the patron of the institution. The beginning was very small; but God has condesended greatly to enlarge it, and has acted according to that promise, "Them that honor me I will honor;" for as his servant sought in the most public way to honor him, he has ever since been most abundantly honored by the Lord.

We will now present to the reader an accurate account of what has been accomplished from the beginning of the work in 1834 to May 26, 1886 (the time when the last annual report has been issued), in each particular branch of the institution. It will be well not to lose sight of the fact that nobody has ever been asked to contribute one farthing towards the work, but all has been received from the Lord through the prayer of faith and trust on the part of Mr. Mueller and his co-workers.

I. THE SCHOOLS.

At the beginning of the institution there were three schools founded—one day-school, one Sunday-school, and one adult school. The institution now controls and wholly supports thirty-seven day-schools, twenty-nine Sunday-schools, and two adult schools. Besides this, during the past year, it assisted one day-school and twenty Sunday-schools.

No account is here given of the mission-schools, as they belong to the missionary operations. These day and adult schools are taught upon Scriptural principles, by which they understand: 1st. That all the teachers are believers; 2d. That the way of salvation is Scripturally pointed out; 3d. That no instruction is given opposed to the principles of the Gospel. Its Sunday-schools must be taught only by teachers who are believers; for they consider it unscriptural that persons who do not profess to know the Lord themselves, should be engaged in giving religious instruction to others. The sixty-eight schools entirely supported by the funds of the institution are located in various parts of England, Scotland, Wales, Spain, India, Italy, and British Guiana, and they contained, on May 26, 1886, 5,298 pupils. From the beginning the total number of pupils attending these schools amounts to 101,296. There were in day-schools 68,958, in Sunday-schools 24,763, and in the adult schools 7,575. The sum expended during the past year of this branch of the work was £2,305, 15s. From the beginning £91,-735, 5s. 8½d. has been expended on schools. By these, thousands have been brought to the true knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Mueller remarks: "While traveling on my missionary journeys in twenty-four different countries, I met again and again with persons who were converted in our schools. We therefore go on joyfully in this service, being assured that all the fruit we have already seen

is but little in comparison with what we shall see in the day of Christ."

II. CIRCULATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Missionaries in many various countries handle the volumes sent out by this institution. The poor receive the "Word of Life" at whatever price they can pay; the poorest receive it gratis. The aged can have it in very large type at a low price. During the last year a larger number of volumes of the Holy Scriptures have been spread than ever before, since "Bible carriages" have been supplied in various countries with copies at reduced prices. Thus 10,273 Bibles, 137,131 Testaments, and 1,838 portions of Scripture have been spread during the last twelve months in these countries: England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Nova Scotia, Canada, British Guiana, the East Indies, Australia, Africa, and China. At the warehouse of the institution, Bibles and Testaments can be found in the English, German, Welsh, Danish, Dutch, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Swedish, Ancient Greek, Russ, and Hebrew languages. The amount spent for this branch of the work during the past year, is £1,378, 4s. 6½d. Since March 5, 1834, there have been circulated through the medium of this institution 210,270 Bibles, 872,003 New Testaments, and 229,279 copies of the Psalms, and other small portions of the Holy Scripture, and the total amount spent is £31,744, 1s. 1d.

III. MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

Mr. Mueller writes:

"Ever since my conversion (now sixty years and seven months ago) I have taken a deep interest in missionary work. Indeed, at five different times, within the first eight years after I had been brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, I offered myself to him most solemnly for work among the heathen; but each time it was most plainly shown to me that I should serve the Lord by remaining in Europe. As I could not, therefore, go to heathen nations myself, I have sought to help on missionary operations to the utmost, and was further stimulated to this through receiving the truth of the Lord's coming, to which I was led in July, 1829. The moment I saw this truth clearly revealed in the Holy Scriptures, the thought occurred to me, 'What can I do to make him known before his return, seeing that he may soon come?' Ever since July, 1829, the certainty of the return of the Lord Jesus has been a stimulus for good to my soul, and especially in quickening me to exertion with regard to missionary work. But more than ever I have been roused to effort since the Lord at last allowed me, after fifty-eight years, to see the field of missionary labor in India myself, to which as a young believer I had so earnestly desired to go. The sight of idolatry in India, in the many places which I visited in my missionary tour, and especially at Benares,

stirred my soul to the utmost, leading me more than ever to take the deepest interest in missions, and to decide that I would devote every sovereign that could be spared to this object, besides being led to pray more than ever that God would incline the hearts of great numbers of his children to help me with their means."

During the past year 144 laborers in Word and doctrine, laboring in China, India, East Indies, British Guiana, Nova Scotia, Spain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales, have been assisted in their missionary work. For this the sum of £5,368, 17s. 1d. has been spent during the year, and from the commencement of the institution £208,595, 15s. 10d. have been expended for this branch.

IV. CIRCULATION OF BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, AND TRACTS.

In the first year the institution circulated 19,000 tracts—a small number only, but it was a beginning. It was not long, however, before the 19,000 tracts were multiplied tenfold. Then pamphlets and excellent books were added, and these were circulated in hundreds, and even thousands, of copies; and erelong there took place another tenfold increase, so that it now circulated one hundred times as many tracts as during the first year. But even there it did not stop. In later years from two to three and a half millions of tracts have been sent out

annually. During the past year 2,786,706 tracts, books, and pamphlets have been sent out, and the sum of £851, 6s. 6d. has been expended.

Since November 19, 1840 (the time when this branch was added to the objects of the institution), exactly 85,929,621 tracts, books, and pamphlets have been sent out, and this branch has cost the institution the sum of £36,732, 15s. 4½d.

To this Mr. Mueller remarks:

"Reflect, dear reader, on the greatness of the honor and privilege which God has bestowed on us, in allowing us to send forth more than eighty-five millions of books, pamphlets, and tracts, wherein the plan of salvation is clearly set before the readers; and be encouraged to expect far greater help from God in *your own* service than as yet you have ever had. Labor as if every thing depended on your own diligence in service; and yet do not trust in the least in your exertions, but look to God alone for blessing as the result of believing prayer. Thousands of tracts and books may be circulated without any good resulting from them; but, if *God gives his blessing*, one little tract *used by him* may become the means of great spiritual blessing.

"The circulation of tracts is especially a work of faith as regards the *seeing* of fruit; but if you commit the whole to God in believing, persevering prayer, *then*, though you should not SEE much fruit of your labor here on earth, you will yet reap abundantly at the appearing of the Lord Jesus. *At*

least once a day, for more than forty years past, the blessing of God has been sought by me in believing, expecting prayer on this branch of the institution also; and I expect to meet thousands of saved souls in glory as the result of this labor, in addition to the very many cases of blessing which have already been brought to my knowledge.

"Let this also encourage you, therefore, dear Christian reader, in seeking to labor for God. Be not *discouraged* because you can not do great things at once; but go on laboring for God, letting your aim, however, TRULY be *the glory of God;* accompany your work, too, habitually with *earnest, believing prayer,* on no account relying upon your own exertions, but seeking the blessing of God; and, if this be done, it is impossible to say to what an extent you may be helped."

V. THE ORPHAN WORK.

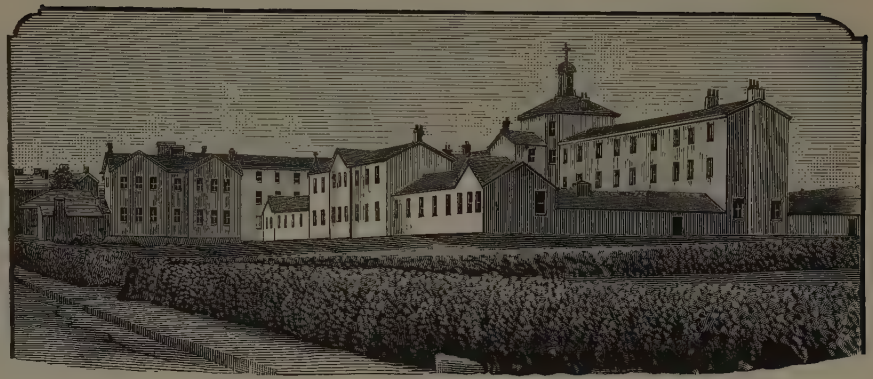
The fifth object of the institution is to board, clothe, and educate, Scripturally, destitute children who have been bereaved of both parents by death. The Orphan Work originated thus: Finding, in the course of his extensive pastoral labors, that an increase of faith was the one great thing specially needed by the Church, Mr. Mueller judged that, if he should be able to provide every thing requisite for the support of orphans, whether many or few—by waiting habitually upon God, and by making known his wants to him, and to him alone—indisputable

proof would be given that our Heavenly Father is abundantly able and willing to provide for the necessities, temporal as well as spiritual, of all his children, even the very feeblest of them, who really trust in him; and that unbelieving cares and anxieties about the life that is now, are not only dishonoring to the Lord, but are a fruitful source of unhappiness to his people. Many real Christians, who can trust him about their souls, are totally unable to cast all their care upon him regarding their temporal affairs. He therefore waited long and earnestly upon God, calling upon him many times a day, graciously to make known to him his mind with reference to an establishment for orphans, and feeling assured at length that he ought to go forward and begin the work. He was one day reading on, as usual, consecutively through the Bible, when he came to the tenth verse of the eighty-first Psalm: "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt. Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Here he at once put aside his Bible, and kneeling down prayed thus: "Heavenly Father, thou knowest that hitherto I have only asked thee to show me what thy holy pleasure is concerning an Orphan Institution, and thou hast taught me that I should commence the work; but I have never asked thee for the help I need, only to be guided whether I should found an establishment or not. Now, Lord, I open my mouth wide; be thou pleased to fill it."

He then prayed for a house, for suitable helpers to instruct and take care of the children, and that one thousand pounds sterling might be given him. On the very next day, December 6, 1835, the first donation was received; namely, one shilling from a poor missionary then visiting at his house. In the providence of God, *he* had the honor of contributing the first mite towards establishing an institution afterwards so greatly blessed, and doubtless will be richly recompensed in the day of Christ's appearing. Another missionary, too, also visiting at Mr. Mueller's house, gave a small sum of money for the same object, and then a piece of furniture was sent. A few days afterwards, a poor young woman, who earned about four shillings weekly by her needlework, contributed £100; but her donation was courteously declined. When sent for and spoken to on the subject, she stated that this money was part of a little property recently left her by her grandfather, who had died; and that feeling deeply interested in the contemplated Orphan Work, it was her desire to give this £100 towards the Orphan fund; but Mr. Mueller still refused to accept the contribution. "You are weak and sickly," said he, "and may need this money for yourself. I fear you have acted hastily, and may regret the step hereafter." Her reply, however, was: "I have well weighed the matter; the Lord Jesus freely shed his precious blood for me, a poor, lost sinner, and shall I not in return show my love

and gratitude to him by giving him this little sum? Rather than this Orphan Work should not come to pass, I would give every penny I possess towards it." After reasoning further with her on the subject, and finding she was thoroughly decided, he at length reluctantly accepted the £100, though he could not but admire the hand of God, and praise him for the unexpected help thus given by this poor sister. Other donations afterwards came in, until at last he was able to rent a large house in Wilson Street, St. Paul's, and to furnish and prepare it for the reception of thirty orphan girls above eight years of age, and two helpers, who volunteered their services. He now prayed for orphans, and soon this house was filled. At the end of eight months another house in the same street was taken, fitted up, and furnished; and in nine months more a third house was opened. Mr. Mueller and his nine helpers had now ninety-six orphans under their care. The blessing of God rested manifestly upon the work, and in March, 1843, a fourth house in Wilson Street was taken, which was also soon filled with little orphan girls. At length, in about a year and eight months after this fourth house had been opened, Mr. Mueller was kindly requested to remove the children from Wilson Street, as their noise made daily in their playground was a serious inconvenience to the neighbors.

It now became necessary for Mr. Mueller to think about removing the whole Orphan Institution



NEW ORPHAN HOUSE, No. 3, ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

to an entirely different locality. After much deliberation, therefore, accompanied by continual earnest prayer, that he might make no mistake—in dependence upon God alone, and in his inmost soul assured, that the Lord would provide—Mr. Mueller determined to build a large Orphan-house for three hundred children. He then prayed many times that money for the building fund might be sent in; and on the thirty-fourth day after beginning to pray for a building fund he received the first donation of £1,000.

He was now able to look about for a suitable piece of land. He soon heard of a suitable place, containing seven acres, and by providential guidance, the heart of the proprietor was so turned that he at once made a proposition to sell the ground for this purpose at £120 instead of £200 an acre, as was the regular price. The proposition was at once accepted, and the land procured, and in just two years after he had begun to pray for a building fund, Mr. Mueller was able to give orders for the building to be commenced. Soon the "New Orphan-house, No. 1, on Ashley Down," was erected, fitted up, and furnished, with room for three hundred children, and in it the Orphan Work was now carried on exactly as it had been before in Wilson Street. After every thing had been paid, more than £600 remained in hand, whilst in the meantime money for all the various other departments of the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution" had come in.

Soon admission was sought for hundreds of children more, and Mr. Mueller again prayed, and seriously considered as to how to act. He at length decided upon building two more Orphan-houses for eight hundred and fifty children, though, with an additional piece of land, they would cost £40,000.

At this time there were particular trials of faith connected with a further enlargement of the work. Notwithstanding these, however, in dependence upon the living God, his servant determined to go on. After six years he had the joy of seeing Orphan-house No. 2 completed, and after another five years No. 3 was ready, built upon eleven and a half acres of land on the other side of the road. When this latter was fitted up and filled, there were nine hundred more orphans waiting for admission, who could not be received for want of room, and it was also found, that £1,400 from the building fund yet remained in hand.

After again waiting long before the Lord, Mr. Mueller decided upon building two more houses, large enough for four hundred and fifty children each. These two houses were also built, and the last of them, No. 5, was opened towards the end of the year 1869.

The five houses were built at a cost of £115,000, and are capable of containing 2,050 orphans and 110 helpers. From the beginning, in April, 1836, to May, 1886, altogether 7,290 orphans have been

under the care of this orphanage, and the amount received to carry on this branch of the institution, including the building fund of the five houses, is £714,122.

THE ENTIRE INCOME

Of the institution from the time of its origin to May 26, 1886, was one million and eighty-six thousand five hundred and seven pounds (£1,086,507); in American money about $5,280,424.

Though "time rolls its ceaseless course," and many years have passed since the Scriptural Knowledge Institution was originally founded, it continues to be conducted on precisely the same principles that were acted upon when first established in March, 1834. It is still upheld solely through the instrumentality of prayer and faith, is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and no one is ever asked for aid, either directly or indirectly.

Before bringing this remarkable narrative to a close, it behooves us to make brief mention of the

ELEVEN GREAT MISSIONARY TOURS

Mr. Mueller has undertaken during the last twelve years, after spending his life to old age in this remarkable work of faith, and also being for many years the pastor of a congregation of over one thousand two hundred members, we find him, in the seventieth year of his life, accompanied by his dear wife, ready to start out upon missionary

tours through foreign countries. About this undertaking he remarks:

"During many years the thought occurred to me again and again that it might be the will of God that I should seek to benefit his children and the unconverted, not through my publications only, but by ministering personally among them in other places besides Bristol; but my position as pastor of a large Church, and as director of a great institution, which seemed to require my constant presence, for a long time put aside the thought. At last, however, while staying on the Isle of Wight in the Fall of 1874, finding that my preaching at Ventnor and Ryde had been unusually blessed, and having very efficient fellow-laborers in the Church at Bristol, as well as in the institution, I judged that I *now* could be spared. I felt that it was laid upon my heart to go from city to city and from country to country in order to benefit, if possible, both the Church of Christ and the world at large, by my ministry and experience. Accordingly, after much prayer and waiting upon God, I decided upon devoting a very considerable portion of my time habitually to this service, as long as health and strength should be continued to me."

Accordingly they started out on their first tour on March 26, 1875, and returned home on July 6, 1875. This was a tour through England, during which about seventy meetings were held.

Their second tour was one through England,

NEW ORPHAN HOUSE, No. 5, ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

Scotland, and Ireland, beginning on August 14, 1875, and ending on July 5, 1876. On this trip he had it laid upon his heart to labor particularly in those cities where Messrs. Moody and Sankey had held their revivals, in order to help and instruct and strengthen the new converts. It was a very successful trip, and several hundreds of meetings were held.

Their third tour was one through Europe, from August 16, 1876, to June 25, 1877. They visited most of the large cities in Germany and Switzerland, and had successful and crowded meetings almost everywhere. The labor was almost all done in the German language.

Their fourth trip was one through Canada and the United States, from August 18, 1877, to July 8, 1878. They took passage in Liverpool for Quebec, Canada, and after a short stay in Canada, visited Buffalo, Brooklyn, and Boston; thence crossed the American Continent to San Francisco, and, returning, visited Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, and many other cities. Three hundred and eight meetings were held, and they had traveled nineteen thousand and fifty miles by water and land altogether.

Their fifth tour was made through the Continent of Europe, and took in the time from September 5, 1878, to June 18, 1879.

Their sixth tour was again one through the United States and Canada, from August 27, 1879,

to June 17, 1880. They visited New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Albany, Rochester, Hamilton, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Davenport, Jacksonville, Illinois, Bloomington, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Cleveland, and many smaller places. Two hundred and ninety-nine meetings were held in forty-two different places.

Their seventh tour was again one through Canada and the United States, since Mr. Mueller had closed the former trip with one hundred and eight written invitations in his possession, that he was not able to accept at that time. This trip lasted from September 15, 1880, to May 31, 1881.

Their eighth tour, through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, and Greece, was made from August 23, 1881, to May 30, 1882.

Their ninth tour, including Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, and Russian Poland, extended from August 8, 1882, to June 1, 1883.

Their tenth tour was to India, commencing on the 26th of September, 1883, and closing at Bombay on the 2d of May, 1884.

Their eleventh tour was commenced on November 19, 1885, when they sailed for New York. After their arrival in our country, urgent calls reached them from Australia, causing them to change their programme and to sail for that country. A letter just received by us, dated Bristol, March 5, 1887, states that they have visited Australia,

China, and Japan, and are now, in good health, on their way to India.

Mr. Mueller, with a heart filled to overflowing with the love of his Master, and with his rich and beautiful experience of a life of faith and trust of over half a century, has been thus permitted, in old age, to become a source of great blessing to God's children scattered over the world. He has led many sinners to Christ, their Savior; he has wonderfully strengthened the faith of the weak ones by preaching the Gospel in simplicity and truth, and beautifully upholding a simple life of faith and trust; he has made the Bible dearer to many a heart; he has removed much sectarianism, and promoted brotherly love among true Christians; he has led many followers of Christ to a life of more real separation from the world, and to more heavenly-mindedness, and he has given instruction about the true character of the present dispensation and the end thereof, and tried to lead the Church of Christ to look for his second coming as her great hope. May the aged servant of God be spared for a number of years to come, and may strength, physical and spiritual, be added unto him; and may he thus be enabled to carry on his grand and noble work until he shall finally hear the call: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Matt. xxv, 21.

IN CONCLUSION,

A word to the dear reader. In meditating over this most remarkable work of faith, one is involuntarily led to admire the goodness and mercy of the Heavenly Father, and the great things he has wrought *by* and *through* Mr. Mueller's instrumentality. But are not those things equally great that it hath pleased the Lord to do *for* Mr. Mueller *personally?* Let us pause for a moment to consider this point. While it seems to have been Mr. Mueller's sole aim and object, in all his undertakings, to honor his Heavenly Father, *he* has been wonderfully honored in return. How hath the Lord condescended to hear the humble cries of his servant! The five great Orphan-houses, together with the Bible and Tract Depositories, bear witness thereof. How it hath pleased the Lord to make his humble servant *great!* Who in Christendom has not heard of the Faith Hero, George Mueller, of England? All Christian nations seem to pay due respect to this name. Heaven's choicest blessings have been showered down upon the man who has so completely sacrificed his entire life to benefit suffering humanity, both bodily and spiritually.

What an enormous amount of labor this man of God has been permitted to perform! How the Lord must have added unto him strength, physical, mental, and spiritual, in order for him to accomplish this labor! And, after spending his extremely

useful life in this service unto old age, when the time had come when the aged servants of God usually retire to their rest, spending the happy evening of their lives in joyous recollections of the past, where do we find brother Mueller then?

By the grace of Almighty God *in whom he believes*, in his seventieth year he turns over a new page of his life—perhaps the most wearisome of all—and enters out upon the world to preach Christ crucified. We find him on eleven tours in as many consecutive years, preaching, day after day and year after year, to the various Christian and heathen nations. At the age of eighty-two, he is, at present writing, diligently laboring in Japan.

We bow our heads in silent adoration: "IT IS THE LORD," adding strength unto his believing servant. Have *you*, dear reader, experienced the power in believing prayer? Have you determined what may be *your* life-work for the Savior? Let us then humbly bow to be emptied of "*self*," and to be filled for the Master's use.

"O, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied, that he might fill me,
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might flow."

Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage.

Another monument of the love and tender mercy of an Omnipotent God we have in the Stockwell Orphanage at London, England. "I will be a father to the fatherless," is the promise of the Heavenly Father; and we see this precious promise fulfilled mostly there where the need is greatest; namely, in our large and densely populated cities. It is remarkable to behold, how the Lord selects his own instruments to carry out his plans of love and care for the spiritual and temporal wants of his own "little ones." Mr. Spurgeon is universally known as the powerful preacher, whose sermons have an audience of from five to six thousand hearers, and many thousand more of readers. He is also known as a great author and educator. But he may not be so generally known as the founder and president of one of the largest orphanages, the care of which the Lord himself has laid upon him. We give in the following a brief account of the origin and maintenance of the

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

Cottage Homes for five hundred fatherless children. This orphanage is maintained at a cost of nearly twelve thousand pounds annually, for which sum they look, in answer to the prayer of faith, to the stewards of the bounty of God. Its history contains some of the elements of a romance, and can

Yours truly
C. H. Spurgeon

not fail to be read with interest. Having its origin in Christian benevolence, and not in mere philanthropic impulse, it has grown to be one of the most remarkable monuments of modern times to the goodness and faithfulness of "the Father of the fatherless."

Burdened with the anxieties of the largest Nonconformist Church in the world, and the responsibilities of a college in which about one hundred young men are supported and trained for the ministry, Mr. Spurgeon was not disposed to tempt Providence by originating a scheme for the maintenance of fatherless children. He had long felt the necessity and importance of such a work, however, but in his zeal to do good he had exercised the discretion of a prudent man of faith and prayer. It may be said of him that, until he is certain of the Lord's will, he never commits himself to a new enterprise; but when once the indication is given, his action is prompt and his devotion complete. To formulate a scheme, and then to seek the divine approval and support is one thing; to receive what seems to be a divine commission, and then to claim the blessing which waits on obedience, is something quite different. Had Mr. Spurgeon only followed a generous impulse in founding an orphanage, it would have been strangely contrary to the rule he has observed throughout his public career.

In his magazine, *The Sword and the Trowel*, for

October, 1866, the following announcement occurs: "A sister in Christ has requested us to take the care of £20,000, which she desires to consecrate to the Lord's service, by putting it in trust for the maintenance of orphan boys, with a special view to their godly education, in the hope that, by divine grace, they may be converted and become ministers and missionaries in future years. Being weighed down with cares, we still hesitate in this business, but dare not do other than follow the intimations of the Divine Hand." Here we have the genesis of the Orphanage, and the object with which the work was undertaken clearly defined.

The donor of this munificent sum was the widow of a clergyman, and an entire stranger to Mr. Spurgeon. Her letter, in which the offer was made, fairly took him by surprise, and he was doubtful as to its genuineness. It seemed too good to be true. A friend, however, said he had better go and see. An interview being arranged, he went, and the abode of the writer not being suggestive of wealth, he said he had called respecting the two hundred pounds she wished to place at his disposal.

"Dear me," said the lady, "did I write two hundred? I meant twenty thousand pounds!" Assuring her that she had actually named in her letter the larger sum, he accounted for the discrepancy by saying, "Concluding there might be a nought or two too many, I thought I would avoid giving offense by being on the right side, and say-

ing two hundred." The securities for twenty thousand pounds were soon forthcoming, and Mr. Spurgeon was fairly committed to the task of founding and directing an orphanage for fatherless boys.

The wisdom with which he formulated the guiding principles of the scheme has been fully justified by the experience of fourteen years. Dr. Mouat, of the Local Government Board, and formerly secretary of the Council of Education, Bengal, has visited the institution on several occasions, and the following entry in the Visitors' Book bears his signature: "An admirable institution; good in design, and, if possible, better in execution." Such a testimony as this, from so distinguished a judge in such matters, is eminently satisfactory.

Turning over the pages of the Visitors' Book, we find interesting entries from many who are well known in connection with schemes of religious philanthrophy. The earl of Shaftesbury writes: "Not only pleased but delighted, and grateful to Almighty God." And the Rev. Dr. Fish, of New Jersey, thus records his impressions: "This institution seems to me to be one of the wisest, most economical and effective in its design and administration, of all the institutions of charity which I have examined in my travels."

For the information of our readers, to whom, perhaps, Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage is little more than a name, we can not do better than enumerate, with as little detail as possible, the principles

embodied in the institution, and which, by the blessing of God, have made it what it is.

1. It was decided that the institution should be placed within an easy distance of the Tabernacle, so that it might secure the personal oversight of Mr. Spurgeon and the committee of management, and be accessible to visitors at all times. The difficulty in finding a suitable site in a healthy locality seemed at the outset to be insurmountable, but it happened—and that it should so happen just then marks the hand of an overruling Providence—that a plot of land to the rear of the houses in the Clapham Road was offered for sale. This was secured, and the money subscribed for its purchase in response to an appeal from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon.

2. Bearing in mind the fact that he was founding a home for the residence and training of children deprived of parental oversight, it was decided to divide the children into family groups, and, as far as practicable in an institution, to surround them with what we may call a home atmosphere. The barrack system may do for soldiers, but it is ill-adapted for children, who need personal culture, and not regimental discipline. In the case of the Orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon soon discovered an advantage attending the Cottage Home system, which lessened the difficulty of its erection, distinct sections of the buildings being subscribed for by friends.

The first house in the terrace on the left-hand side of the picture is called "The Silver Wedding House," from the fact that the cost was defrayed by a member of his congregation with the amount given to her by her husband to commemorate their twenty-fifth wedding-day.

A city merchant defrayed the cost of the second house, which is called "The Merchant's House."

One of the deacons of the Tabernacle, being a builder, promised all the material for one house, provided his work-people would give the labor. The challenge was accepted; but the terms of the contract not admitting of such an arrangement, the necessary amount was contributed, and this house is called "The Workmen's House."

As a fitting memorial of their sainted mother, the sons of the treasurer of the Church presented a sum for the erection of the fourth house, and this is called "The Unity House," from the Christian name of the lady.

The Baptist Churches of Great Britain, wishing to present Mr. Spurgeon with a testimonial in recognition of his valuable services to the denomination and the community at large, and as an expression of personal esteem, raised a sum sufficient for the erection of two houses, with school-rooms above, and "The Testimonial Houses" form the central block in the terrace.

Towards the cost of the next two houses, which complete the terrace, the scholars of the Tabernacle

Sunday-school and the students trained in the Pastor's College, collected subscriptions, and these houses are called respectively, "The Sunday-school House" and "The Students' House."

Thus far Mr. Spurgeon's personal friends provided the houses; but all sections of the community cheerfully subscribed for the necessary furniture and for the erection of the dining-hall and kitchen, in the foreground of the picture, and for the infirmary, recreation-hall, and laundry, to the rear, and also for roads and drainage, and for laying out the grounds.

3. The third principle decided by Mr. Spurgeon placed the institution upon a catholic basis. No one section of the community has any preference over others. Fatherless children, between the ages of six and ten, are eligible for admission so long as there is room, without reference to class, sect, or locality. This is as it should be, for the necessity which orphanhood implies can rarely be adequately relieved within the district where it is experienced or by immediate friends.

4. Another important principle determines the true method of Christian philanthropy—selection by merit, and not election by favor. The trust deed requires that the committee of management shall receive the most needy from amongst the applicants from time to time. By this arrangement the evils of the voting system are avoided, and the advantages of the institution are secured to those for whom it was established.

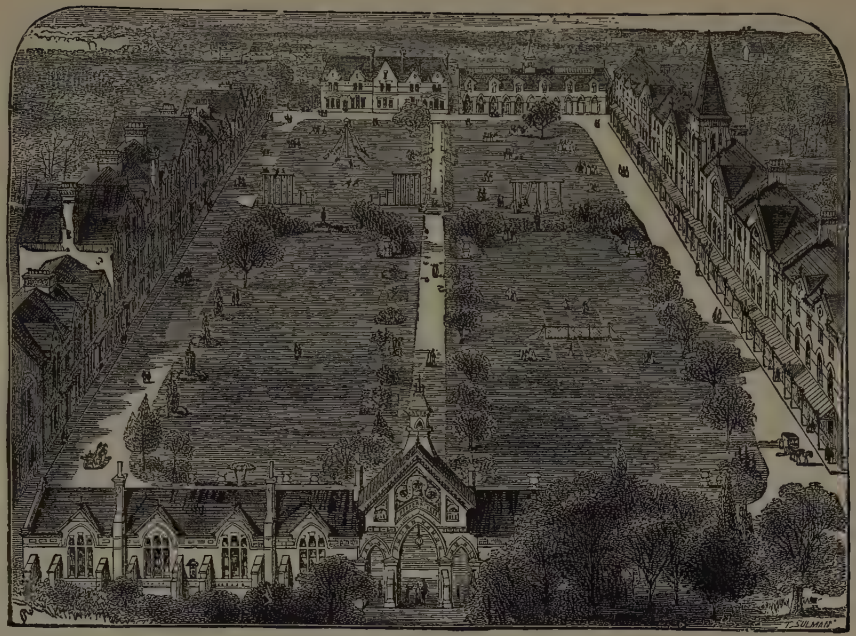
5. The last feature of this most benevolent institution will commend itself to the judgment of our readers. The children are not dressed in a uniform to mark them as the recipients of charity. Their clothing is of the best material and make, and no two boys are dressed exactly alike. The institution is merged in the home, and the children enjoy that sense of freedom which enables them to assert their own individuality and to escape a common monotony of type by which they would otherwise be *institutionized.*

Mr. Spurgeon does not seem to have lost sight of the object with which he started in any of the arrangements of the institution. To bring them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord" is the cardinal rule which embraces all the rest.

The favor of God has rested upon the institution from its opening, and it is with gratitude Mr. Spurgeon mentions the fact that the few children who have died while inmates of the Home gave the most satisfactory testimony to the power of Christ to save the young and to sustain them in the prospect of the dying hour. In a charming series of little books, written by Mr. Charlesworth, the head master, the story is told of the faith and triumph of these folded lambs. Of the old boys, three are ministers of Churches, others are engaged in works of Christian usefulness, and, with but few exceptions, the rest are honorably pursuing their calling in life. It must be the inspiration of a very sacred

joy to Mr. Spurgeon when he thinks of the many widows whose burdens are lighter, and of the many youths, rising into manhood, whose lives are bright and hopeful for the kindly ministry of his Orphan Homes.

We have left but little space for any reference to the second branch of the Orphanage, for Fatherless Girls. At a meeting held at the Tabernacle, May 19, 1879, when the sum of £6,000 was presented to him in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of his public ministry, Mr. Spurgeon said: "Here is a point of a new departure. Listen, and consider it. A day or two ago the lady who founded the Boys' Orphanage sent me £50 for the Girls' Orphanage. I answered somewhat to this effect: 'I am very grateful for the proposal, but, at the same time, I am not very well, and the times are not very hopeful, and therefore I had rather not begin any new work just yet.' I proposed to keep the £50 in case we did build a Girls' Orphanage, and if not, to put it over to the boys. 'No,' said our friend, 'you are right in your judgment; but take the £50 as the first brick, for I am fully assured that many more bricks will shortly be added.' Now, I propose that £50 of the testimonial should be placed with my dear friend's £50, that we may found the Girls' Orphange together. This is a good note of our present page of history—second twenty-five years of pastorate commenced by the inauguration of project of Girls' Orphanage."



MR. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE.

That the movement was well timed is evident from the fact that the adjoining property was available, so that the two departments of the Orphanage could come under one management. The buildings on the right-hand side have been erected at a cost of £11,000, and the money required has been subscribed. The first four houses are occupied, and the rest will shortly be opened. There are subscriptions in hand which warrant Mr. Spurgeon in proceeding another stage with the scheme for the erection of a dining-hall and kitchen, swimming-bath, and recreation-hall, and a house for the head-master. The amount still needed will be sure to come as it is wanted, and, when complete, this institution will form a splendid memorial of Christian benevolence, and of the goodness of Him who delights to be called "the Father of the fatherless."

"The objects of our care are not far to seek. There they are at our gates—widows worn down with labor, often pale, emaciated, delicate, and even consumptive; children half-famished, growing up neglected, surrounded with temptation! Can you look at them without pity? We can not! We will work for them, through our Orphanage, as long as our brain can think, and our pen can write, and our heart can love. Neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise."

It only remains for us to say that the shadow of debt has never fallen upon the institution. Two hundred and fifty boys have been maintained in

comfort year by year, by the free-will offerings of many who rejoice to act as stewards of the Lord's bounty. Now that the number will be increased by the addition of two hundred and fifty girls, it remains to be seen what responses the appeal for their support will receive. Of one thing we are certain, an increase of responsibility will stimulate an increase of faith and prayer,

> "And He who feeds the ravens
> Will give his children bread."

In a circular recently issued, Mr. Spurgeon writes: "It is for our Lord Jesus' sake that we have undertaken this labor. And in his name we ask his disciples to remember us and our large family of little ones."

SEVENTH TREASURE.

TRIUMPHANT DEATHS.

"Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

O DEATH, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

BUT thanks be to God, which
giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

—1 COR. XV, 55, 57.

BLESSED are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv, 13.

AND God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

—Rev. xxi, 4.

TRIUMPHANT DEATHS.

"SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES."

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

IN another part of this book we have given an account of the holy life and beautiful experiences of Rev. Alfred Cookman. The circumstances of his premature death may follow here: His last sermon was preached in very feeble health. Holding up a withered leaf, he said, "This is my text: 'We all do fade as a leaf.'" When he had finished, he handed the leaf to a friend, remarking, "This leaf and the preacher resemble each other; they are both fading." When reaching his home, he suffered excruciating pain in his feet, but did not apprehend that his end was so near.

His sickness, though short, was very painful. Few have, in the same time, suffered more. The deepest anguish seemed to throb in every vein. He said: "I have known for years what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, but I *now* realize the full meaning of the words, 'These are

they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'"

When he felt that his end was near at hand, he said to his dear wife, "My dear, if the Lord should take me away, can you then say, 'Lord, thy will be done?'" She replied, "O, but how can I live without thee?" He said: "Jesus will be *all* to thee. He has been with us always, and he will not forsake thee now. The Bible is full of precious promises for the widows and orphans. Live by faith every moment, and when your earthly pilgrimage is done, I will be the first to meet thee at the pearly gates!"

When his aged mother fondly kissed him good-bye, he held her hand, and said: "Mother, besides Jesus, I *owe* it all to you. Your holy influence, your godly example, and your wise counsels have made me the Christian and the minister that I am." To his brother, the Rev. John Cookman, he said: "I am not afraid to die. Death is the gate to endless glory; I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." To another he said: "I have tried to preach holiness. I have honestly declared it; and O, what a comfort it is to me now! I have been true to holiness, and now Jesus saves me—saves me fully. I am washed and made clean." He would frequently exclaim, "O, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

On Monday, November 13, 1871, the friends

parted with him at about eight o'clock in the morning. He had suffered much during the night, and it was evident that his end was near. During the day he conversed freely with his family. The chariot was approaching. Its wheels of fire attracted his attention. "Every thing is so quiet and peaceful," he says. *"All is well, Jesus is coming closer and closer. I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."* These were his last words, and a cloud received him out of our sight.

One of his dearest friends remarked: "It was my privilege to be often with him, and with those who shared most intimately his cares, sorrows, and joys; and I know of no instance of any action, expression, or even look, inconsistent with a full walking in the Sprit. He, more than any other whom I have met, seemed to walk in the unvarying sunshine, sweetness, and power of a risen Christ. I feel it to be a privilege to have ever known such a life—my ideal of what Enoch must have been as he 'walked with God,' and enjoyed this testimony, that he pleased God. He *lived* Christ, and reflected the purity and beauty of the man Christ Jesus as much as I can conceive of any human being doing. It is such lives that convince the Church of the possibility of a life of entire sanctification."

Beautiful Death of Dr. Eddy.

On Thursday, October 1, 1874, about noon, Dr. Eddy reached his home, having been absent twenty-four days. He was expected at 8.30 that morning, and his son, Raymond, went to the depot to meet him; but the train was several hours behind time. His wife, full of apprehension and anxiety, spent most of the forenoon at the window watching for his coming. A little before twelve he arrived, and his trembling, unsteady steps, as he left the carriage, and his unusually pale and careworn face, told the story of his illness before he entered the door.

After the first greeting, a lunch, and a bath, he said it was necessary for him to go at once "to the Rooms." (Meaning the Mission Rooms, Dr. Eddy being at that time one of the missionary secretaries.) There were remittances to be sent to the missions under his special care, and letters had accumulated in his absence that would call for immediate replies. He would be home for dinner at six, and after that he would rest. He spoke of the pain he was suffering as if it were nothing very serious.

So he hurried to his office, and worked steadily all afternoon. At six o'clock he sent word to his wife that he would be ready for dinner a half hour later. A little before seven his task was completed, and he arose wearily from the desk at which he was never to sit again. His work was done.

He thought he must see Bishop Janes that night on important business; but finally yielded to the advice of his wife, and postponed the call until morning. The call was never to be made. About midnight he awoke, suffering from nausea, but grew quiet after taking some simple remedies. At daylight the nausea returned, and he had a severe chill. Dr. Purdy, the family physician, was then called in. All day Friday he was kept very quiet, no visitors were admitted to his room, and he seemed to get rest; but, about ten o'clock P. M., he was seized with excruciating pain, and the doctor was again summoned to his bedside. Remedies were administered, and the physician left him, but soon returned, bringing a surgeon with him for consultation. At this indication of danger Mrs. Eddy became alarmed, and at once sent for Mr. Hiram Forrester and General C. B. Fisk, who came and remained with him until morning. The intelligence of his illness spread rapidly, and many friends called to express their sympathy and proffer their assistance. General Fisk and several other friends laid aside all other matters, and devoted themselves wholly to him until the last moment. Through the day and night of Saturday he continued to grow worse. On Sabbath special prayer was offered for him at St. Paul's Church; it was communion-day—just one month before he had himself conducted the communion there. His condition did not improve, and at midnight, October 4th, his

physicians advised General Fisk he must die, and suggested to him that he should impart this information to the suffering saint. General Fisk says: "I performed the melancholy duty as best I could. He received the intelligence with great calmness, but said he thought his medical attendants must be mistaken."

He loved life, was full of courage and hope, and his thoughts were busy with the work which the Master had for him to do here. In reply to the information that he could not recover, he said: "It does not seem possible that this can be my fatal illness. There is too much work to be done that I should accomplish. I am just in the prime of life. I know how to work for Jesus, and I love to work for his cause. Does it not seem strange that I should be called home from the vineyard, where there are so many laggards in the field, which is now, as never before, whitening for the harvest? Nevertheless, God's will be done. If I am to die now, there are certain items of business I must adjust."

With composure most marvelous he dictated his wishes, and gave such advice as he thought proper about his temporal concerns; after which he dismissed all thoughts of his earthly affairs, and summoned us to prayer at his bedside, in which service he was himself most fervent. He then, in the most touching manner, spoke to each member of his family present, and left messages of love for absent

ones. From this hour—two o'clock on Monday morning until daylight—the scene was impressively solemn, and his golden words would make a volume. He left messages for his associate secretaries, for his conference, for the Missionary Society and the Church at large. Speaking of his life-work he said:

"I have no regret that my life has been spent in holding up Jesus to my fellow-men as their Savior. Preaching Christ is the only work which brings sweet, perpetual contentment. Dying is a fact that takes care of itself. Faith in the great hereafter, through Christ, is my strength. I am now in the most sweet state of mind, nearing the gates. Tarry not, O Lord, but come now."

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come."

At five o'clock, Monday morning, the sacrament of the Lord's-supper was administered by Dr. Chapman. The entire household, visitors, attendants, and servants, were summoned to his room. As Dr. Chapman was beginning the service, Dr. Eddy sat up in his bed, looked around the room, and said, "Wait; tell Annie to come, too." Annie was the colored cook. She was specially called, and

on her arrival in the room the most impressive communion service began I ever witnessed. He joined Dr. Chapman in the *Confession* and *Collect*, repeating each word audibly and distinctly. In the midst of that solemn service occurred one of those beautiful little episodes, which are only made possible by the deepest and holiest affection. When he received the bread from his pastor he broke it in two, and passed with his own hands half of what had been given *him* to his wife, who knelt by his side; he also gave her the wine himself. It was the instinct of an immeasurable love that she should receive from him, whose ministry she had shared so long, the holy emblems in this their last earthly communion together. With great emphasis he repeated:

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
> My beauty are, my glorious dress;
> 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
> With joy shall I lift up my head.
>
> Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
> Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
> Forever doth for sinners plead,
> For me, e'en for *my soul*, was shed."

The entire morning was made glorious by his utterances. His thoughts were in the beautiful Border-land—sometimes resting upon loved ones here, and the great duties and opportunities of the Church, and again entering by faith into the heavenly glory he was so rapidly nearing. There were sweet personal messages, which may not be

given to the outside word. They are kept among the sacred private treasures of memory by those for whom they were spoken. Others we give to our readers.

To his little granddaughter, as she sat on his bed beside him, trying to soothe his pain by the gentle touch of her tiny hand, he said, with a smile, as he turned his eyes upon her, as if to feast them on her beauty: "Nannie, my first-born grandchild! I have loved her, O so dearly! These bonds of affection are so strong! Like an ivy has she climbed and twined about our hearts."

Of Spencer Eddy, his little grandson, he spoke thus: "Spencer, dear little Spencer! A grand, glorious, beautiful boy; our first grandson. May God watch over him! May he never be untoward or uncouth, and may his life ever be given to the service of his Master!"

Of the Church at large he spoke: "I have thought of it among the last. If I go away now, I leave it when it never had such opportunities. God is guiding it, and if it only stands fast, and remains true to its trust, it is on the eve of the most triumphant history it ever knew." After a moment's pause, he added, "Prevent the encroachments of cold, icy formalism."

God permitted him to live till all his children, though summoned from Washington, St. Louis, and Chicago, reached his bedside. His aged mother, his brother, and one sister were also privileged to receive his parting blessings, and minister to him

in his last hours. A much-loved sister, the one nearest his own age, was unable to reach his bedside. For her he left special messages of love.

He recognized and cordially received all the friends who were admitted to his room, up to a late hour Tuesday night. On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Sims, who was giving him his medicine, asked him, "Do you know me?" "Perfectly," he responded, with a smile; "I knew you when you came."

"Do you feel ready to go any moment, if the Lord calls you?" we asked. He replied, with emphasis, "Fully ready! bless His holy name."

Every thing suggested heaven to him. When a glass of water was given him, he said, "Won't it be blessed to drink from the fountain of the river of the water of life?" Friends sang by his bedside; he drank in the music with eager delight, and said, as its melody ceased, "I can sing, too, after a little!" Then, after a pause, he said, as if in a vision, "The morning cometh, the morning cometh! Hallelujah!" Again he was asked how the future appeared to him. He answered, "All is given to Christ, and with a good hope, through grace, I go into the future without fear." Dr. Chapman inquired, "Jesus is precious, is n't he, Doctor?" He replied: "O yes! he has a good custom of making things up to people. He is more than making all things up to me! Glory be to his name! Hallelujah, he *does* supply our every need!"

To Bishop Janes, who inquired tenderly concerning the state of his mind, he said, "I am resting in Jesus so sweetly—a poor sinner saved by grace, *but saved*, God be thanked!"

On Tuesday night, for more than an hour, he spoke almost uninterruptedly of the great needs of the Church, and the imperative obligations upon the Missionary Society to take advanced ground. "Forward! is the word," said he; "no falling back; we must take the world for Christ. Say to our people that the Lord strikes the hour of opportunity louder than thunder on the dome of the sky. We must throw down our gold in the presence of God."

Late Tuesday night at one moment it seemed as if the weary wheels of life stood still; but he rallied, and, lifting his trembling hands, he said, as if it might be the last utterance, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon and abide with you evermore. Amen!"

Just at midnight, as the church-bells were ringing and the clocks in the neighborhood were striking, as if they were to him the invitation to enter the upper sanctuary, he lifted his nerveless hands, and attempted to clap them, but he could not direct their motion, and, passing each other without touching, they fell crossed upon his breast; but with voice surprisingly strong and clear, he shouted, "*Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!*"

Dr. O. H. Tiffany, who, with other devoted

friends, was with him in his last moments, says: "At three o'clock on Wednesday morning he spoke his *last* words. They were not made up for him; they were not gathered from the memories of kind and pious friends, and put together after he had departed; we took them down in pencil as he uttered them. Looking toward us as we were standing at the foot of the bed, he said: *'Sing and pray. Eternity dawns!'* He never spoke again. At half-past five that morning he entered the chariot and went home. We may not follow his triumphant progress; but, mounting the chariot like a prince, so, I doubt not, like a prince he passed on through the gates, and met the welcome song of the First-born of Heaven, and cast himself before the great, white throne."

One of the most royal souls, that ever left a track of brightness on earth had passed, with eager eye and hastening step, across the threshold into the eternal, golden city.

From "LIFE OF T. M. EDDY."

LITTLE ELLEN'S HAPPY DEATH.

"I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blessed."

LITTLE ELLEN was taken very sick, when about six years of age, and from that time was often unwell. She was blessed with pious parents, and

delighted in attending worship with them. She became a very attentive hearer, and sometimes her mind was so deeply impressed with the truths of the Gospel, that the tears would roll down over her face. She gave her heart to Jesus, and thus became a very happy little Christian.

During the last few months of her life she desired very much to be at home with Jesus. She was not afraid to die, nor did she wish to get better. Once her mother asked her why she was so desirous to die. She answered, "I long to go to heaven." Her mother then asked her if she never had any fears of being lost. She said, "No." Being asked if she thought she had never sinned, she said, "Yes, many and many a time; but still I shall be saved by Jesus." She believed when she died she would see Jesus and his holy angels, and be happy with them forever. She desired her mother to read about the sufferings of Jesus Christ. This she was very fond of; and once when her mother read to her the account of our Savior's suffering in the garden, she was much affected with these words: "And his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The tears ran down her cheeks, a pleasant smile sat on her pale face, and she seemed desirous of going to Jesus, to live in his presence.

About two days before her death, she said to her mother: "I think death is near. Send for father." Soon after she remarked: "If he does

not come soon, he will be too late. If I see him no more, tell him to be sure to live to God when I am dead."

At these words her mother was much affected, and said, "The Lord bless thee, my lamb." She replied: "I am blessed, and shall be blessed. Do not weep for me; I shall go to heaven. If I had lived till I had been a woman, very likely I might have gone through great troubles, and perhaps might have become wicked, and be lost; but if I die now I shall be saved. This world will soon be over, and then some must go to the right hand of God, and some to the left. Whatever you do, be sure to live to God; and tell the people to be good, and let none of my brothers and sisters break the Sabbath." In this way she talked as she could, till her strength failed her. About two hours after, she appeared very happy, and repeated, as she sat up in bed—

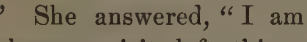
"For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

The day before she died, some of her school-companions came to see her, whom she exhorted to fear and love God. She told them never to say any bad words, nor break the Sabbath; and when they left her, she said, "May God bless you, and bring you to heaven when you die!"

At night she was very ill, and continued so until six o'clock the next morning, when she was

some better. Seeing her father kneeling at her bedside, she said, "Father, you have a great deal to do in this world; but it will soon be over, and whatever you do, take care to live to God." To her mother she said, "When I am gone, be sure and live to God, and tell people to be good." She begged of them to take care of her brothers and sisters that she was going to leave behind her, and to bring them up in the fear of God.

A little before she died, she said to her father, "I am happy." He replied, "Then you are not afraid to die?" She answered, "I am not;" and soon after her happy spirit left this world to be blessed with the joys of paradise.



"I AM READY; I AM WAITING."

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."—PHIL. I, 23.

CAROLINE RUSSEL BING, wife of Rev. E. Bing, died December 18, 1848, aged twenty-five years and eight months. Her race was short and brilliant. When informed of the near approach of death, she replied, "I am glad I am so near an end of suffering—so near the joys of heaven." She then added, "Come, Lord Jesus—why not now?—and take me to thyself." She spoke frequently of her friends, whom she was so soon to leave, and added: "Do n't weep for me; it is better for me to go than for you. I feel that I am prepared. The

grave has lost its gloom." At another time she said to her husband: "You received me into the Church, and you have been my spiritual guide and counselor. You have shown me how to live, and now I am about to show you how to die."

She was beautiful in life, but far more beautiful in death. The far-off music of heaven's sweet melody struck her ear, and she instantly exclaimed, "Do n't you hear that music? it is the songs of angels." She requested her friends to sing "Christ in the Garden;" and at different times she seemed filled with ecstasy, clapping her hands. She exclaimed: "My sufferings are great; but they are nothing in comparison to His, who bore my load of sin in the garden and on the cross. May I bear mine with the same degree of resignation!"

Often did she repeat: "I am ready; I am waiting. The grave has no terror to me. Come, O come, blessed Jesus—why not now?—and take me to thyself." And then she would frequently add: "Perhaps I am too anxious. I will await his time." At another time she said: "Do n't you see those lights? How bright they shine all the way through the valley of death, and up to heaven!" Lighted up; all was light! The luster of a cloudless heaven brightened and glowed with ravishing delight. Her prayer was for final victory; and she called on others to assist her in this, her "last conflict."

As she was nearing the end of her journey she said: "I hear the roar of Jordan; but it does not

affright me, for Jesus will be with me; he will not forsake me." To the question asked by her husband, "Is Christ with you now, and do you see your way clear?" she replied by raising both arms up. Speech had failed her. After the lapse of a few minutes the same question was asked, and she raised up one hand. And again her afflicted and anxious husband asked, "Caroline, is the Savior with you now?" A feeble affirmative sign was given.

Thus, with earnest gaze and glorious victory, her blood-washed spirit passed away, leaving upon the cold clay the impress of a most beautiful smile.

SAINTLY WOMEN.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

"Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power."

WE were active at a revival in one of the Western States. The congregation was having a time of refreshing, and nearly all the young people seemed desirous to "come to Jesus." It was the first week of the meetings. The altar was surrounded by many, seeking pardon and peace. We went down the aisle to speak "words of invitation" here and there, when suddenly a telegram was handed to us. It read thus: "*Come home at once. Cousin Mary is dead!*" There was no time to lose. Plac-

ing the meetings into the hands of the minister, and sighing to God that the work might go forward gloriously, and many souls be saved, we bade them all Godspeed. Crossing the "Mighty Mississippi" in a skiff late at night, we boarded the train for home, and arrived just in time to take *a last look* upon the peaceful countenance of her who had so triumphantly passed away. She had wished us "Godspeed" and a large harvest of precious souls upon this trip. We now returned to tender her our last tribute of love and kindness.

Mary, wife of Rev. J. C. Schuh, and daughter of Henry and Louisa Fink, was born in Hancock County, Indiana, September 21, 1849. She was soundly converted while young, and from that time lived an exemplary Christian life. She was united in marriage to Rev. J. C. Schuh in 1871, he being her pastor at the time. Her whole heart was devoted to the cause of Christ, and she therefore cheerfully shared with her husband the shadows and sunshine, toils and triumphs, of an active itinerant life, until death so early separated them. She died in the triumph of faith, after a lingering and, at times, very severe illness, on April 10, 1884, near Greenville, Ohio.

We speak of her with a peculiar feeling of tenderness. She possessed many beautiful traits of character, which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her piety was not demonstrative, but its presence and influence were felt in every

circle, and on every field of labor in which she had toiled. She was of a gentle, loving, unassuming disposition, and possessed a heart filled with the love of God. Many were the hardships which she had to endure, especially in rural districts, and yet she quietly bore them all, knowing that "Jesus doeth all things well." To her husband she was a loving companion, and to her "little ones" an affectionate mother. But though they were very fondly attached, when it became evident that the parting hour was nigh, she quietly made her preparations. About one week before her end, when she thought her last hour had come, she took a farewell from each of her dear ones separately, beginning with her husband and ending with the baby. She exhorted them to love the Savior and meet her in heaven; then, laying her hand upon each of the "five little ones," she gave them a mother's blessing. On the evening previous to her death she inquired, "What time is it?" When told it was eight o'clock, she said, "About eight o'clock in the morning—" but did not finish the sentence. At eight o'clock in the morning the Lord came, and found her ready. She peacefully passed away, to enter into her eternal rest.

"O, how sweet will it be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!"

SUMMONED TO A HIGHER BAR.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, one of the most resplendent lights that ever rose in Scotland, was a professor of divinity in the University of St. Andrews. When the Parliament of Scotland summoned him for trial because he stood up for liberty and religion, he was on his dying bed. "Tell the Parliament," said he to the messenger, "that I have received a summons to a *higher bar*. I must needs answer *that* first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter."

In his last moments he said to the ministers around him: "There is none like Christ. O, dear brethren, pray for Christ, preach for Christ, do all for Christ; feed the flock of God. And O, beware of men-pleasing!" Having recovered from a fainting fit, he said: "I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be ever with him. And what would you more? I have been a sinful man; but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did. Christ is mine, and I am his. Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever! Glory shines in Immanuel's land. O, for arms to embrace him! O, for a well-tuned harp!"

He continued exulting in God his Savior to the last as one in the full vision of joy and glory.

Mrs. Palmer's Triumphant Departure.

"I thought I saw a chariot,
And it had come for me."

Phœbe Palmer was born in New York City, December 18, 1807. She was converted June 21, 1819, on the same evening with her sister Sarah. The next morning, not being as happy as her sister, she gave up her confidence, and reckoned herself again with the seekers. It was a subject of perplexity with her that she could not distinctly trace the hour of her conversion, as many others.

The time came when the doubt was solved. She said: "January 1, 1837, with an indescribable weight resting on my mind, I said, 'O Lord, if thou wilt give me something from thy Word to strengthen me, I will take it as my motto during the whole year.' I then opened the precious Book of books, and the first words my eyes rested upon were these: 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' With a conscious power of purpose, beyond any thing before realized, I then entered into a covenant with God, laying hold of divine power."

The evening of July 26, 1837, she regarded as the most eventful day of her religious career. She was accustomed, in all her after life, to speak of it as the day of days. She then entered into the rest of faith, the Canaan of perfect love. She writes: "I now saw what faith was in its simplicity. Such

perceptions of the divinity of the Word I never before had; so true is it, that 'if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.' Giving God the glory due his name, I exclaimed: 'Through thy grace alone I have been enabled to give myself wholly and forever to thee. Thou hast given thy word, assuring me that thou dost receive me. I believe that word. Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth unrivaled in my heart! Glory be to the Father! Glory be to the Son! Glory be to the Holy Spirit forever!' O, into what a region of light, glory, and purity was my soul at this moment ushered! I felt that I was but a drop in the ocean of infinite love, and Christ was all in all."

In 1858 she wrote: "Had Gabriel been commissioned to come and assure me that the Lord would have me open my lips and speak of the power of his saving grace, and also of other things that appertain to his kingdom, I could not be more certain of a divine call. The hundreds we have yearly witnessed brought over to the ranks of the saved the past twenty years—since we received the memorable baptism of the Spirit, July 26, 1837—puts doubt to flight, and makes the opinions of men seem lighter than vanity, when these opinions would seem to contravene the order of God."

The last communication her busy hand wrote for the Christian public closes with these words: "Thus far my trials have been triumphs. Every new conflict has furnished an occasion for a new victory;

and now, in praise of the faithfulness of God, I wish to say that just the lesson the Lord taught me in that eventful hour, thirty-four years ago, when he said, 'I have chosen thee as a signet,' has been most graciously fulfilled. While he revealed to me that I should have great trials, he also assured me that I should have great triumphs. So great and continuous have been the triumphs of truth, in connection with the precious theme of holiness, that my life has been one great psalm of 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

The closing days of her life were spent in sweet peace, calmly resting upon God, in entire acquiescence with his will, equally ready to live and suffer, or to depart and be with Christ. "Living or dying," she wrote, "I have one all-controlling desire, and that is that God may be glorified to the uttermost in me, and also in the dear ones he has given me." When a telegram was received announcing the sudden death of an elder sister, she wept, and remarked, "Then Caroline has reached home a little before me." When threatened with immediate suffocation, and suffering from blindness, she said, as the hand of tenderest love smoothed her forehead and ministered to her need, "I am better off than my precious Savior: I have dear friends all around me."

Her sufferings were very great; but amid all she cried out: "Alleluia! allelulia! alleluia! Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! Thy will, not mine, be

done." During the first part of her severe illness, she said: "I want to say, that my teachings have been correct; and I am now testing them in this hour of extreme suffering, and find that I am fully saved. There is not the shadow of a doubt. The altar is a beautiful type; it is a Scriptural figure, and I am resting upon it. And the altar, which is Christ, sanctifies the gift. The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all unrighteousness." And then the exclamation, "Glory, glory!" burst from her lips. "The Word of the Lord is a sure foundation for faith; it is a solid rock. I am resting on the Word." She then requested us to sing her own hymn—

> "Precious Bible, how I love it!
> How it doth my bosom cheer!"

The precious promises of the Bible were indelibly written upon her heart, and were breathed from her lips in the hour of her greatest agony. When one said, "Dear ma, if it would relieve you to groan, do so," she replied: "Jesus knows best. I am in the valley without a shadow, trusting in Jesus; yet O, so weary! O, I would so love to go! but Thy will, not mine, be done. The light of the eternal day has not yet dawned. I thought it would have dawned before this." When asked, "Do you see me, dear ma?" she replied: "No, I see no one but Jesus through faith; but I shall soon see 'the King in his beauty.' Not by works of righteousness which I have done, but of his

mercy, he saves me." When bathing her feverish hands, she said, "I shall soon be bathing my hands in the life-giving waters."

During the morning of her last day on earth she awoke as from a sleep, and said: "I thought I saw a chariot, and it had come for me; and O, it was so glorious, so glorious!" We have no doubt the chariot did come. She knew it, but we knew it not. Soon afterward she said: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" She then slowly repeated the doxology: "Glory be to the Father! glory be to the Son! and glory be to the Holy Ghost! Amen." She sweetly breathed away her precious life in the arms of her husband, November 2, 1874, at 2.30 P. M.

Mrs. Palmer felt a deep interest in all benevolent movements, and was one of the first female class-leaders in New York City. Her Tuesday afternoon meetings at her own home, for the "promotion of holiness," were largely attended by ministers and members of all denominations, and were a great blessing to thousands. During the last fifteen years of her life she engaged in evangelistic labors, and was instrumental in the conversion of more than ten thousand souls. She was a ready writer and a fluent and forcible speaker. Her memory is fragrant in America and Europe.

First Martyrs of the Reformation.

Henry Voes and John Esch, two Germans, were among the monks in the convent of the Augustines at Antwerp who joyfully hailed the truths of the Gospel, as taught by Dr. Martin Luther. Some of these monks had spent some time in Wittenberg. They now preached the doctrine of salvation by grace alone with great power, and the people crowded to their church in such numbers that it was unable to contain them.

In October, 1522, the storm of persecution burst forth upon them; the convent was closed, the monks imprisoned and sentenced to die. The sacred vessels were publicly sold, the entrance to the church was barricaded, and the holy sacrament carried forth as if from a place of pollution. An order was given that not one stone should be left upon another of that heretical monastery. "The cause," said Luther, when he heard of these things, "is no longer a mere trial of strength; it demands the sacrifice of our lives, and must be cemented by our blood."

Henry Voes and John Esch evaded for a time the search of the inquisitors, but were at length discovered, put in chains, and conducted to Brussels. When brought to examination, Voes, answering for them both, gave the following answers to some

questions asked by a priest, who examined them by order of the magistracy:

Priest. Were you not both, some years ago, Augustine friars?

Voes. Yes.

Priest. How came you to quit the bosom of the Church of Rome?

Voes. On account of her abominations.

Priest. In what do you believe?

Voes. In the Old and New Testaments.

Priest. Do you believe in the writings of the fathers, and the decrees of the councils?

Voes. Yes, if they agree with Scripture.

Priest. Did not Martin Luther seduce you both?

Voes. He seduced us even in the very same manner as Christ seduced the apostles; that is, he made us sensible to the frailty of our bodies, and the value of our souls.

The inquisitors then said, "We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burnt alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm."

The council, having delivered them, bound, to the executioner, Hockstratin, and three other inquisitors, accompanied them to the place of execution. Arriving at the scaffold, the young martyrs contemplated it with calmness. Their constancy, their piety, and their youth, drew tears from the inquisitors themselves. When they were bound to the stake, the confessors drew near: "Once more we ask you if you will receive the Christian faith?"

"We believe," said they, "in the Christian Church, but *not* in your Church."

Half an hour then elapsed. It was a pause of hesitation. A hope had been cherished that the near prospect of such a death would intimidate these youths. But, alone tranquil of all the crowd that thronged the square, they began to sing psalms, stopping once in awhile to declare that they were resolved to die for the name of Jesus Christ.

"Be converted! be converted!" cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil."

"No," answered the martyrs, "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel."

The pile was then lighted. While the flame slowly ascended, a heavenly peace dilated their hearts, and one of them could even say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses." The solemn hour was come; death was at hand. They cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on us!" and then began to recite their creed. At last the flames reached them; but the fire consumed the cords which fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them, feeling his liberty, dropped upon his knees in the midst of the flames, and clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" When their bodies were wrapped in flames, they shouted aloud, "*Te Deum laudamus!*" Soon their voices were stifled, and their ashes alone remained. The execution occurred on July 1, 1523, and lasted four

hours. These were the first martyrs of the Reformation.

All good men shuddered when they heard of these events. The future was big with fearful anticipations. "The executions have begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs." A noble harvest, says the historian, sprung up from the blood of these martyrs. Brussels manifested a willingness to receive the Gospel. This occasioned Erasmus to remark, "Wherever Alexander lights a pile, there it seems as if he had sowed heretics."

TRIUMPHANT THROUGH THE BLOOD.

"Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."—1 PETER I, 19.

A MINISTER writes:

"It was in North-western Illinois, toward the close of the Winter of 1864, when Mrs. H—, a member of my small congregation, was taken sick with consumption. She was the mother of a large family. The parents and most of the children were members of my charge. Mrs. H—'s mother, a very old lady, sound in the faith of the Gospel, also made her home with her daughter.

"Mrs. H— was reared in the State Church of her native province in Germany, in a sort of mixed religious faith, partly orthodox and partly rational-

istic. In the year 1846 she had emigrated to America, and was shortly after soundly converted to God in the city of St. Louis. During the last eighteen years of her life she endeavored to follow Christ; but she evidently grew cold in the love of God, and showed signs of carelessness in the fulfillment of her Christian duties. The Lord permitted her to linger on her sick-bed for three months, during which time I visited her, as a rule, twice a week. On questioning her concerning her prospects of heaven, she replied, 'It is darkness about me.' At another time she said, 'I have been converted for eighteen years, and still, now, at the point of death, I am not sanctified.'

"Several Christian friends consenting, a prayer-meeting was appointed at her house, and those present distinctly recollect how near the precious Savior was to us. Among the hymns we sang was that beautiful hymn of intense heart-communion with the Savior:

> Take all, O my Savior, that 's mine,
> And let it forever be thine.'

Thus we consecrated ourselves to the Lord.

"The dying sister having little, if any, theoretical knowledge of the doctrine of sanctification, as that doctrine was not then so generally known, was now very anxious to obtain this blessing. Later, when I visited her again, and inquired as to her state of heart, she exclaimed with joy, 'Glory to

God, all the promises are mine!' At another time she wanted to know whether the words of Paul, 'Having the desire to depart and be with Christ,' were appropriate for a funeral text. Of course they were chosen and preached from as such, with the unction of the Holy Ghost.

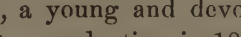
"Only a few days before her departure I inquired, 'Sister H—, how are you to-day?' She replied, 'Praise God,

> "I shall soon be triumphant,
> Through the blood of the Lamb."'

To which I added, thinking of the power of divine grace in this case particularly, 'Praise God for the blood

> "Which in severest hours,
> Exerts its greatest powers."'

"Thus Sister H— passed away, and I often with joy recurred to her experience in death. I praise Him who in his great love saves, to the uttermost, all that fly for refuge to his blood."



PRAISE THE LORD, I'M GOING HOME.

> "Is that his death-bed, where the Christian lies?
> No! 't is not his. 'T is Death itself there dies."

REV. S. B. BANGS, a young and devoted minister of the Gospel, after graduating in 1843, in the twentieth year of his age, was licensed to preach, and at the ensuing session of the New York Annual

Conference he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the second year of his ministry he was compelled, on account of ill-health, to relinquish his charge and return to his father's. His disease proved to be a bronchial consumption. His mother, in a letter to a Christian friend, gives the following account of the closing scenes of his life:

"After his physicians had given him up, I said to him, 'I fear you will not stay long with us.' His countenance brightened. 'All right,' said he; 'ask father to pray.' After prayer he took each of the family in turn by the hand, giving each a kiss and his dying charge. Then, raising his feeble hands, he shouted, 'Glory, glory, glory to God!' He then sank away, as though dead. His father remarked, 'He has gone, with glory on his lips.' But he revived, and said, 'I am not dead.' Of the scene which followed, I can give but a very imperfect description. It did seem as though the Lord of hosts came as near as mortals could bear. By this time the room was nearly full of visitors. He exclaimed: 'My sins are all forgiven; I am washed white, made pure in the blood of Jesus. Not a doubt, not a cloud. All well—more than well. Praise the Lord, I am going home!' Then he requested them to sing,

'O, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin.'

It was sung. When they came to the fourth verse,

'Angels now are hovering round us,'

it seemed as though his spirit would fly away. He looked out at the window: 'The sun,' said he, 'is setting; mine is rising.' Then, with a look of heavenly delight, he gazed upon his hands, where the blood was already ceasing to circulate. 'I go from this bed to a crown,' cried he, with his right arm pointing upwards; 'farewell;' he laid his hands upon his breast, gasped, and expired.

"I had thought, if he died I should die with him; but there was nothing like death about it; the room seemed filled with the glory of God. I yet feel those comfortable influences the Spirit was pleased to give me during those last three hours of his life."

A Weary Pilgrim Gone to Glory.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi, 4.

Emanuel Gottlob Kloepfer (grandfather of the author), was born in Winnenden, in the kingdom of Würtemberg, October 25, 1795, and was permitted to enter the land of "eternal rest and peace" on May 11, 1863. He formerly belonged to the "Pietists" (a Protestant sect universally known throughout Germany), and was finally con-

verted under the labor of Pastor Mueller, in Würtemberg. This brother, a German by birth, had been wonderfully led by the Lord to England in an unconverted state. He there became acquainted with the Wesleyan Methodists, and under their labors was happily converted to God. Filled with the love of God and holy zeal for Christ's cause, he hastened back to his native country, and, gathering his countrymen around him, he told them what great things the Lord had wrought in his soul, urging them to come to the Lord and seek the same blessing. It pleased the Lord to crown these efforts with success, and soon a revival broke out, in the course of which quite a number were happily converted. These converts desiring that a Wesleyan congregation be formed at once, Mr. Mueller returned to England and reported to the brethren there what great things the Lord had done for them in his native country, making known the urgent request of the German brethren. After due consideration the request was granted. The Church in England returned Mr. Mueller as missionary to his own country, and commissioned him pastor of the little flock. This was the origin of Wesleyan Methodism in Germany. The Lord owned and blessed the work, and their numbers were increased continuously. Several years ago German Wesleyan Methodism was permitted to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

Mr. Kloepfer, the subject of this brief narrative,

was one of the first converts of Mr. Mueller, and for some years performed the duties of a Wesleyan local preacher. In 1843, however, he emigrated to America with his family, consisting of wife and daughter. Cincinnati, Ohio, was selected as the place for his future home. Immediately upon his arrival, the family united by letter with the First German Methodist congregation, which had been organized by Rev. Wm. Nast, about five years before. Here the daughter, Miss Henrietta Kloepfer—afterward Mrs. Schuh—was happily converted, in the fourteenth year of her age, under the labors of Rev. Wm. Ahrens.

Mr. Kloepfer remained an honored member of this charge unto his end. His trials were many, but amidst them all he "kept the faith," by which he finally entered into the rest of the people of God. In earthly goods father Kloepfer was poor, but he was rich in God. He often tested the promises of the Scriptures, and always found "Him faithful, that promised." He had a very cheerful and contented heart, and was ever ready to testify to the saving grace in Christ Jesus. He not only availed himself of this precious privilege in public, whenever opportunity offered, but also in private intercourse his favorite theme was "his Savior, Jesus Christ." Whilst at work he was either found conversing with a friend upon the subject of religion or singing the precious songs of Zion. As he advanced in years, the thought kept growing stronger

in him that the Lord had some particular mission for him to accomplish before he would be called away.

In the Fall of 1862 his health gradually declined, and it was evident that he was near his end. Consumption setting in, he grew weaker and weaker, until he was finally unable to leave his room. Soon he was confined to his bed. He exhibited a great degree of fortitude and patience. His pastor remarked: "I always found him perfectly resigned to the will of God and full of the hope of life eternal." He often rejoiced in singing his favorite hymn:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

He was now rapidly hastening to this "happy land." He lay upon his bed, in peaceful submission, awaiting the Lord. Being overheard speaking in low tones, one hastened to his side, inquiring what he desired to have done. He replied: "O, please do not disturb me. I am in sweet communion with my dear Savior." During the afternoon of his last day upon earth he suddenly called his daughter (our dear mother) to his bedside, and earnestly said, "My dear, I am inclined now to believe that this disease is not unto death, but that the Lord by this affliction means to prepare me for some mission he has for me to accomplish." The daughter said, "Father, may I openly express my

opinion in the matter?" He replied, "Certainly, my dear child." To which she answered, "Father, O how we long to have you with us still longer! but from all appearances your only mission is to joyfully await the coming of the dear Savior." "Ah, do you think so, my dear? Well, then, please leave me alone with Jesus." At a late hour in the night he noticed that the daughter was watching by his side. In a feeble voice he said: "My dear, will you not favor me by retiring to your rest? You have been watching over me now for weeks, and have the care of your own family upon you also. Just place my left arm here upon my breast, and then retire." The arm was placed as he desired, and then the daughter took an easy-chair in a distant part of the room to rest for a little while. But being fatigued from overwork and the many sleepless nights, she fell into a slumber. Suddenly awakening, she hastened to his side: There lay the lifeless form, with hands folded upon the breast, and upon the countenance sweet peace and joy. The angels had come and borne the spirit away to that "better land" of which in life he so often sang. But the surviving ones rejoice in the hope of eternal life, and know that

> "We shall meet beyond the river,
> Where the surges cease to roll;
> Where in all the bright forever,
> Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul."

Glory! Hallelujah!

C. G. S.

"Love Jesus, and Live for Heaven."

This was the watchword of a dear little Christian hero, who by a poor widowed mother had been placed in Stockwell Orphanage. Following we give a brief account of the short life of suffering, simple conversion, and sweet, peaceful death of little Alfred Cockerton, written by Mr. Charlesworth, the head master. He writes:

"Alfred was received into the Orphanage six years ago, and to this fact, by the blessing of God, must be attributed the prolongation of his life. He was the object of constant care and solicitude, and every Winter he found a special home in the infirmary. Possessed of a resolute spirit, he was reluctant to believe the worst of himself, and cherished the hope that he might get strong and work for his mother. Poor boy! while we all sympathized with his wish, we could plainly see that it was destined to be disappointed.

"In January last he entered the infirmary for the last time. The poor mother, who visited him, feared the worst, and the opinion of the medical officer but too surely confirmed her fears. For some time he was able to keep about, buoyed up by a brave spirit. At length he began to yield to his increasing weakness, and found his nice warm bed a welcome relief. He could only rise for an hour or two in the day-time, and often when dressed he was glad to lie on his bed. All about him soon

began to realize that his stay with us would now be very brief, and he himself shared the same conviction. He was naturally reserved, but would speak positively in answer to questions. Although Miss M. betrayed some anxiety about his safety, he never manufactured an experience to escape from her appeals. He hoped the best, but could not feel absolutely certain. On the 19th of February Miss M. went, as usual, to wish him good-night, and the interview shall be narrated in her own words: 'After asking him if he was resting in Jesus, he said, "Well, I do n't think I am quite firm." While speaking on the love of Jesus and his willingness to give rest to those who lean wholly on him, the Holy Spirit sweetly applied the truth to the heart of the weary little one, a smile spread itself over his face, which revealed an inward joy, and he exclaimed, "I see!"' The next morning his first words were, 'I am so happy! I have felt Jesus with me all night!' From that moment his faith was established, and his testimony was like that of an advanced believer. His growth in grace was rapid, and, in spite of his pain and weakness, his joy in the Lord never failed him. There was a radiance which lit up his countenance, telling of the reality and blessedness of communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. The poet says,

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,'

and those who visited this little child of grace felt that they were looking upon one to whom the words

had a deeper meaning than that intended by their author. His resignation to the will of God was perfect. His long-cherished hope, to get strong and help his mother, was cheerfully abandoned as he came to see the hand of the Lord in his affliction; for he felt assured that he who had been a 'Father to the fatherless' would prove 'a husband to the widow.' He said to Miss M. one day, after his mother had visited him and told him about her trials, 'If my mother would bring her troubles to Jesus and rest in him, as I do, it would be much better than telling others of her cares.'

"Taking a minister from Lancashire to see him, I said at the close of the interview, 'Now, what message would you like this friend to take to the boys and girls of Lancashire?' 'Tell them,' was the answer, 'to *love Jesus and live for heaven.*' This good friend promised to be the bearer of the message, a little sermon in itself, and one which we hope our young readers will take as their motto:

'Love Jesus, and live for heaven.'

"Another visitor to the Orphanage, a student at New College, who came to see him, was struck with his deep-toned piety and love for Jesus, and on his return home he wrote the following letter, addressed to 'the little invalid:'

"'FEBRUARY 25, 1878.

"'MY DEAR BOY,—I was so glad to hear that you are resting in the kind and loving Savior who has loved you so dearly. You may sometimes think how hard it will be to

die so young; but if you were only to know the many troubles, temptations, and sins you will be spared by not living, even till you are a man, you would rejoice that your time of trial and pain is to be shortened.

"'It may be that Jesus sees you would not be strong enough to fight *well* the battle of life, and so he, *in love*, will take you away to himself, in order that you may be with him, and safe for ever and ever. Like the kind Shepherd he is, he knows how much the weakly lamb can bear. Leave all with him and trust him.

"'How many you leave behind who would like to die too! But they will have to toil on still, for years perhaps, before they can see their Savior's face and hear his loving voice. You, my boy, will soon be there, in his presence, and in that beautiful land where no pain, no fear, no heartache, no sin comes, and where those whom Christ has bought with his precious blood dwell forever.

"'You are not too young to be THERE! Christ died for *you*, and bought you with his own blood, blotted out your sins, so that he might have you with him. Hear God's Word, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

"'Do not fear death!' Christ has broken the bars of the tomb, and has triumphed over death; it is a dark doorway through which all must pass, but O, how bright is the scene beyond! The Savior himself will be there to lead you through the river, and safely bring you to the other side. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

"'May you be able with David to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Such is my prayer for you. Good-bye, dear boy. With Christian love I am,

"'Yours lovingly, ... A. A. A.'

"To this letter he sent the following reply in his own handwriting:

"'My Dear Friend,—I was very much pleased to receive your beautiful letter, with such loving words. You were very glad to hear I had found Jesus, and Jesus is making me very happy. He will be with me in the time of death, and then I shall have no fear. "When I pass through the waves, they will not overflow; when I walk through the fire, I shall not be burned." I know you will excuse the little said. I was sitting up in bed all day yesterday, writing. I send my best love. Good-bye. God bless you.

'A. Cockerton.'

"While sitting up in bed, writing, he attempted to make a few verses of poetry, which he asked me to revise. This I had not attempted to do, but our president, having seen them, said that he would plane them into shape; which he has done, and here they are. They are not presented as a specimen of poetry, but as the outflow of a simple, loving soul.

"'Gentle Jesus, can it be,
I that nailed thee to the tree?
Didst thou die for sinful me
On the cross of Calvary?

Yes, dear Lord, not only I,
But all people made thee die:
All of us like sheep had strayed;
All our sin on thee was laid.

Now all those who trust in thee,
From their many sins are free;
God's great love to them is given,
For he sent thee down from heaven.

When our sins are put away,
Then we sing, "'T is happy day;"
When our time of death draws nigh,
Thou wilt bear us to the sky.

O how happy it will be,
To be always praising thee;
And to sing thy dying love
In our Father's courts above!
Hallelujah! Amen!'

"When he thought he was dying, he said: 'I am not afraid to die. I am resting in Jesus;' and then he sent this message to his mother: 'Tell her to look to Jesus, and rest in him, as I do.'

"I shall never forget his look when I said to him: 'Alfred, there is a very little bit of road for you to travel now before Jesus brings you to himself. What shall I ask the Lord to do for you?' He replied, 'Ask him to do it quick!' Dear boy! His desire to depart and be with Christ was now asserting its supremacy, and he felt as did the Psalmist when he exclaimed, 'O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.'

"His anxiety for the conversion of his schoolmates was very marked, and some of them will never forget his earnest prayers and touching appeals. One boy begged to be allowed to wait upon him during his illness, cheerfully giving up his play, and he proved a very valuable assistant in the sick-room. Calling this boy to his bedside one day, he said to him: 'O, Hobson, I wish you had really

given your heart to Jesus! It would make me so happy before I die to know you had done so.' Then, taking hold of both his hands, as he knelt by his bedside, he prayed earnestly for his conversion. Miss M., who entered the room at the moment, says it was one of the most touching scenes she ever witnessed. Here was a young saint on the very threshold of heaven clasping a companion whom he wished to follow him, and we believe they will be united in the home beyond.

"The day before his departure the doctor came to see him, and as he stood gazing in silence upon the wasted form of the lingering sufferer, he withdrew his hand from the bedclothes and pointed upward, his eyes beaming with joy at the delightful prospect of so soon being in heaven. Could he have spoken, his words would not have been so powerful, as, with the silent eloquence of gesture, he said in effect,

'Love Jesus, and live for heaven.'

"When the pastor came to see him he was extremely weak, and could scarcely talk to him. As Mr. Spurgeon held him by the hand, they communed together as though they had been fellow-pilgrims for many years. While the pastor was weeping in sympathy with the little sufferer, the child's face was radiant as with the flush of the resurrection morn itself. Could we have taken to the bedside of this little Christian some who still

discredit the fact of child conversion and piety, we think they would have found it impossible to remain incredulous. The grace of God was never more signally displayed than in this case, and never was the declaration more beautifully realized—'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'

"On the morning of the 12th April, as the birds in the gardens around were singing their matin songs, he sweetly fell asleep, to awake in the presence of the Savior he had loved. The funeral was conducted as usual when a boy dies in the Orphanage. All the inmates were assembled in the dining-hall, with the relatives of the departed. Then the corpse was brought from the infirmary, followed by thirty senior boys in slow and mute procession. A short service was conducted by the head master, and an address given, which, under such circumstances, is always deeply solemn and impressive, and many of the boys, we trust, resolved that they too would

'Love Jesus, and live for heaven.'"

PEACEFUL DEATH OF LADY JANE GREY.

ONE of the first victims of Queen Mary, after her accession to the throne of England, was the amiable Lady Jane Grey. Some of the nobles had associated to prevent Mary's succession, and had been instrumental in promoting and, perhaps,

advising the measures of Edward, who had in his will bequeathed the English crown to Lady Jane, the daughter of the duke of Suffolk. They speedily proceeded to proclaim Lady Jane to be queen of England, in the city of London and various other populous cities of the realm. Though young, she possessed talents of a very superior nature, and her improvements under a most excellent tutor had given her many very great advantages.

Her reign, however, was only of five days' continuance. Mary succeeded by false promises in obtaining the crown, and speedily commenced the execution of her avowed intention of extirpating and burning every Protestant. She was crowned at Westminster in the usual form, and her elevation was the signal for the commencement of the bloody persecution which followed.

Having obtained the sword of authority, she was not sparing in its exercise. After the supporters of Lady Jane Grey had felt its force, then came her (Lady Jane's) turn also. She had, by her acceptance of the crown at the earnest solicitations of her friends, incurred the implacable resentment of the bloody Mary. She was sentenced to be beheaded. When she first mounted the scaffold, she spoke to the spectators in this manner:

"Good people, I have come hither to die, and by the law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but, touching the

procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day;" and therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she: "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a good Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means but only by the mercy of God in the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ; and I confess that when I did know the Word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world, and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God that of his goodness he hath thus given me a time and a respite to repent; and now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you, assist me with your prayers." And then kneeling down, she turned to Feckenham, saying, "Shall I say this psalm?" and he said, "Yea." Then she said the psalm in English, in a most devout manner throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maid, Mrs. Ellen, her gloves and hankerchief, and her book to Mr. Bruges; and then she untied her gown, and the executioner pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned toward her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowespaaft and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to put about her eyes.

Then the executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he desired her to stand upon the straw; which doing she saw the block. Then she said, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Then she knelt down, saying, "Will you take it off, before I lay me down?" And the executioner said, "No, madam." Then she tied a handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, "What shall I do? Where is it? where is it?" One of the standers-by guided her thereunto, she laid her head upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and so ended her life, in the year of our Lord 1554, the 12th day of February, about the seventeenth year of her age.

Thus died the Lady Jane; and on the same day the Lord Guilford, her husband, one of the duke of Northumberland's sons, was likewise beheaded—two innocents in comparison to them that sat upon them. For they were both very young, and ignorantly accepted that which others had contrived, and by open proclamation consented to take from others, and give to them.

Touching the condemnation of this pious lady, it is to be noted, that Judge Morgan, who gave sentence against her, soon after he had condemned her, fell mad, and in his raving cried out continuously to have the Lady Jane taken away from him, and so he ended *his* life.

Glorious Death of Miss Brand.

"My mission—an unbroken family in heaven."

Miss Ivva Brand died in Urbana, Ohio, February 25, 1875, in her eighteenth year. She was the youngest daughter of Hon. J. C. and Lavinia Brand, and the youngest child of a family of eleven children. Her experiences of the world were much beyond her years. Modest and reserved in all things, her strength of character and mind was known only to her family and more intimate friends. Under the light of a mother's good example she grew into womanhood and into a conscious enjoyment of a Christian experience. She had no doubts, but walked the paths of righteousness for her Master's sake, with a hope that fears not and falters not.

She had been an invalid nearly twelve months, and exhibited a great degree of fortitude and patience. She suffered, and enjoyed the parallel between her sufferings and those that ended on the cross; and the soft, bright sunshine that fell upon her heart was always a clear token that God had proved her. Death placed his icy fingers upon her brow two days before the final dissolution; and while she knew that he had claimed her his own, in those slow and tiresome moments her spirit was led on, and on, to the supreme eminence of earthly glory—a triumphant victory over the shadows and

sorrows and tears of a death-bed. There was constantly with her a greater Presence than suffering; and her mind held and fed upon a greater philosophy than science can herald. Pain had forsaken her, and her only suffering was great weariness. Tired, she wanted rest; but there was no sleep for her save in the sleep of death. Out of this feeling she looked with calm and dignified composure, and sweetly said, "Christ suffered!"

Years ago she formed an idea that she had a *mission* to perform on earth; and it was consoling to her to believe that it was the care of her aged parents. When she saw the approach of death and the early hope of her mission fade away, she looked for other work that must have been appointed for her to accomplish. As the star in the east, that work rose up before her and became as distinct as that which directed the wise men to the Savior. Three weeks before she had confided to her mother a message to one of her brothers, one who was out of the pale of the Church and not devoted to the duties of the active Christian. The day before her death she called for that brother, and requested the message to be delivered. The loving mother could not tell it there; and it was communicated in a distant room. This was the message: "How fondly she had loved the delaying brother; how her affection for him was stronger, more intense than for the others, because of solicitude; how an abiding faith in Christ had sustained and comforted her

throughout her affliction, and made her love her family and be good to them. And she asked him to seek, and find, and depend upon in every hour, that Christ who had given her such peace and happy days." The brother came to her side with a heavy heart, for he loved her as his own soul, saying, "My darling Ivva, the message is delivered." "The promise! O, the promise!" she cried. And fondly kissing her questioning face, he gave her the promise. The face beamed with the glory of her joy. She looked angelic as she exclaimed: "Thank you; O, thank God! Bless you, my dearest brother." A halo of glory seemed to wreathe her brow as she said to her elder brother, "O, pray, pray!" When the prayer was ended, she said: "O, you have made me so happy—you—and you—all. O, I feel like I would almost get well again."

"The doctor said to her, "Ivva, you know you are dying; do n't you, dear?" "How long?" she asked. He said: "You are almost home; it 's only a little while." Smiling as one who ascends a throne to reign and govern, she raised her eyes to him and replied: "Thank you, thank you. Bless the Lord for rest." She had reached the summit of her greatness, and made her appointments as composedly as one who sets her house in order. Nothing was forgotten in the hurry of death. Calling for her physician, she thanked him for his care and attention. Kind friends who, during her sickness and last hours, ministered to her, received her

warm thanks and God's blessing. One by one the family approached, and from each was exacted a promise to meet her in heaven. As she kissed her father, dearer to her than life itself, she said, "Do n't cry; we'll meet above." Through his tears he answered, "Yes, daughter, you are almost there." One brother approached, and she made the wonderfully significant remark, "There is the one!" The youngest brother-in-law stooped down and received the last words from her, kissed her fondly, and bid her good-bye, and then she said, "My work is finished." Looking up into her loving mother's eyes, with a slight wave of her hand sweeping the entire family there, she said: "My mission—*an unbroken family in heaven!*" Her mission was accomplished. Christ had led her on; and from the topmost height of spiritual greatness she reached out her hands, and was welcomed into heaven.

"SAINTLY WOMEN."

APPENDIX.

The Lord's Dealings with the Author and his Dear Ones.

"O bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death."

COME and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

—Psa. lxvi, 16.

The Lord's Dealings with the Author and his Dear Ones.

"Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward; they can not be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."—Psa. xl, 5.

TO magnify my Master's name, I have consented to give the readers a brief account of some of the wondrous ways in which it has pleased the Lord to lead his "trusting ones." The task before me has seemed hard, owing to the responsibility connected with it; yet the duty was clear, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, I trust I have related only such facts as will help many weary, wandering ones to come to the Great Physician, Comforter, and Helper.

MY BIRTH, ILLNESS, AND INFIRMITY.

My parents resided at Cincinnati, Ohio, and were for many years members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They did not possess earthly wealth, but that which is far better, a contented heart and faith in God. I was born May 15, 1856.

From my birth I was in delicate health, having a weak, nervous system. In the second year of my life I took very sick, and for a long time the best of medical skill was employed to no avail. Many prayers ascended to heaven in my behalf. Finally the disease yielded, the spasms disappeared, and a thankful mother praised the Lord for answering her prayers and sparing the life of her only son. But judge of her horror when she discovered that the left leg was completely lame in consequence of the dreadful disease. In agony of heart she fell upon her countenance, and cried, "O Lord, if it be thy will, take away this infirmity and heal my child." The infirmity, however, remained, and it was a question of importance to my parents what would in after years become of their child.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—SEEKING SALVATION.

Our praying mother very early led her children to the dear Savior and taught them to pray. A dear old grandfather, who has for many years been in "Glory-land," also did his part. Well do I remember being carried upon his arms to the Sabbath-school; and the Old Testament stories of Noah, and Daniel, and David, and others, related by an accomplished infant-class teacher, are still fresh in my memory. The Spirit, too, commenced working very early in my heart, and, as a small child, I was wont to look to the Heavenly Father in secret prayer. I was sickly and lame, and my parents were poor.

All desires were, therefore, brought to Jesus, and in some way these desires were gratified. I was wont to pray over the smallest matters, and rejoiced in a child-like manner to see my prayers answered. I began early seeking "a new heart." I loved the Lord Jesus, and I knew that he loved me. My only ambition was to become a pious and holy man, and a useful preacher of the Gospel.

When I was about eight years old, a Methodist mission congregation was formed in our neighborhood by Rev. Wm. Nast, D. D. My parents joined it at once by letter, and soon after I joined on probation. During the various revival-meetings held in those years I was among the seekers, faithfully seeking the remission of sins and a regeneration of heart. I was greatly blessed, and would rejoice in the love of Jesus; and yet only for a short time did I make the confession of being *born again* by the Spirit. The fact was, I entertained in my youthful heart erroneous views of conversion. No sooner did I find myself guilty of committing a sin than I let go the faith, and commenced seeking again. Still, on looking over these years of childish faith and struggles, I can not but believe that I should have been saved, had it pleased the Lord then to take me away. I attended class and prayer meetings regularly, and delighted in giving my testimony for Jesus. I will ever remember when I was taken into full connection in the Church, and how a dear father in Israel said to me: "Dear

Charlie, may you ever remember that the crown of life lies not in the beginning, but at the end of our journey! May you ever be faithful unto the end, and finally receive the crown of life!"

MY SCHOOL-LIFE.

By the advice of the physician, I was not sent to school until almost nine years of age. (This physician, for many years a prominent medical professor, made the assertion that my life would be a short one, and not exceed twenty-one years, owing to the nature of my infirmity. This verdict would have been rendered, in all probability, by every other physician; and yet by prayer that feeble life has been spared and strengthened. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!")

During the first months of my school-life all was well, but soon I began to feel the effects of study. My body grew weaker as the studies increased. I was subject to headache almost daily. Still, although able to attend school only about two-thirds of the time during the first two years, I kept up with my classes and was regularly promoted. Entering upon the third school-year my limb grew so weak that I have been compelled to use crutches ever since. The three following years were spent like the first ones; I stood well in my classes, and loved my school and studies. However, I broke down physically now and then, and was compelled to

abandon studies for a time. It was my parents' desire that I should have a thorough education; and hence, after I had with difficulty completed the common schools, I began my studies at the intermediate school. But, alas! I did not go very far. I had scarcely attempted to take upon me the increased work, when I broke down completely under the weight of my studies, this putting an abrupt end to my school-life.

FATHER'S SICKNESS—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

About the same time my dear father, who was weak and disposed to consumption, was brought near unto death's door. The care of the entire family, with three sick members, together with the earning of a livelihood, now rested upon our mother. This was indeed a time of great trial and sorrow. It pains me to recall those years of hard toil of our dear mother. O, what the love of a mother can do, and will do, for her loved ones! For years she attended the markets in all kinds of weather, being exposed to the Winter's cold as well as to the Summer's heat, in order to obtain a livelihood for her family. Though the entire care of the family rested on her, and she was compelled to work on and toil on, day and night, yet she was always happy and contented. She applied to Him for strength and vigor and help, who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and she always found Him faithful, who has promised.

A DARK HOUR OF TRIAL.

However, came upon the faithful, sorrow-stricken wife and mother, when she was compelled to be away from a husband at the point of death, and from sick children. It was then that the tempter drew nigh, saying: "*All these years thou hast served thy God, trusting him, and waiting upon him, only to finally go down in misery. There is nought but hard labor and poverty and disease and misery for thyself and thy family.*" The hour of temptation was severe, but He who will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it (1 Cor. x, 13), even He heard the sobs and cries of a sorrow-stricken mother. The prayers that ascended during these days to the throne of grace were heard and answered. First the precious peace was again restored, and in submission she could say, "*Lord, thy will be done.*" Then kind friends came to our assistance. Our dear pastor, the Rev. A. J. Nast, was an almost daily visitor to our home during the prolonged illness of my father, and he, together with his father, the Rev. Wm. Nast, D. D., rendered kind services in various ways. After a protracted illness, father finally rallied somewhat, but he was never able to do any kind of work again. However, the *Heavenly* Father watched over us, and, in some way or other the Lord did provide. After I had abandoned studies for a while, my health began to improve, and receiving

easy work to do, I became a help in the support of the family. I have related these facts in order to demonstrate how the Lord sends temporal and spiritual deliverance to them that love and fear him.

MY CONVERSION.

When I was fifteen, our mission congregation was suddenly dissolved, and we were united with another in the western part of the city. A growing Sabbath-school was connected with this mission, of which I became a teacher and officer. I loved the Lord Jesus, and led a praying life, and yet, during all these years, very seldom made a confession of being converted, living all the time rather in a "seeking" state of heart. At times I did confess, and soon after my heart was again filled with doubts and fears. The fact was, I often prayed mightily to God for the witness of his Spirit, yet never reached out the hand of faith to take the precious gift. This is a common error made by many seekers.

Soon a gracious revival broke out, and the Spirit of God was wonderfully poured out upon the congregation. I was among the number of young people seeking the God of my salvation. Night after night I pleaded for pardon and mercy. I cried unto the Lord with a loud voice, and wept bitterly, until my body was seized with convulsions. Let me say here, that *now* I do not consider such actions pleasing to the Lord, *since he is ever ready*

to bestow upon us all his rich blessings according to his precious promises, if we will only "take by faith." All that is needed on our part is a conviction of our sin and unworthiness, a deep and sincere repentance, and a full consecration to the Lord. Coming thus, we claim by faith *his* promises and are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah for this simple way to redemption! But *I* had not yet reached this simple way. My comrades were converted one after another, and it only increased my misery. Finally I took sick, the continued excitement being more than my weak frame could bear. After several days I was again able to attend the meetings. I now cast myself at the feet of Jesus, making a consecration of "my all" to him. Suddenly *my soul was filled with precious peace* and I had become "a child of the Heavenly King." I immediately arose and proclaimed with joy what the Lord had done for my soul. It was a precious victory after so long a time of uncertainty, doubts, and fears. Indeed

> "It was a happy day
> When Jesus washed my sins away."

Glory be to Jesus, now and forever! Amen.

A GERMAN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Was organized about this time, of which I became a member and officer. It was principally composed of Christian young men, who meant to spend a portion of their time in missionary work. There was

a committee for "street preaching;" another for "jail visitation;" another for "hospital visitation;" and still another for "tract distribution." While each committee paid particular attention to its own work, yet we would assist one another in all our missionary undertakings. My comrades and myself formed

THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

It was our duty to distribute tracts and missionary papers on the Sabbath day at the various parks and market-places of the city. However, we soon discovered another method of distributing tracts among the people. We had our eyes open to see "*who the open transgressors of God's law were*," and then met once a week to "mail tracts." In this way the saloon-keeper, the drunkard, the Sabbath-breaker, the swearer, the blasphemer, and many others received tracts bearing upon their respective sins and future punishment, but also the Gospel of the Son of God. On Sunday afternoon the parks were visited with an abundance of such literature. With inward joy we beheld the long columns of seated visitors, as they eagerly read the Gospel news. Now and then we met with reproach, and the paper was torn and flung upon the way. Such cases, however, were rare, and we were richly rewarded, knowing we had conveyed the Gospel truths into so many hearts. One Sabbath afternoon the park police suddenly interfered. Stepping up to us he said: "What are you distributing those papers here for?"

We said: "These papers are tracts and Christian literature, and by them we are spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We do this as the Tract Committee under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association."

"But I am in charge of this park, and you must not come here for such purposes again."

"Well, sir, I suppose we will have to leave, then, for to-day; but we shall certainly continue this work of Christian charity."

"If you do it *here*, I shall arrest you."

"We will see about that on our return next time," was our reply, as we wended our way homeward.

On Monday we made an appeal to the mayor of the city, who referred us to the Park Commissioners. This board's proceedings for the week contained the following resolution:

"On motion, *Resolved*, That the Young Men's Christian Association Tract Committee have the privilege to distribute tracts and papers on Sunday in the various parks of the city."

On the following Sabbath we returned, supplied as ever, and were greeted by the policeman with a smile. The work among the

PRISONERS AT THE JAIL

was next assumed by us. There were regular services held at the jail every Sabbath morning. The prisoners were brought out into the corridor,

and seated. After the exercises they were marched back to their cells. We were then at liberty to converse with them freely through the cell-bars. Before leaving, we supplied them with tracts and papers and books. What feelings one has on visiting a place of this kind the first time! The heavy prison door opens to receive you; it is closed, and you find yourself in the company of a large number of murderers and other criminals of the most depraved nature. Some seem "hardened beyond hope," while others show signs of repentance, and listen to the Word of God with marked attention. We know that our labor in this branch of the work has not been in vain. Another branch of the work consisted in

STREET PREACHING.

In childhood's days we delighted in attending these street services, and in after years it became our privilege to engage personally in this precious work. Our association divided its forces, sending a portion to the market-spaces, while others attended the parks. The meetings were opened by singing, which at once drew a large crowd of people about us. Prayer was offered, after which another hymn was sung. Then followed short Gospel speeches, each speaker taking for himself a Scripture passage.

At the close all were cordially invited to attend the nearest churches, and it is believed that many have been won in this way. The blessing

having been pronounced, papers and tracts were distributed. This generally caused a tumultuous scene, scores of hands being stretched out to receive a paper, while the distributor was tossed to and fro.

When, after some years, our association was dissolved, these meetings were still kept up by several of its former members. We were then assisted in this work by several ministers, and were permitted to see some precious fruit of the work. May the seed so freely sown yield a rich harvest in the great day which is to come! It is a gratifying thought to know that our small association brought forth four ministers, who now proclaim the Gospel truths in various parts of the country.

MORE OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS.

It is almost impossible for me to give an adequate idea of the beautiful and wondrous way in which the Lord led us on through these years. When a change of occupation became necessary, and it was taken to the Lord in prayer, he put it into the heart of a dear friend to give me lessons in book-keeping. When the course was finished, and a position was needed, it was again taken to the Lord, and soon a position was found. I became the book-keeper of a large manufacturing concern, and by this position the principal support of the family. With reference to spiritual things, too, my prayers were heard. Though the Lord did not

restore my lame limb, and thus open the way into the ministry, which I believed could only be my life-work, yet I received the blessed assurance that, "in his own time the Lord would provide;" and in the meantime there was all the Church-work laid upon me that I could do. I had a large class of young people, and many happy hours were spent in the old class-room. Besides this, meetings were held at various times and in various parts of the city. Four years had again elapsed, and once more a change of occupation became necessary, my health being greatly impaired by the position I held. By divine providence we were now led to remove to Greenville, Ohio, where I engaged in a small business undertaking. This the Lord prospered, for which we praise his holy name. O, what a happy life it is, to wait upon the Lord in all things, and to know that his blessing rests upon all your undertakings! Yes,

> "He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
> O, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
> Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
> Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me."

HERE LIES THE SECRET OF ALL SUCCESS.

I knew, however, that I would not remain in business, but that my life-work consisted in preaching and bringing souls into the kingdom of God. In what way or connection this would be done I left entirely to the Lord, knowing that he in his own time would call me to his work. For

the present I had my regular appointments as a local preacher, in which capacity I have served this charge for a number of years.

HEALED FROM DYSPEPSIA.

During the time of my position as book-keeper I had contracted the disease of dyspepsia, which now became alarming. Fast walking, or loud talking, or the least excitement, would bring on a cough, and then it would take several minutes until my throat was again cleared. This made preaching almost an impossibility. One time, while delivering a sermon, I was so troubled that I could scarcely finish the discourse. Hastening home, I cried unto the Lord that the disease, which threatened to put an end to my work for the Lord, might be taken from me, if according to his will. I prayed on until I was assured that my prayer was heard, and from that time to this, dyspepsia never again hindered me in preaching. I was healed of it.

FATHER'S TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

I will now relate an event giving new impulse to a life spent wholly in the work for the Lord. I have reference to my father's triumphant death. He had, at the time of his death, been a suffering invalid for eleven years. He had been awaiting the coming of his Master patiently, to take him to that home where sin and sorrow are no more. Consumption had about finished its work, and

finally dropsy set in. He was confined to his bed of suffering during the last three months. Growing weaker, he felt that he was nearing his end. Our pastor, the Rev. J. Ficken, remarked, "I have called on him almost daily for several months, and though he was a great sufferer, yet he never murmured, but endured all with great patience." On the day previous to his death he said, "O, how I wish to depart and to be at home with Jesus!" He also called me to his bedside and with a trembling voice gave me his blessing, saying, "My dear son, may God's choicest blessings rest upon you for all that you have done for me all these years, and may we all meet in heaven!" On the day following—April 7, 1880—he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged sixty-six years and four months. A long life of toil and labor, affliction and pain, was thus brought to a peaceful end. At his coffin I formed a new resolution that my life should be spent only in the service of the Lord and in winning souls for Christ.

OUR DEAR GRANDMOTHER SUMMONED.

In the following year *the angel of death knocked again at our door*, and summoned our dear grandmother, now eighty-one years of age. She spent many painful hours; but when somewhat relieved she was sure to be found in some lonely place rejoicing in the God of her salvation. She would then repeat to herself hymns and Bible-texts, intermingled with a prayer of this kind: "O, dear Jesus,

do come, and take me away from this sin-stricken world; thou knowest that I am ever ready." She became ill during my absence, and when my sister and I returned we found her unconscious. A few hours elapsed, and then she quietly breathed her last. She had selected these words as a text for her funeral: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Phil. i, 21. "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv, 13.

A TRIP EAST—A DIVINE CALLING.

My mind was now much exercised on the subject of faith-cures. I firmly believed, and I do yet believe, that Christ can and will heal all manner of bodily disease, if the conditions be fulfilled on our part, and *where it is his will to do so.* I had in my possession several books, filled with the testimonies of those who had been cured by the prayer of faith. They all laid great stress upon the passage in James v, 15. Most of them had been anointed and prayed for by Dr. Cullis, of Boston, Massachusetts. I had an ever-growing desire to be healed from lameness. I now lay daily before the Lord, earnestly pleading for such a cure. I also prayerfully considered the matter of making an Eastern trip, and, after much prayer and consultation with my dear ones, it was decided that I make the trip. I visited various charges along the line, preaching the Gospel to

them, and finally reached Boston. On arriving there, I learned that Dr. Cullis was away at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where he was holding his annual holiness and healing convention. The day following was advertised as the day principally devoted to "Faith-healing." I immediately said, "I must go." To reach the place in time necessitated taking the morning train. However, on my way next morning I was delayed by the street cars, and, arriving at the depot, *my train had just gone. My feelings I can not describe.* For a moment I was overcome. Was this simply an accident, or was it a providence? Why did this occur? Was it not the Heavenly Father's will that I be healed? Or was it wrong for me to seek human assistance? All these thoughts for awhile occupied my mind, and then suddenly all my past life passed before me, together with the many divine deliverances. Peace and joy now returned to my troubled soul. Suddenly a voice seemed to say, "*I have called thee to the office of an evangelist.*" At this I was very much amazed. I could not remember of such a thought entering my mind before. I had made a long trip to be healed, and, instead, I received a calling for life. After reflecting for awhile, the assurance came with unmistakable clearness. I said almost audibly, "Lord, if thou wilt take away the hinderances, I will follow the call." Sweet peace filled my soul, and I was willing that the Lord do unto me, in every respect, according to his holy will.

I attended the meetings at Old Orchard for one day, and then returned to Boston. While staying at Boston, the guest of the Rev. A. Flammann, the German Methodist Episcopal Church pastor, I had the conditions fulfilled, as recorded in James v, 14, 15. Earnest prayers ascended to the throne of grace, that the Lord might in mercy look down upon his servant, and heal his bodily infirmity. My feelings during the ceremony I can not describe. Clinging to the promises of God, and taking the assurance of their prayers with me, I left my friends in Boston, taking a through train for Lakeside, Ohio, where the camp-meeting was just about to begin. Here the Lord wonderfully blessed my efforts in converting a number of young people, at the young people's meetings. At the close of this meeting I took the train for home, and, arriving there, hastened to my chamber, where my soul was filled with ecstasy and joy, and I praised the Lord with a loud voice. He had graciously kept and led me upon this extended journey; he had often blessed my soul while preaching the Word; he had called me to a most blessed life-work; and he had given the seal to the office. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Psa. ciii, 2. For about a fortnight I was confined to my chamber spending a

WONDERFUL SEASON OF COMMUNION

with the Lord. I was wonderfully aided by the Spirit in "*searching the Scriptures*," and was in-

duced to call out, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." Psa. cxix, 103. With reference to various points the Lord's will was revealed unto me: First, that the Lord would open the way for me to enter upon my life-work; second, that he would always provide all things, as he had done before; third, that it was the Spirit of God moving me to publish a small work on "The Efficacy of Prayer and Providential Deliverances." Now I cheerfully left my chamber, and set to work to do my part in bringing about these things. I wrote my first volume in German, which has been described in the "Author's Preface" of this book. Then, by divine providence, I was, in a remarkable way, released from business. Now, however, the subject of

HOLINESS OF HEART

was powerfully urged upon my mind. Erelong it was clear to me that, before entering upon the Lord's work, I must be wholly sanctified. I found that I was not steadfast enough in the Christian warfare; that I was often overcome by my carnal nature, and would then neglect prayer and watchfulness. I also found that there was a residue of pride, anger, enmity, and other sins in my heart. Considering, then, the opportunities I have had from youth up to lead a holy life, I was melted to tears, and prayed the Lord to cleanse my heart from all besetting sin. Ofttimes I hungered after holiness

of heart. It was now forced upon my mind stronger than ever, and I began seeking it sincerely. All nature seemed to preach it to me. I now confined myself to my study for about two weeks, reading the Lives of John Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, and others. O, the blessed hours while engaged in reading these precious volumes! They are certainly worth more than their weight in gold for a soul seeking sanctification. In tears I cast myself before the Lord, and earnestly prayed for a like blessing. I surrendered my all to the Lord. Several times I felt the blessing coming upon me; but instead of accepting it by faith, I shrank back, deeming it too great a blessing to receive *just then.*

The 13th day of January, 1884, was a beautiful Sabbath-day. The sun shone brightly, and the snow sparkled upon the ground, an emblem of the soul washed whiter than snow, and the sun of righteousness shining therein. I was to fill the pulpit that evening, and start out on an evangelistic trip next day. Early in the morning I arose, and earnestly pleaded with the Lord that this might be the happy day when my soul should be sanctified. After morning services I repaired to my room. I have never forgotten an expression of a certain evangelist, "Whenever a soul gets desperately in earnest, something is going to happen, and that is sure to be victory." I now made use of this. Casting myself before the Lord, I cried: "O, Lord,

I can not do another thing in thy service, except my soul be sanctified. O, cleanse me now, and make me wholly thine own! I shall not leave this room before I have gained the victory. I can not preach thy Word to-night unless thou hearest me. Dear Lord, I give myself to thee, 't is all that *I* can do." My faith claimed the promises, and I felt the blessing coming. I laid myself upon the altar, bringing a living sacrifice. I repeated with my whole soul the beautiful consecration hymn, of which one verse reads:

"O, may my heart be burning
In holy flames of love;
I 'm seeking full salvation—
Lord, grant it from above!"

While thus engaged, *my whole being was thrilled, and perfect rest never experienced before filled my soul. Holy quiet prevailed.* Then great joy followed, and I arose and praised the Lord. Hastening down stairs, I told my dear mother what the Lord had done for my soul. I then went to the house of a brother, and there proclaimed the Lord's goodness and mercy. In the evening I preached holiness to our people, and one brother came forward to seek the blessing, while a stranger came to seek pardon for his sins. This brings me to the beginning of my

EVANGELISTIC CAREER,

into which the Lord now so graciously led me. Of it I desire to state, that I have gone forth upon

every trip claiming for myself the precious promises in Joshua i, 5–10. They have always been fulfilled. I have been permitted to see many precious souls born into the kingdom of God, and many precious seasons of refreshing were enjoyed with God's children in various parts of the country, for which I give honor and glory to his holy name. With reference to my physical condition I desire to state that a marvelous change has taken place. The former weak and frail body is no more, and my present appearance represents a picture of health, which has been tested by months of travel and hard labor. The lameness in one of my limbs still remains, while the prayers for healing have at all times been attended by a great spiritual blessing. I am resting in the arms of Jesus; with unwavering faith in him as my Savior and Healer. HIS HOLY WILL BE DONE.

And now may this plain narrative be the means of leading weary, wandering souls to Christ their Savior, and of leading others to a constant life of faith and trust!

NOW unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen!!!—1 TIM. i, 17.